THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XIX. — MARCH, 1867. — NO. CXIII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN THE RIVER.

LOOK at the flower of a morning-glory the evening before the dawn which is to see it unfold. The delicate petals are twisted into a spiral, which at the appointed hour, when the sunlight touches the hidden springs of its life, will uncoil itself and let the day into the chamber of its virgin heart. But the spiral must unwind by its own law, and the hand that shall try to hasten the process will only spoil the blossom which would have expanded in symmetrical beauty under the rosy fingers of morning.

We may take a hint from Nature's handling of the flower in dealing with young souls, and especially with the souls of young girls, which, from their organization and conditions, require more careful treatment than those of their tougher-fibred brothers. Many parents reproach themselves for not having enforced their own convictions on their children in the face of every inborn antagonism they encountered. Let them not be too severe in their self-condemnation. A want of judgment in this matter has sent many a young person to Bedlam, whose nature would have opened kindly enough if it had only been trusted to the sweet influences of morning sunshine. In such cases it may be that the state we call insanity is not always an unalloyed evil. It may take the place of something worse, — the wretchedness of a mind not yet dethroned, but subject to the perpetual interferences of another mind governed by laws alien and hostile to its own. Insanity may perhaps be the only palliative left to Nature in this extremity. But before she comes to that, she has many expedients. The mind does not know what diet it can feed on until it has been brought to the starvation point. Its experience is like that of those who have been long drifting about on rafts or in long-boats. There is nothing out of which it will not contrive to get some sustenance. A person of note, long held captive for a political offence, is said to have owed the preservation of his reason to a *pin*, out of which he contrived to get exercise and excitement by throwing it down carelessly on the dark floor of his dungeon, and then hunting for it in a series

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of systematic explorations until he had found it.

Perhaps the most natural thing Myrtle Hazard could have done would have been to go crazy, and be sent to the nearest asylum, if Providence, which in its wisdom makes use of the most unexpected agencies, had not made a special provision for her mental welfare. She was in that arid household as the prophet in the land where there was no dew nor rain for these long years. But as he had the brook Cherith, and the bread and flesh in the morning and the bread and flesh in the evening which the ravens brought him, so she had the river and her secret store of books.

The river was light and life and music and companionship to her. She learned to row herself about upon it, to swim boldly in it, for it had sheltered nooks but a little way above The Poplars. But there was more than that in it, — it was infinitely sympathetic. A river is strangely like a human soul. It has its dark and bright days, its troubles from within, and its disturbances from without. It often runs over ragged rocks with a smooth surface, and is vexed with ripples as it slides over sands that are level as a floor. It betrays its various moods by aspects which are the commonplaces of poetry, as smiles and dimples and wrinkles and frowns. Its face is full of winking eyes, when the scattering rain-drops first fall upon it, and it scowls back at the storm-cloud, as with knitted brows, when the winds are let loose. It talks, too, in its own simple dialect, murmuring, as it were, with busy lips all the way to the ocean, as children seeking the mother's breast and impatient of delay. Prisoners who know what a flower or an insect has been to them in their solitary cell, invalids who have employed their vacant minds in studying the patterns of paper-hangings on the walls of their sick-chambers, can tell what the river was to the lonely, imaginative creature who used to sit looking into its depths, hour after hour, from the airy height of the Fire-hang-bird's Nest.

Of late a thought had mingled with her fancies which had given to the river the aspect of something more than a friend and a companion. It appeared all at once as a *Deliverer*. Did not its waters lead, after long wanderings, to the great highway of the world, and open to her the gates of those cities from which she could take her departure unchallenged towards the lands of the morning or of the sunset? Often, after a freshet, she had seen a child's miniature boat floating down on its side past her window, and traced it in imagination back to some crystal brook flowing by the door of a cottage far up some blue mountain in the distance. So she now began to follow down the stream the airy shallop that held her bright fancies. These dreams of hers were colored by the rainbows of an enchanted fountain, — the books of adventure, the romances, the stories which fortune had placed in her hands, — the same over which the heart of the Pride of the County had throbbed in the last century, and on the pages of some of which the traces of her tears might still be seen.

The literature which was furnished for Myrtle's improvement was chiefly of a religious character, and, however interesting and valuable to those to whom it was adapted, had not been chosen with any wise regard to its fitness for her special conditions. Of what use was it to offer books like the "Saint's Rest" to a child whose idea of happiness was in perpetual activity? She read "Pilgrim's Progress," it is true, with great delight. She liked the idea of travelling with a pack on one's back, the odd shows at the House of the Interpreter, the fighting, the adventures, the pleasing young ladies at the palace the name of which was Beautiful, and their very interesting museum of curiosities. As for the allegorical meaning, it went through her consciousness like a peck of wheat through a bushel measure with the bottom out, — without touching.

But the very first book she got hold of out of the hidden treasury threw the "Pilgrim's Progress" quite into the

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shade. It was the story of a youth who ran away and lived on an island, — one Crusoe, — a homely narrative, but evidently true, though full of remarkable adventures. There too was the history, coming much nearer home, of Deborah Sampson, the young woman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, with a portrait of her in man's attire, looking intrepid rather than lovely. A virtuous young female she was, and married well, as she deserved to, and raised a family with as good a name as wife and mother as the best of them. But perhaps not one of these books and stories took such hold of her imagination as the tale of Rasselas, which most young persons find less entertaining than the Vicar of Wakefield, with which it is now-a-days so commonly bound up. It was the prince's discontent in the Happy Valley, the iron gate opening to the sound of music, and closing forever on those it admitted, the rocky boundaries of the imprisoning valley, the visions of the world beyond, the projects of escape, and the long toil which ended in their accomplishment, which haunted her sleeping and waking. She too was a prisoner, but it was not in the Happy Valley. Of the romances and the love-letters we must take it for granted that she selected wisely, and read discreetly ; at least we know nothing to the contrary.

There were mysterious reminiscences and hints of her past coming over her constantly. It was in the course of the long, weary spring before her disappearance, that a dangerous chord was struck which added to her growing restlessness. In an old closet were some seashells and coral-fans, and dried starfishes and sea-horses, and a natural mummy of a rough-skinned dog-fish. She had not thought of them for years, but now she felt impelled to look after them. The dim sea-odors which still clung to them penetrated to the very inmost haunts of memory, and called up that longing for the ocean breeze which those who have once breathed and salted their blood with it never get over, and which makes the sweetest inland airs seem to them at last tame and tasteless. She held a tiger-shell to her ear, and listened to that low, sleepy murmur, whether in the sense or in the soul we hardly know, like that which had so often been her lullaby, — a memory of the sea, as Landor and Wordsworth have sung.

"You are getting to look like your father," Aunt Silence said one day ; "I never saw it before. I always thought you took after old Major Gideon Withers. Well, I hope you won't come to an early grave like poor Charles, — or, at any rate, that you may be prepared."

It did not seem very likely that the girl was going out of the world at present, but she looked Miss Silence in the face very seriously, and said, "Why not an early grave, aunt, if this world is such a bad place as you say it is ? "

"I am afraid you are not fit for a better."

She wondered if Silence Withers and Cynthia Badlam were just ripe for heaven.

For some months Miss Cynthia Badlam, who, as was said, had been an habitual visitor at The Poplars, had lived there as a permanent resident. Between her and Silence Withers, Myrtle Hazard found no rest for her soul. Each of them was for untwisting the morning-glory without waiting for the sunshine to do it. Each had her own wrenches and pincers to use for that purpose. All this promised little for the nurture and admonition of the young girl, who, if her will could not be broken by imprisonment and starvation at three years old, was not likely to be over-tractable to any but gentle and reasonable treatment at fifteen.

Aunt Silence's engine was *responsibility*, — her own responsibility, and the dreadful consequences which would follow to her, Silence, if Myrtle should in any way go wrong. Ever since her failure in that moral *coup d'état* by which the simple dynasty of the natural self-determining power was to be dethroned, her attempts in the way of

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education had been a series of feeble efforts followed by plaintive wails over their utter want of success. The face she turned upon the young girl in her solemn expostulations looked as if it were inscribed with the epitaphs of hope and virtue. Her utterances were pitched in such a forlorn tone, that the little bird in his cage, who always began twittering at the sound of Myrtle's voice, would stop in his song, and cock his head with a look of inquiry full of pathos, as if he wanted to know what was the matter, and whether he could do anything to help.

The specialty of Cynthia Badlam was to point out all the dangerous and unpardonable transgressions into which young people generally, and this young person in particular, were likely to run, to hold up examples of those who had fallen into evil ways and come to an evil end, to present the most exalted standard of ascetic virtue to the lively girl's apprehension, leading her naturally to the conclusion that a bright example of excellence stood before her in the irreproachable relative who addressed her. Especially with regard to the allurements which the world offers to the young and inexperienced female, Miss Cynthia Badlam was severe and eloquent. Sometimes poor Myrtle would stare, not seeing the meaning of her wise caution, sometimes look at Miss Cynthia with a feeling that there was something about her that was false and forced, that she had nothing in common with young people, that she had no pity for them, only hatred of their sins, whatever these might be, — a hatred which seemed to extend to those sources of frequent temptation, youth and beauty, as if they were in themselves objectionable.

Both the lone women at the Poplars were gifted with a thin vein of music. They gave it expression in psalmody, of course, in which Myrtle, who was a natural singer, was expected to bear her part. This would have been pleasanter if the airs most frequently selected had been cheerful or soothing, and if the favorite hymns had been of a sort to inspire a love for what was lovely in this life, and to give some faint foretaste of the harmonies of a better world to come. But there is a fondness for minor keys and wailing cadences common to the monotonous chants of cannibals and savages generally, to such war-songs as the wild, implacable "Marseillaise," and to the favorite tunes of low-spirited Christian pessimists. That mournful "China," which one of our most agreeable story-tellers has justly singled out as the cry of despair itself, was often sung at The Poplars, sending such a sense of utter misery through the house, that poor Kitty Fagan would cross herself, and wring her hands, and think of funerals, and wonder who was going to die, — for she fancied she heard the *Banshee's* warning in those most dismal ululations.

On the first Saturday of June, a fortnight before her disappearance, Myrtle strolled off by the river-shore, along its lonely banks, and came home with her hands full of leaves and blossoms. Silence Withers looked at them as if they were a kind of melancholy manifestation of frivolity on the part of the wicked old earth. Not that she did not inhale their faint fragrance with a certain pleasure, and feel their beauty as none whose souls are not wholly shrivelled and hardened can help doing, but the world was, in her estimate, a vale of tears, and it was only by a momentary forgetfulness that she could be moved to smile at anything.

Miss Cynthia, a sharper-edged woman, had formed the habit of crushing everything for its moral, until it lost its sweetness and grew almost odious, as flower-de-luces do when handled roughly. "There 's a worm in that leaf, Myrtle. He has rolled it all round him, and hidden himself from sight; but there is a horrid worm in it, for all it is so young and fresh. There is a worm in every young soul, Myrtle."

"But there is not a worm in *every* leaf, Miss Cynthia. Look," she said, "all these are open, and you can see all over and under them, and there is nothing there. Are there never any

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worms in the leaves after they get old and yellow, Miss Cynthia?"

That was a pretty fair hit for a simple creature of fifteen, — but perhaps she was not so absolutely simple as one might have thought.

It was on the evening of this same day that they were sitting together. The sweet season was opening, and it seemed as if the whispering of the leaves, the voices of the birds, the softness of the air, the young life stirring in everything, called on all creatures to join the universal chorus of praise that was going up around them.

"What shall we sing this evening?" said Miss Silence.

"Give me one of the books, if you please, Cousin Silence," said Miss Cynthia. "It is Saturday evening. Holy time has begun. Let us prepare our minds for the solemnities of the Sabbath."

She took the book, one well known to the schools and churches of this nineteenth century.

"Book Second. Hymn 44. Long metre. I guess 'Putney' will be as good a tune as any to sing it to."

The trio began, —

"With holy fear, and humble song," —

and got through the first verse together pretty well.

Then came the second verse: —

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there."

Myrtle's voice trembled a little in singing this verse, and she hardly kept up her part with proper spirit.

"Sing out, Myrtle," said Miss Cynthia, and she struck up the third verse: —

"Eternal [illegible] and heavy chains,
Torturing racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damnéd souls."

This last verse was a duet, and not a trio. Myrtle closed her lips while it was singing, and when it was done threw down the book with a look of anger and disgust. The hunted soul was at bay.

"I won't sing such words," she said, "and I won't stay here to hear them sung. The boys in the streets say just such words as that, and I am not going to sing them. You can't scare me into being good with your cruel hymn-book!"

She could not swear: she was not a boy. She would not cry: she felt proud, obdurate, scornful, outraged. All these images, borrowed from the Holy Inquisition, were meant to frighten her, and had simply irritated her. The blow of a weapon that glances off, stinging, but not penetrating, only enrages. It was a moment of fearful danger to her character, to her life itself.

Without heeding the cries of the two women, she sprang up stairs to her hanging chamber. She threw open the window and looked down into the stream. For one moment her head swam with the sudden, overwhelming, almost maddening thought that came over her, — the impulse to fling herself headlong into those running waters and dare the worst these dreadful women had threatened her with. Something — she often thought afterwards it was an invisible hand — held her back during that brief moment, and the paroxysm — just such a paroxysm as throws many a young girl into the Thames or the Seine — passed away. She remained looking, in a misty dream, into the water far below. Its murmur recalled the whisper of the ocean waves. And through the depths it seemed as if she saw into that strange, half-remembered world of palm-trees and white robes and dusky faces, and amidst them, looking upon her with ineffable love and tenderness, until all else faded from her sight, the face of a fair woman, — was it *hers*, so long, long dead, or that dear young mother's who was to her less a recollection than a dream?

Could it have been this vision that soothed her, so that she unclasped her hands and lifted her bowed head as if she had heard a voice whispering to her from that unknown world where she felt there was a spirit watching

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over her? At any rate, her face was never more serene than when she went to meeting with the two maiden ladies on the following day, Sunday, and heard the Rev. Mr. Stoker preach a sermon from Luke vii. 48, which made both the women shed tears, but especially so excited Miss Cynthia that she was in a kind of half-hysteric condition all the rest of the day.

After that Myrtle was quieter and more docile than ever before. Could it be, Miss Silence thought, that the Rev. Mr. Stoker's sermon had touched her hard heart? However that was, she did not once wear the stormy look with which she had often met the complaining remonstrances Miss Silence constantly directed against all the spontaneous movements of the youthful and naturally vivacious subject of her discipline.

June is an uncertain month, as everybody knows, and there were frosts in many parts of New England in the June of 1859. But there were also beautiful days and nights, and the sun was warm enough to be fast ripening the strawberries, — also certain plans which had been in flower some little time. Some preparations had been going on in a quiet way, so that at the right moment a decisive movement could be made. Myrtle knew how to use her needle, and always had a dexterous way of shaping any article of dress or ornament, — a natural gift not very rare, but sometimes very needful, as it was now.

On the morning of the 15th of June she was wandering by the shores of the river, some distance above The Poplars, when a boat came drifting along by her, evidently broken loose from its fastenings farther up the stream. It was common for such waifs to show themselves after heavy rains had swollen the river. They might have run the gauntlet of nobody could tell how many farms, and perhaps passed by half a dozen towns and villages in the night, so that, if of common, cheap make, they were retained without scruple, by any who might find them, until the owner called for them, if he cared to take the trouble.

Myrtle took a knife from her pocket, cut down a long, slender sapling, and coaxed the boat to the side of the bank. A pair of old oars lay in the bottom of the boat; she took one of these and paddled it into a little cove, where it could lie hid among the thick alders. Then she went home and busied herself about various little matters more interesting to her than to us.

She was never more amiable and gracious than on this day. But she looked often at the clock, as they remembered afterwards, and studied over a copy of the Farmer's Almanac which was lying in the kitchen with a somewhat singular interest. The days were nearly at their longest, the weather was mild, the night promised to be clear and bright.

The household was, to all appearance, asleep at the usual early hour. When all seemed quiet, Myrtle lighted her lamp, stood before her mirror, and untied the string that bound her long and beautiful dark hair, which fell in its abundance over her shoulders and below her girdle.

She lifted its heavy masses with one hand, and severed it with a strong pair of scissors, with remorseless exaction of every wandering curl, until she stood so changed by the loss of that outward glory of her womanhood, that she felt as if she had lost herself and found a brother she had never seen before.

"Good by, Myrtle!" she said, and, opening her window very gently, she flung the shining tresses upon the running water, and watched them for a few moments as they floated down the stream. Then she dressed herself in the character of her imaginary brother, took up the carpet-bag in which she had placed what she chose to carry with her, stole softly down stairs, and let herself out of a window on the lower floor, shutting it very carefully so as to be sure that nobody should be disturbed.

She glided along, looking all about her, fearing she might be seen by some

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curious wanderer, and reached the cove where the boat she had concealed was lying. She got into it, and, taking the rude oars, pulled herself into the middle of the swollen stream. Her heart beat so that it seemed to her as if she could hear it between the strokes of the oar. The lights were not all out in the village, and she trembled lest she should see the figure of some watcher looking from the windows in sight of which she would have to pass, and that a glimpse of this boat stealing along at so late an hour might give the clew to the secret of her disappearance, with which the whole region was to be busied in the course of the next day.

Presently she came abreast of The Poplars. The house lay so still, so peaceful, — it would wake to such dismay! The boat slid along beneath her own overhanging chamber.

"No song to-morrow from the Fire-hang-bird's Nest!" she said. So she floated by the slumbering village, the flow of the river carrying her steadily on, and the careful strokes of the oars adding swiftness to her flight.

At last she came to the "Broad Meadows," and knew that she was alone, and felt confident that she had got away unseen. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to point out which way she had gone. Her boat came from nobody knew where, her disguise had been got together at different times in such a manner as to lead to no suspicion, and not a human being ever had the slightest hint that she had planned and meant to carry out the enterprise which she had now so fortunately begun.

Not till the last straggling house had been long past, not till the meadows were stretched out behind her as well as before her, spreading far off into the distance on each side, did she give way to the sense of wild exultation which was coming fast over her. But then, at last, she drew a long, long breath, and, standing up in the boat, looked all around her. The stars were shining over her head and deep down beneath her. The cool wind came fresh upon her cheek over the long grassy reaches. No living thing moved in all the wide level circle which lay about her. She had passed the Red Sea, and was alone in the Desert.

She threw down her oars, lifted her hands like a priestess, and her strong, sweet voice burst into song, — the song of the Jewish maiden when she went out before the chorus of women and sang that grand solo, which we all remember in its ancient words, and in their modern paraphrase, —

> "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
> Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free!"

The poor child's repertory was limited to songs of the religious sort mainly, but there was a choice among these. Her aunt's favorites, beside "China," already mentioned, were "Bangor," which the worthy old New England clergyman so admired that he actually had the down-east city called after it, and "Windsor," and "Funeral Hymn." But Myrtle was in no mood for these. She let off her ecstasy in "Ballerma," and "Arlington," and "Silver Street," and at last in that most bacchant of devotional hymns, which sounds as if it had been composed by a saint who had a cellar under his chapel, — "Jordan." So she let her wild spirits run loose; and then a tenderer feeling stole over her, and she sang herself into a more tranquil mood with the gentle music of "Dundee." And again she pulled quietly and steadily at her oars, until she reached the wooded region through which the river winds after leaving the "Broad Meadows."

The tumult in her blood was calmed, yet every sense and faculty was awake to the manifold delicious, mysterious impressions of that wonderful June night. The stars were shining between the tall trees, as if all the jewels of heaven had been set in one belt of midnight sky. The voices of the wind, as they sighed through the pines, seemed like the breath of a sleeping child, and then, as they lisped from the soft, tender leaves of beeches and maples, like the half-articulate whisper of the mother

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hushing all the intrusive sounds that might awaken it. Then came the pulsating monotone of the frogs from a far-off pool, the harsh cry of an owl from an old tree that overhung it, the splash of a mink or musquash, and, nearer by, the light step of a woodchuck, as he cantered off in his quiet way to his hole in the nearest bank. The laurels were just coming into bloom, — the yellow lilies, earlier than their fairer sisters, pushing their golden cups through the water, not content, like those, to float on the surface of the stream that fed them, — emblems of showy wealth, and, like that, drawing all manner of insects to feed upon them. The miniature forests of ferns came down to the edge of the stream, their tall, bending plumes swaying in the night breeze. Sweet odors from oozing pines, from dewy flowers, from spicy leaves, stole out of the tangled thickets, and made the whole scene more dream-like with their faint, mingled suggestions.

By and by the banks of the river grew lower and marshy, and in place of the larger forest-trees which had covered them stood slender tamaracks, sickly, mossy, looking as if they had been moon-struck and were out of their wits, their tufts of leaves staring off every way from their spindling branches. The winds came cool and damp out of the hiding-places among their dark recesses. The country people about here called this region the "Witches' Hollow," and had many stories about the strange things that happened there. The Indians used to hold their "powwows," or magical incantations, upon a broad mound which rose out of the common level, and where some old hemlocks and beeches formed a dark grove, which served them as a temple for their demon-worship. There were many legends of more recent date connected with this spot, some of them hard to account for, and no superstitious or highly imaginative person would have cared to pass through it alone in the dead of the night, as this young girl was doing.

She knew nothing of all these fables and fancies. Her own singular experiences in this enchanted region were certainly not suggested by anything she had heard, and may be considered psychologically curious by those who would not think of attributing any mystical meaning to them. We are at liberty to report many things without attempting to explain them, or committing ourselves to anything beyond the fact that so they were told us. [The reader will find Myrtle's "Vision," as written out at a later period from her recollections, at the end of this chapter.]

The night was passing, and she meant to be as far away as possible from the village she had left, before morning. But the boat, like all craft on country rivers, was leaky, and she had to work until tired, bailing it out, before she was ready for another long effort. The old tin measure, which was all she had to bail with, leaked as badly as the boat, and her task was a tedious one. At last she got it in good trim, and sat down to her oars with the determination to pull steadily as long as her strength would hold out.

Hour after hour she kept at her work, sweeping round the long bends where the river was hollowing out one bank and building new shore on the opposite one, so as gradually to shift its channel; by clipper-shaped islands, sharp at the bows looking up stream, sharp too at the stern, looking down, — their shape solving the navigator's problem of least resistance, as a certain young artist had pointed out; by slumbering villages; by outlying farm-houses; between cornfields where the young plants were springing up in little thready fountains; in the midst of stumps where the forest had just been felled; through patches where the fire of the last great autumnal drought had turned all the green beauty of the woods into brown desolation; and again amidst broad expanses of open meadow stretching as far as the eye could reach in the uncertain light. A faint yellow tinge was beginning to stain the eastern horizon. Her boat was floating quietly along, for she had at last taken

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in her oars, and she was now almost tired out with toil and excitement. She rested her head upon her hands, and felt her eyelids closing in spite of herself. And now there stole upon her ear a low, gentle, distant murmur, so soft that it seemed almost to mingle with the sound of her own breathing, but so steady, so uniform, that it soothed her to sleep, as if it were the old cradle-song the ocean used to sing to her, or the lullaby of her fair young mother.

So she glided along slowly, slowly, down the course of the winding river, and the flushing dawn kindled around her as she slumbered, and the low, gentle murmur grew louder and louder, but still she slept, dreaming of the murmuring ocean.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII.

MYRTLE HAZARD'S STATEMENT.

"A VISION seen by me, Myrtle Hazard, aged fifteen, on the night of June 15, 1859. Written out at the request of a friend from my recollections.

"The place where I saw these sights is called, as I have been told since, Witches' Hollow. I had never been there before, and did not know that it was called so, or anything about it.

"The first strange thing that I noticed was on coming near a kind of hill or mound that rose out of the low meadows. I saw a *burning cross* lying on the slope of that mound. It burned with a pale greenish light, and did not waste, though I watched it for a long time, as the boat I was in moved slowly with the current and I had stopped rowing.

"I know that my eyes were open, and I was awake while I was looking at this cross. I think my eyes were open when I saw these other appearances, but I felt just as if I were dreaming while awake.

"I heard a faint rustling sound, and on looking up I saw many figures moving around me, and I seemed to see myself among them as if I were outside of myself.

"The figures did not walk, but slid or glided with an even movement, as if without any effort. They made many gestures, and seemed to speak, but I cannot tell whether I *heard* what they said, or knew its meaning in some other way.

"I knew the faces of some of these figures. They were the same I have seen in portraits, as long as I can remember, at the old house where I was brought up, called The Poplars. I saw my father and my mother as they look in the two small pictures; also my grandmother, and her father and mother and grandfather, and one other person, who lived a great while ago. All of these have been long dead, and the longer they had been dead the less like substance they looked and the more like shadows, so that the oldest was like one's breath of a frosty morning, but shaped like the living figure.

"There was no motion of their breasts, and their lips seemed to be moving as if they were saying, Breath! Breath! Breath! I thought they wanted to breathe the air of this world again in my shape, which I seemed to see as it were empty of myself and of these other selves, like a sponge that has water pressed out of it.

"Presently it seemed to me that I returned to myself, and then those others became part of me by being taken up, one by one, and so lost in my own life.

"My father and mother came up, hand in hand, looking more real than any of the rest. Their figures vanished, and they seemed to have become a part of me; for I felt all at once the longing to live over the life they had led, on the sea and in strange countries.

"Another figure was just like the one we called the Major, who was a very strong, hearty-looking man, and who is said to have drank hard sometimes, though there is nothing about it on his tombstone, which I used to read in the graveyard. It seemed to me that there was something about his life that I did not want to make a part of mine, but that there was some right

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he had in me through my being of his blood, and so his health and his strength went all through me, and I was always to have what was left of his life in that shadow-like shape, forming a portion of mine.

"So in the same way with the shape answering to the portrait of that famous beauty who was the wife of my great-grandfather, and used to be called the Pride of the County.

"And so too with another figure which had the face of that portrait marked on the back, *Ruth Bradford*, who married one of my ancestors, and was before the court as I have heard in the time of the witchcraft trials.

"There was with the rest a dark, wild-looking woman, with a head-dress of feathers. She kept as it were in shadow, but I saw something of my own features in her face.

"It was on my mind very strongly that the shape of that woman of our blood who was burned long ago by the Papists came very close to me, and was in some way made one with mine, and that I feel her presence with me since, as if she lived again in me; but not always, — only at times, — and then I feel borne up as if I could do anything in the world. I had a feeling as if she were my guardian and protector.

"It seems to me that these, and more, whom I have not mentioned, do really live over some part of their past lives in my life. I do not understand it all, and perhaps it can be accounted for in some way I have not thought of. I write it down as nearly as I can give it from memory, by request, and if it is printed at this time had rather have all the real names withheld.

"MYRTLE HAZARD."

NOTE BY THE FRIEND.

"This statement must be accounted for in some way, or pass into the category of the supernatural. Probably it was one of those intuitions, with *objective projection*, which sometimes come to imaginative young persons, especially girls, in certain exalted nervous conditions. The study of the portraits, with the knowledge of some parts of the history of the persons they represented, and the consciousness of instincts inherited in all probability from these same ancestors, formed the basis of Myrtle's 'Vision.' The lives of our progenitors are, as we know, reproduced in different proportions in ourselves. *Whether they as individuals have any consciousness of it*, is another matter. It is possible that they do get a second as it were fractional life in us. It might seem that many of those whose blood flows in our veins struggle for the mastery, and by and by one or more get the predominance, so that we grow to be like father, or mother, or remoter ancestor, or two or more are blended in us, not to the exclusion, however, it must be understood, of a special personality of our own, about which these others are grouped. Independently of any possible scientific value, this 'Vision' serves to illustrate the above-mentioned fact of common experience, which is not sufficiently weighed by most moralists.

"How much it may be granted to certain young persons to see, not in virtue of their intellectual gifts, but through those direct channels which worldly wisdom may possibly close to the luminous influx, each reader must determine for himself by his own standards of faith and evidence.

"One statement of the narrative admits of a simple natural explanation, which does not allow the lovers of the marvellous to class it with the *quasi* miraculous appearance seen by Colonel Gardiner, and given in full by Dr. Doddridge in his Life of that remarkable Christian soldier. Decaying wood is often phosphorescent, as many readers must have seen for themselves. The country people are familiar with the sight of it in wild timber-land, and have given it the name of 'Fox-fire.' Two trunks of trees in this state, lying across each other, will account for the fact observed, and vindicate the truth of the young girl's story without requiring us to suppose any exceptional occurrence outside of natural laws."

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CHAPTER IX.

MR. CLEMENT LINDSAY RECEIVES A LETTER, AND BEGINS HIS ANSWER.

IT was already morning when a young man living in the town of Alderbank, after lying awake for an hour thinking the unutterable thoughts that nineteen years of life bring to the sleeping and waking dreams of young people, rose from his bed, and, half dressing himself, sat down at his desk, from which he took a letter, which he opened and read. It was written in a delicate, though hardly formed female hand, and crossed like a checker-board, as is usual with these redundant manuscripts. The letter was as follows: —

"OXBOW VILLAGE, June 13, 1859.

"MY DEAREST CLEMENT, — You was *so* good to write me such a sweet little bit of a letter, — only, dear, you never seem to be in quite so good spirits as you used to be. I wish your Susie was with you to cheer you up; but no, she must be patient, and you must be patient too, for you are so ambitious! I have heard you say so many times that nobody could be a great artist without passing years and years at work, and growing pale and lean with thinking so hard. *You* won't grow pale and lean, I hope; for I do so love to see that pretty color in your cheeks you have always had ever since I have known you; and besides, I do not believe you will have to work so *very* hard to do something great, — you have so much *genius*, and people of genius do such beautiful things with so little trouble. You remember those beautiful lines out of our newspaper I sent you? Well, Mr. Hopkins told me he wrote those lines *in one evening* without stopping! I wish you could see Mr. Hopkins — he is a very talented person. I cut out this little piece about him from the paper on purpose to show you, — for genius loves genius, — and you would like to hear him read his own poetry — he reads it beautifully. Please send this piece from the paper back, as I want to put it in my scrap-book, under his autograph: —

"'Our young townsman, Mr. Gifted Hopkins, has proved himself worthy of the name he bears. His poetical effusions are equally creditable to his head and his heart, displaying the highest order of genius and powers of imagination and fancy hardly second to any writer of the age. He is destined to make a great sensation in the world of letters.'

"Mrs. Hopkins is the same good soul she always was. She is very proud of her son, as is natural, and keeps a copy of everything he writes. I believe she cries over them every time she reads them. You don't know how I take to little Sossy and Minthy, those two twins I have written to you about before. Poor little creatures, — what a cruel thing it was in their father and mother not to take care of them! What do you think? Old bachelor Gridley lets them come up into his room, and builds forts and castles for them with his big books! 'The world 's coming to an end,' Mrs. Hopkins said the first time he did so. He looks so savage with that scowl of his, and talks so gruff when he is scolding at things in general, that nobody would have believed he would have let such little things come anywhere near him. But he seems to be growing kind to all of us and everybody. I saw him talking to the Fire-hang-bird the other day. You know who the Fire-hang-bird is, don't you? Myrtle Hazard her name is. I wish you could see her. I don't know as I do, though. You would want to make a statue of her, or a painting, I know. She is so handsome that all the young men stand round to see her come out of meeting. Some say that Lawyer Bradshaw is after her; but my! he is ten years older than she is. She is nothing but a girl, though she looks as if she was eighteen. She lives up at a place called The Poplars, with an old woman that is her aunt or something, and nobody seems to be much acquainted with her except Olive Eveleth, who is the minister's daughter at Saint Bartholomew's Church. She never has *beaux* round her, as some young girls do — they say that she is not happy with her aunt and another woman that stays with her, and that is the reason she

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keeps so much to herself. The minister came to see me the other day, — Mr. Stoker his name is. I was all alone, and it frightened me, for he looks, O, so solemn on Sundays! But he called me 'My dear,' and did n't say anything horrid, you know, about my being such a dreadful, dreadful sinner, as I have heard of his saying to some people — but he looked very kindly at me, and took my hand, and laid his hand on my shoulder like a brother, and hoped I would come and see him in his study. I suppose I must go, but I don't want to. I don't seem to like him exactly.

"I hope you love me as well as ever you did. I can't help feeling sometimes as if you was growing away from me, — you know what I mean, — getting to be too great a person for such a small person as I am. I know I can't always understand you when you talk about *art*, and that you know a great deal too much for such a simple girl as I am. O, if I thought I could never make you happy! . . . . There, now! I am almost ashamed to send this paper, so spotted. — Gifted Hopkins wrote some beautiful verses one day on 'A Maiden Weeping.' He compared the tears falling from her eyes to the drops of dew which one often sees upon the flowers in the morning. Is n't it a pretty thought?

"I wish I loved *art* as well as I do poetry; but I am afraid I have not so much taste as some girls have. You remember how I liked that picture in the illustrated magazine, and you said it was *horrid*. I have been afraid since to like almost anything, for fear you should tell me some time or other it was *horrid*. Don't you think I shall ever learn to know what is nice from what is n't?

"O, dear Clement, I wish you would do one thing to please me. Don't say no, for you can do everything you try to, — I am sure you can. I want you to write me some *poetry*, — just three or four little verses To Susie. O, I should feel so proud to have some lines written all on purpose for me. Mr. Hopkins wrote some the other day, and printed them in the paper, 'To M——e.' I believe he meant them for Myrtle, — the first and last letter of her name, you see, 'M' and 'e.'

"Your letter was a *dear* one, only *so* short! I wish you would tell me all about what you are doing at Alderbank. Have you made that model of Innocence that is to have my forehead, and hair parted like mine? Make it pretty, do, that is a darling.

"Now don't make a face at my letter. It is n't a very good one, I know; but your poor little Susie does the best she can, and she loves you *so* much!

"Now do be nice and write me one little bit of a mite of a poem, — it will make me just as happy!

"I am very well, and as happy as I can be when you are away.

"Your affectionate Susie."

(Directed to Mr. Clement Lindsay, Alderbank.)

The envelope of this letter was unbroken, as was before said, when the young man took it from his desk. He did not tear it with the hot impatience of some lovers, but cut it open neatly, slowly, one would say sadly. He read it with an air of singular effort, and yet with a certain tenderness. When he had finished it, the drops were thick on his forehead; he groaned and put his hands to his face, which was burning red.

This was what the impulse of boyhood, years ago, had brought him to! He was a stately youth, of noble bearing, of high purpose, of fastidious taste; and, if his broad forehead, his clear, large blue eyes, his commanding features, his lips, firm, yet plastic to every change of thought and feeling, were not an empty mask, might not improbably claim that Promethean quality of which the girl's letter had spoken,—the strange, divine, dread gift of genius.

This poor, simple, innocent, trusting creature, so utterly incapable of coming into any true relation with his aspiring mind, his large and strong emotions, — this mere child, all simplicity and goodness, but trivial and shallow as the little babbling brooklet that ran by his window to the river, to lose its insignifi-

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cant being in the swift torrent he heard rushing over the rocks, — this pretty idol for a weak and kindly and easily satisfied worshipper, was to be enthroned as the queen of his affections, to be adopted as the companion of his labors! The boy, led by the commonest instinct, the mere attraction of biped to its female, which accident had favored, had thrown away the dearest possession of manhood, — liberty, — and this bawble was to be his life-long reward! And yet not a bawble either, for a pleasing person and a gentle and sweet nature, which had once made her seem to him the very paragon of loveliness, were still hers. Alas! her simple words were true, — he had grown away from her. Her only fault was that she had not grown with him, and surely he could not reproach her with that.

"No," he said to himself, "I will never leave her so long as her heart clings to me. I have been rash, but she shall not pay the forfeit. And if I may think of myself, my life need not be wretched because she cannot share all my being with me. The common human qualities are more than all exceptional gifts. She has a woman's heart; and what talent of mine is to be named by the love a true woman can offer in exchange for these divided and cold affections? If it had pleased God to mate me with one more equal in other ways, who could share my thoughts, who could kindle my inspiration, who had wings to rise into the air with me as well as feet to creep by my side upon the earth, — what cannot such a woman do for a man!

"What! cast away the flower I took in the bud because it does not show as I hoped it would when it opened? I will stand by my word; I will be all as a man that I promised as a boy. Thank God, she is true and pure and sweet. My nest will be a peaceful one; but I must take wing alone, — alone."

He drew one long sigh, and the cloud passed from his countenance. He must answer that letter now, — at once. There were reasons, he thought, which made it important. And so, with the cheerfulness which it was kind and becoming to show, so far as possible, and yet with a little excitement on one particular point, which was the cause of his writing so promptly, he began his answer.

"ALDERBANK, Thursday morning,
June 16, 1859.

"MY DEAR SUSIE,—I have just been reading your pleasant letter; and if I do not send you the poem you ask for so eloquently, I will give you a little bit of advice, which will do just as well, — won't it, my dear? I was interested in your account of various things going on at Oxbow Village. I am very glad you find young Mr. Hopkins so agreeable a friend. His poetry is better than some which I see printed in the village papers, and seems generally unexceptionable in its subjects and tone. I do not believe he is a dangerous companion, though the habit of writing verse does not always improve the character. I think I have seen it make more than one of my acquaintances idle, conceited, sentimental, and frivolous, — perhaps it found them so already. Don't make too much of his talent, and particularly don't let him think that because he can write verses he has nothing else to do in this world. That is for his benefit, dear, and you must skilfully apply it.

"Now about yourself. My dear Susie, there was something in your letter that did not please me. You speak of a visit from the Rev. Mr. Stoker, and of his kind, brotherly treatment, his cordiality of behavior, and his asking you to visit him in his study. I am very glad to hear you say that you 'don't seem to like him.' He is very familiar, it seems to me, for so new an acquaintance. What business had he to be laying his hand on your shoulder? I should like to see him try these free-and-easy ways in my presence! He would not have taken that liberty, my dear! No, he was alone with you, and thought it safe to be disrespectfully

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familiar. I want you to maintain your dignity always with such persons, and I beg you not to go to the study of this clergyman, unless some older friend goes with you on every occasion, and sits through the visit. I must speak plainly to you, my dear, as I have a right to. If the minister has anything of importance to say, let it come through the lips of some mature person. It may lose something of the fervor with which it would have been delivered at first hand, but the great rules of Christian life are not so dependent on the particular individual who speaks them, that you must go to this or that young man to find out what they are. If to any *man*, I should prefer the old gentleman whom you have mentioned in your letters, Father Pemberton. You understand me, my dear girl, and the subject is not grateful. You know how truly I am interested in all that relates to you, — that I regard you with an affection which — "

HELP! HELP! HELP!

A cry as of a young person's voice was heard faintly, coming from the direction of the river. Something in the tone of it struck to his heart, and he sprang as if he had been stabbed. He flung open his chamber window and leaped from it to the ground. He ran straight to the bank of the river by the side of which the village of Alderbank was built, a little farther down the stream than the house in which he was living.

Everybody that travels in that region knows the beautiful falls which break the course of the river just above that village; narrow and swift, and surrounded by rocks of such picturesque forms that they are sought and admired by tourists. The stream was now swollen, and rushed in a deep and rapid current over the ledges, through the rocky straits, plunging at last in tumult and foam, with loud, continuous roar, into the depths below the cliff from which it tumbled.

A short distance above the fall there projected from the water a rock which had, by parsimonious saving during a long course of years, hoarded a little soil, out of which a small tuft of bushes struggled to support a decent vegetable existence. The high waters had nearly submerged it, but a few slender twigs were seen above their surface.

A skiff was lying close to this rock, between it and the brink of the fall, which was but a few rods farther down. In the skiff was a youth of fourteen or fifteen years, holding by the slender twigs, the boat dragging at them all the time, and threatening to tear them away and go over the fall. It was not likely that the boy would come to shore alive if it did. There were stories, it is true, that the Indians used to shoot the fall in their canoes with safety; but everybody knew that at least three persons had been lost by going over it since the town was settled; and more than one dead body had been found floating far down the river, with bruises and fractured bones, as if it had taken the same fatal plunge.

There was no time to lose. Clement ran a little way up the river-bank, flung off his shoes, and sprang from the bank as far as he could leap into the water. The current swept him toward the fall, but he worked nearer and nearer the middle of the stream. He was making for the rock, thinking he could plant his feet upon it and at the worst hold the boat until he could summon other help by shouting. He had barely got his feet upon the rock, when the twigs by which the boy was holding gave way. He seized the boat, but it dragged him from his uncertain footing, and with a desperate effort he clambered over its side, and found himself its second doomed passenger.

There was but an instant for thought.

"Sit still," he said, "and, just as we go over, put your arms round me under mine, and don't let go for your life!"

He caught up the single oar, and with a few sharp paddle-strokes brought the skiff into the blackest centre of the current, where it was deepest, and would plunge them into the deepest pool.

"Hold your breath! God save us! Now!"

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They rose, as if with one will, and stood for an instant, the arms of the younger closely embracing the other as he had directed.

A sliding away from beneath them of the floor on which they stood, as the drop falls under the feet of a felon. A great rush of air, and a mighty, awful, stunning roar, — an involuntary gasp, a choking flood of water that came bellowing after them, and hammered them down into the black depths so far that the young man, well used to diving and swimming long distances under water, had well-nigh yielded to the fearful need of air, and sucked in his death in so doing.

The boat came up to the surface, broken in twain, splintered, a load of firewood for those who raked the river lower down. It had turned crosswise and struck the rocks. A cap rose to the surface, such a one as boys wear, — the same that boy had on. And then — after how many seconds by the watch cannot be known, but after a time long enough, as the young man remembered it, to live his whole life over in memory — Clement Lindsay felt the blessed air against his face, and, taking a great breath, came to his full consciousness. The arms of the boy were still locked around him as in the embrace of death. A few strokes brought him to the shore, dragging his senseless burden with him.

He unclasped the arms that held him so closely encircled, and laid the slender form of the youth he had almost died to save gently upon the grass. It was as if dead. He loosed the ribbon that was round the neck, he tore open the checked shirt —

The story of Myrtle Hazard's sex was told; but she was deaf to his cry of surprise, and no blush came to her cold cheek. Not too late, perhaps, to save her, — not too late to try to save her, at least!

He placed his lips to hers, and filled her breast with the air from his own panting chest. Again and again he renewed these efforts, hoping, doubting, despairing, — once more hoping, and at last, when he had almost ceased to hope, she gasped, she breathed, she moaned, and rolled her eyes wildly round her, — she was born again into this mortal life.

He caught her up in his arms, bore her to the house, laid her on a sofa, and, having spent his strength in this last effort, reeled and fell, and lay as one over whom have just been whispered the words, "He is gone."

OUT ON PICKET.

ONE can hardly imagine a body of men more disconsolate than a regiment suddenly transferred from an adventurous life in the enemy's country to the quiet of a sheltered camp, on safe and familiar ground. The men under my command were deeply dejected when, on a most appropriate day, — the First of April, 1863, — they found themselves unaccountably recalled from Florida, that region of delights which had seemed theirs by the right of conquest. My dusky soldiers, who based their whole walk and conversation strictly on the ancient Israelites, felt that the prophecies were all set at naught, and that they were on the wrong side of the Red Sea; indeed, I fear they regarded even me as a sort of reversed Moses, whose Pisgah fronted in the wrong direction. Had they foreseen that the next occupation of the Promised Land was destined to require twenty regiments instead of two, and to culminate, after all, in the tragic battle of Olustee, they might have acquiesced with more

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of their wonted cheerfulness. As it was, we were very glad to receive, after a few days of discontented repose on the very ground where we had been so happy, an order to go out on picket at Port Royal Ferry, with the understanding that we might remain there for some time.

This picket station was regarded as a sort of military picnic by the regiments stationed at Beaufort, South Carolina; it meant blackberries and oysters, wild roses and magnolias, flowery lanes instead of sandy barrens, and a sort of guerilla existence in place of the camp routine. To the colored soldiers especially, with their love of country life, and their extensive personal acquaintance on the plantations, it seemed quite like a Christmas festival. Besides, they would be in sight of the enemy, and who knew but there might, by the blessing of Providence, be a raid or a skirmish? If they could not remain on the St. John's River, it was something to dwell on the Coosaw. In the end they enjoyed it as much as they expected, and though we "went out" several times subsequently, until it became an old story, the enjoyment never waned. And as even the march from the camp to the picket lines was something that could not possibly have been the same for any white regiment in the service, it is worth while to begin at the beginning and describe it.

A regiment ordered on picket was expected to have reveille at daybreak, and to be in line for departure by sunrise. This delighted our men, who always took a childlike pleasure in being out of bed at any unreasonable hour; and by the time I had emerged, the tents were nearly all struck, and the great wagons were lumbering into camp to receive them, with whatever else was to be transported. The first rays of the sun must fall upon the line of these wagons, moving away across the wide parade-ground, followed by the column of men, who would soon outstrip them. But on the occasion which I especially describe, the sun was shrouded, and, when once upon the sandy plain, neither camp nor town nor river could be seen in the dimness; and when I rode forward and looked back, there was only visible the long, moving, shadowy column, seeming rather awful in its snake-like advance. There was a swaying of flags and multitudinous weapons that might have been camels' necks for all one could see, and the whole thing might have been a caravan upon the desert. Soon we debouched upon the "Shell Road," the wagon train drew on one side into the fog, and by the time the sun appeared the music ceased, the men took the "route step," and the fun began.

The "route step" is an abandonment of all military strictness, and nothing is required of the men but to keep four abreast, and not lag behind. They are not required to keep step, though, with the rhythmical ear of our soldiers, they almost always instinctively did so; talking and singing are allowed, and of this privilege, at least, they eagerly availed themselves. On this day they were at the top of exhilaration. There was one broad grin from one end of the column to the other; it might soon have been a caravan of elephants instead of camels, for the ivory and the blackness; the chatter and the laughter almost drowned the tramp of feet and the clatter of equipments. At cross-roads and plantation gates the colored people thronged to see us pass; every one found a friend and a greeting. "How you do, aunty?" "Huddy (how d' ye), Budder Benjamin?" "How you find yourself dis mornin', Tittawisa (sister Louisa)?" Such salutations rang out to everybody, known or unknown. In return, venerable kerchiefed matrons courtesied laboriously to every one, with an unfailing "Bress de Lord, budder." Grave little boys, blacker than ink, shook hands with our laughing and utterly unmanageable drummers, who greeted them with this sure word of prophecy: "Dem 's de drummers for de nex' war!" Pretty mulatto girls ogled and coquetted, and made eyes, as

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Thackeray would say, at half the young fellows in the battalion. Meantime the singing was brisk along the whole column, and when I sometimes reined up to see them pass, the chant of each company, entering my ear, drove out from the other ear the strain of the preceding. Such an odd mixture of things, military and missionary, as the successive waves of song drifted by! First, "John Brown," of course; then, "What make old Satan for follow me so?" then, "Marching Along"; then "Hold your light on Canaan's shore"; then, "When this cruel war is over" (a new favorite, sung by a few); yielding presently to a grand burst of the favorite marching song among them all, and one at which every step instinctively quickened, so light and jubilant its rhythm, —

"All true children gwine in de wilderness,
Gwine in de wilderness, gwine in de wilderness,
True believers gwine in de wilderness,
To take away de sins ob de world," —

ending in a "Hoigh!" after each verse, — a sort of Irish yell. For all the songs, but especially for their own wild hymns, they constantly improvised simple verses, with the same odd mingling, — the little facts of to-day's march being interwoven with the depths of theological gloom, and the same jubilant chorus annexed to all; thus, —

"We 're gwine to de Ferry,
De bell done ringing;
Gwine to de landing,
De bell done ringing;
Trust, believer,
O, de bell done ringing;
Satan 's behind me.
De bell done ringing;
'T is a misty morning,
De bell done ringing;
O, de road am sandy,
De bell done ringing;
Hell been open,
De bell done ringing"; —

and so on indefinitely.

The little drum corps kept in advance, a jolly crew, their drums slung on their backs, and the drum-sticks perhaps balanced on their heads. With them went the officers' servant-boys, more uproarious still, always ready to lend their shrill treble to any song. At the head of the whole force there walked, by some self-imposed pre-eminence, a respectable elderly female, one of the company laundresses, whose vigorous stride we never could quite overtake, and who had an enormous bundle balanced on her head, while she waved in her hand, like a sword, a long-handled tin dipper. Such a picturesque medley of fun, war, and music I believe no white regiment in the service could have shown; and yet there was no straggling, and a single tap of the drum would at any moment bring order out of this seeming chaos. So we marched our seven miles out upon the smooth and shaded road, — beneath jasmine clusters, and great pine-cones dropping, and great bunches of mistletoe still in bloom among the branches. Arrived at the station, the scene soon became busy and more confused; wagons were being unloaded, tents pitched, water brought, wood cut, fires made, while the "field and staff" could take possession of the abandoned quarters of their predecessors, and we could look round in the lovely summer morning to "survey our empire and behold our home."

The only thoroughfare by land between Beaufort and Charleston is the "Shell Road," a beautiful avenue, which, about nine miles from Beaufort, strikes a ferry across the Coosaw River. War abolished the ferry, and made the river the permanent barrier between the opposing picket lines. For ten miles, right and left, these lines extended, marked by well-worn footpaths, following the endless windings of the stream; and they never varied until nearly the end of the war. Upon their maintenance depended our whole foothold on the Sea Islands; and upon that again finally depended the whole campaign of Sherman. But for the services of the colored troops, which finally formed the main garrison of the Department of the South, the Great March would never have been performed.

There were thus ten or twelve square miles of country of which I had exclusive military command. It was level,

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but otherwise broken and bewildering to the last degree. No road traversed it, properly speaking, but the Shell Road. All the rest was a wild medley of cypress swamp, pine barren, muddy creek, and cultivated plantation, intersected by interminable lanes and bridle-paths, through which we must ride day and night, and which our horses soon knew better than ourselves. The regiment was distributed at different stations, the main force being under my immediate command, at a plantation close by the Shell Road, two miles from the ferry, and seven miles from Beaufort. Our first picket duty was just at the time of the first attack on Charleston, under Dupont and Hunter; and it was generally supposed that the Confederates would make an effort to recapture the Sea Islands. My orders were to watch the enemy closely, keep informed as to his position and movements, attempt no advance, and, in case any were attempted from the other side, to delay it as long as possible, sending instant notice to head-quarters. As to the delay, that could be easily guaranteed. There were causeways on the Shell Road which a single battery could hold against a large force; and the plantations were everywhere so intersected by hedges and dikes that they seemed expressly planned for defence. Although creeks wound in and out everywhere, yet these were only navigable at high tide, and at all other times were impassable marshes. There were but few posts where the enemy were within rifle range, and their occasional attacks at those points were soon stopped by our enforcement of a pithy order from General Hunter, "Give them as good as they send." So that, with every opportunity for being kept on the alert, there was small prospect of serious danger; and all promised an easy life, with only enough of care to make it pleasant. The picket station was therefore always a coveted post among the regiments, combining some undeniable importance with a kind of relaxation; and as we were there three months on our first tour of duty, and returned there several times afterwards, we got well acquainted with it. The whole region always reminded me of the descriptions of La Vendée, and I always expected to meet Henri Larochejaquelein riding in the woods.

How can I ever describe the charm and picturesqueness of that summer life? Our house possessed four spacious rooms and a piazza; around it were grouped sheds and tents; the camp was a little way off on one side, the negro quarters of the plantation on the other; and all was immersed in a dense mass of waving and murmuring locust-blossoms. The spring days were always lovely, while the evenings were always conveniently damp; so that we never shut the windows by day, nor omitted our cheerful fire by night. Indoors, the main head-quarters seemed like the camp of some party of young engineers in time of peace, only with a little female society added, and a good many martial associations thrown in. A large, low, dilapidated room, with an immense fireplace, with walls darkened by the successive sketches or scrawls of many predecessors, and with window-panes chiefly broken, so that the sashes were still open even when closed, — such was our home. The room had the picturesqueness which comes everywhere from the natural grouping of articles of daily use, — swords, belts, pistols, rifles, field-glasses, spurs, canteens, gauntlets, — while wreaths of gray moss above the windows, and a pelican's wing three feet long over the high mantel-piece, indicated more deliberate decoration. This and the whole atmosphere of the place spoke of the refining presence of agreeable women; and it was pleasant when they held their little court in the evening, and pleasant all day, with the different visitors who were always streaming in and out; — officers and soldiers on various business; turbaned women from the plantations, coming with complaints or questionings; fugitives from the mainland to be interrogated; visitors riding up on horseback,

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their hands full of jasmine and wild-roses; baby in her scarlet cloak, with her stately observant serenity; and the sweet sunny air all perfumed with magnolias and the Southern pine. From the neighboring camp there was a perpetual low hum. Louder voices and laughter re-echoed, amid the sharp sounds of the axe, from the pine woods; and sometimes, when the relieved pickets were discharging their pieces, there came the hollow sound of dropping rifle-shots, as in skirmishing, — perhaps the most unmistakable and fascinating association that war bequeaths to the memory of the ear.

Our domestic arrangements were of the oddest description. From the time when we began housekeeping by taking down the front door to complete therewith a little office for the surgeon on the piazza, everything seemed upside down. I slept on a shelf in the corner of the parlor, and undressed according to the weather; if it was bright moonlight, so that nothing could happen, it was well to take my comfort; if it was very dark and a trifle rainy, it seemed best to undress on Suwarrow's method, by taking off one spur. Then the arrangements for ablution were peculiar. We fitted up a bathing-place in a brook, which somehow got appropriated at once by the company laundresses; but I had my revenge, for I took to bathing in the family wash-tub. After all, however, the kitchen department had the advantage, for they used my solitary napkin to wipe the mess-table. As for food, we found it impossible to get chickens, save in the immature shape of eggs; fresh pork was prohibited by the surgeon, and other fresh meat came rarely. We could indeed hunt for wild turkeys, and even deer, but such hunting was found only to increase the appetite, without corresponding supply. Still we had our luxuries, — large, delicious drumfish, and alligator steaks, — like a more substantial fried halibut, — which might have afforded the theme for Charles Lamb's dissertation on Roast Pig, and by whose aid "for the first time in our lives we tasted *crackling*."

The post bakery yielded admirable bread; and for vegetables and fruit we had very poor sweet potatoes, and (in their season) an unlimited supply of the largest blackberries. For beverage, we had the vapid milk of that region, in which, if you let it stand, the water sinks instead of the cream's rising; and the delicious sugar-cane syrup, which we had brought from Florida, and which we drank at all hours. Old Floridians say that no one is justified in drinking whiskey, while he can get cane-juice; it is sweet and spirited, without cloying, foams like ale, and there were little spots on the ceiling of the dining-room where our lively beverage had popped out its cork. We kept it in a whiskey-bottle; and as whiskey itself was absolutely prohibited among us, it was amusing to see the surprise of our military visitors when this innocent substitute was brought in. They usually liked it in the end, but, like the old Frenchwoman over her glass of water, wished that it were a sin to give it a relish. As the foaming beakers of molasses and water were handed round, the guests would make with them the courteous little gestures of polite imbibing, and would then quaff the beverage, some with gusto, others with a slight after-look of dismay. But it was a delicious and cooling drink, while it lasted; and at all events was the best and the worst we had.

We used to have reveille at six, and breakfast about seven; then the mounted couriers began to arrive from half a dozen different directions, with written reports of what had happened during the night, — a boat seen, a picket fired on, a battery erecting. These must be consolidated and forwarded to headquarters, with the daily report of the command, — so many sick, so many on detached service, and all the rest. This was our morning newspaper, our Herald and Tribune; I never got tired of it. Then the couriers must be furnished with countersign and instructions, and sent off again. Then Baby, the Baby of the Regiment, made her appearance, to be kissed and tossed for

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a few moments, while the horses were brought round. Then we scattered to our various rides, all disguised as duty; one to inspect pickets, one to visit a sick soldier, one to build a bridge or clear a road, and still another to headquarters for ammunition or commissary stores. Galloping through green lanes, miles of triumphal arches of wild roses, — roses pale and large and fragrant, mingled with great boughs of the white cornel, fantastic masses, snowy surprises, — such were our rides, ranging from eight to fifteen and even twenty miles. Back to a late dinner with our various experiences, and perhaps specimens to match; — a thunder-snake, eight feet long; a live opossum, with the young clinging to the natural pouch; an armful of great white, scentless pond-lilies. After dinner, to the tangled garden for rose-buds or early magnolias, — whose cloying fragrance will always bring back to me the full zest of those summer days; then dress-parade and a little drill as the day grew cool. In the evening, tea; and then the piazza or the fireside, as the case might be, — chess, cards, — perhaps a little music by aid of the assistant surgeon's melodeon, a few pages of Jean Paul's "Titan," almost my only book, and carefully husbanded, — perhaps a mail, with its infinite felicities. Such was our day.

Night brought its own fascinations, more solitary and profound. The darker they were, the more clearly it was our duty to visit the pickets. The paths that had grown so familiar by day seemed a wholly new labyrinth by night; and every added shade of darkness seemed to shift and complicate them all anew, till at last man's skill grew utterly baffled, and the clew must be left to the instinct of the horse. Riding beneath the solemn starlight, or soft, gray mist, or densest blackness, the frogs croaking, the strange "chuck-will's-widow" droning his ominous note above my head, the mocking-bird dreaming in music, the great Southern fire-flies rising to the tree-tops, or hovering close to the ground like glow-worms, till the horse raised his hoofs to avoid them; through pine woods and cypress swamps, or past sullen brooks, or white tents, or the dimly seen huts of sleeping negroes; down to the glimmering shore, where black statues leaned against trees or stood alert in the pathways; — never, though I live a thousand years, shall I forget the magic of those haunted nights.

We had nocturnal boat service, too, for it was a part of our instructions to obtain all possible information about the enemy's position; and we accordingly, as usual in such cases, incurred a great many risks that harmed nobody, and picked up much information which did nobody any good. The centre of these nightly reconnoissances, for a long time, was the wreck of the George Washington, the story of whose disaster is perhaps worth telling.

Till about the time when we went on picket, it had been the occasional habit of the smaller gunboats to make the circuit of Port Royal Island, — a practice which was deemed very essential to the safety of our position, but which the Rebels effectually stopped, a few days after our arrival, by destroying the army gunboat George Washington with a single shot from a light battery. I was roused soon after daybreak by the firing, and a courier soon came dashing in with the particulars. Forwarding these hastily to Beaufort, (for we had then no telegraph,) I was soon at the scene of action, five miles away. Approaching, I met on the picket paths man after man who had escaped from the wreck across a half-mile of almost impassable marsh. Never did I see such objects, — some stripped to their shirts, some fully clothed, but all having every garment literally pasted to their bodies with mud. Across the river, the Rebels were retiring, having done their work, but were still shelling, from greater and greater distances, the wood through which I rode. Arrived at the spot nearest the wreck, (a point opposite to what we called the Brick-yard Station,) I saw the burning vessel

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aground beyond a long stretch of marsh, out of which the forlorn creatures were still floundering. Here and there in the mud and reeds we could see the laboring heads, slowly advancing, and could hear excruciating cries from wounded men in the more distant depths. It was the strangest mixture of war and Dante and Robinson Crusoe. Our energetic chaplain coming up, I sent him with four men, under a flag of truce, to the place whence the worst cries proceeded, while I went to another part of the marsh. During that morning we got them all out, our last achievement being the rescue of the pilot, an immense negro with a wooden leg, — an article so particularly unavailable for mud travelling, that it would have almost seemed better, as one of the men suggested, to cut the traces, and leave it behind.

A naval gunboat, too, which had originally accompanied this vessel, and should never have left it, now came back and took off the survivors, though there had been several deaths from scalding and shell. It proved that the wreck was not aground after all, but at anchor, having foolishly lingered till after daybreak, and having thus given time for the enemy to bring down their guns. The first shot had struck the boiler, and set the vessel on fire; after which the officer in command had raised a white flag, and then escaped with his men to our shore; and it was for this flight in the wrong direction that they were shelled in the marshes by the Rebels. The case furnished in this respect some parallel to that of the Kearsarge and Alabama, and it was afterwards cited, I believe, officially or unofficially, to show that the Rebels had claimed the right to punish, in this case, the course of action which they approved in Semmes. I know that they always asserted thenceforward, that the detachment on board the George Washington had become rightful prisoners of war, and were justly fired upon when they tried to escape.

This was at the time of the first attack on Charleston, and the noise of this cannonading spread rapidly thither, and brought four regiments to reinforce Beaufort in a hurry, under the impression that the town was already taken, and that they must save what remnants they could. General Saxton, too, had made such capital plans for defending the post that he could not bear not to have it attacked; so, while the Rebels brought down a force to keep us from taking the guns off the wreck, I was also supplied with a section or two of regular artillery, and some additional infantry with which to keep them from it; and we tried to "make believe very hard," and rival the Charleston expedition on our own island. Indeed, our affair came to about as much, — nearly nothing, — and lasted decidedly longer; for both sides nibbled away at the guns, by night, for weeks afterward, though I believe the mud finally got them, — at least, we did not. We tried in vain to get the use of a steamboat or floating derrick of any kind; for it needed more mechanical ingenuity than we possessed to transfer anything so heavy to our small boats by night, while by day we did not go near the wreck in anything larger than a "dug-out."

One of these nocturnal visits to the wreck I recall with peculiar gusto, because it brought back that contest with catarrh and coughing among my own warriors which had so ludicrously beset me in Florida. It was always fascinating to be on those forbidden waters by night, stealing out with muffled oars through the creeks and reeds, our eyes always strained for other voyagers, our ears listening breathlessly to all the marsh sounds, — blackfish splashing, and little wakened reed-birds that fled wailing away over the dim river, equally safe on either side. But it always appeared to the watchful senses that we were making noise enough to be heard at Fort Sumter; and somehow the victims of catarrh seemed always the most eager for any enterprise requiring peculiar caution. In this case, I thought I had sifted them before-

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hand; but as soon as we were afloat, one poor boy near me began to wheeze, and I turned upon him in exasperation. He saw his danger, and meekly said, "I won't cough, Cunnel!" and he kept his word. For two mortal hours he sat grasping his gun, with never a chirrup. But two unfortunates in the bow of the boat developed symptoms which I could not suppress; so, putting in at a picket station, with some risk I dumped them in mud knee-deep, and embarked a substitute, who after the first five minutes absolutely coughed louder than both the others united. Handkerchiefs, blankets, over-coats, suffocation in its direst forms, were all tried in vain, but apparently the Rebel pickets slept through it all, and we explored the wreck in safety. I think they were asleep, for certainly across the level marshes there came a nasal sound, as of the "Conthieveracy" in its slumbers. It may have been a bull-frog, but it sounded like a human snore.

Picket life was of course the place to feel the charm of natural beauty on the Sea Islands. We had a world of profuse and tangled vegetation around us, such as would have been a dream of delight to me, but for the constant sense of responsibility and care which came between. Amid this preoccupation, Nature seemed but a mirage, and not the close and intimate associate I had before known. I pressed no flowers, collected no insects or birds' eggs, made no notes on natural objects, reversing in these respects all previous habits. Yet now, in the retrospect, there seems to have been infused into me through every pore the voluptuous charm of the season and the place; and the slightest corresponding sound or odor now calls back the memory of those delicious days. Being afterwards on picket at almost every season, I tasted the sensations of all; and though I hardly then thought of such a result, the associations of beauty will remain forever.

In February, for instance, — though this was during a later period of picket service,— the woods were usually draped with that "net of shining haze" which marks our Northern May; and the house was embowered in wild-plum-blossoms, small, white, profuse, and tenanted by murmuring bees. There were peach-blossoms too, and the yellow jasmine was opening its multitudinous buds, climbing over tall trees, and waving from bough to bough. There were fresh young ferns and white bloodroot in the edges of woods, matched by snowdrops in the garden, beneath budded myrtle and *Petisporum*. In this wilderness the birds were busy; the two main songsters being the mocking-bird and the cardinal-grosbeak, which monopolized all the parts of our more varied Northern orchestra save the tender and liquid notes, which in South Carolina seemed unattempted except by some stray blue-bird. Jays were as loud and busy as at the North in autumn; there were sparrows and wrens; and sometimes I noticed the shy and whimsical chewink.

From this early spring-time onward, there seemed no great difference in atmospheric sensations, and only a succession of bloom. After two months one's notions of the season grew bewildered, just as very early rising bewilders the day. In the army one is perhaps roused after a bivouac, marches before daybreak, halts, fights, somebody is killed, a long day's life has been lived, and after all it is not seven o'clock, and breakfast is not ready. So when we had lived in summer so long as hardly to remember winter, it suddenly occurred to us that it was not yet June. One escapes at the South that mixture of hunger and avarice which is felt in the Northern summer, counting each hour's joy with the sad consciousness that an hour is gone. The compensating loss is in missing those soft, sweet, liquid sensations of the Northern spring, that burst of life and joy, those days of heaven that even April brings; and this absence of childhood in the year creates a feeling of hardness in the season, like that I have suggested in the melody of the Southern birds. It seemed to me also that the woods had

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not those pure, clean, *innocent* odors which so abound in the New England forest in early spring; but there was something luscious, voluptuous, almost oppressively fragrant about the magnolias, as if they belonged not to Hebe, but to Magdalen.

Such immense and lustrous butterflies I had never seen but in dreams; and not even dreams had prepared me for sand-flies. Almost too small to be seen, they inflicted a bite which appeared larger than themselves, — a positive wound, more torturing than that of a mosquito, and leaving more annoyance behind. These tormentors elevated dress-parade into the dignity of a military engagement. I had to stand motionless, with my head a mere nebula of winged atoms, while tears rolled profusely down my face, from mere muscular irritation. Had I stirred a finger, the whole battalion would have been slapping its cheeks. Such enemies were, however, a valuable aid to discipline, on the whole, as they abounded in the guard-house, and made that institution an object of unusual abhorrence among the men.

The presence of ladies, and the home-like air of everything, made the picket station a very popular resort while we were there. It was the one agreeable ride from Beaufort, and we often had a dozen people unexpectedly to dinner. On such occasions there was sometimes mounting in hot haste, and an eager search among the outlying plantations for additional chickens and eggs, or through the company kitchens for some of those villanous tin cans which everywhere marked the progress of our army. In those cans, so far as my observation went, all fruits relapsed into a common acidulation, and all meats into a similarity of tastelessness; while the "condensed milk" was best described by the men, who often unconsciously stumbled on a better joke than they knew, and always spoke of it as *condemned* milk.

We had our own excursions too, — to the Barnwell plantations, with their beautiful avenues and great live-oaks, the perfection of Southern beauty, — to Hall's Island, debatable ground, close under the enemy's fire, where half-wild cattle were to be shot, under military precautions, like Scottish moss-trooping, — or to the ferry, where it was fascinating to the female mind to scan the Rebel pickets through a field-glass. Our horses liked the by-ways far better than the level hardness of the Shell Road, especially those we had brought from Florida, which enjoyed the wilderness as if they had belonged to Marion's men. They delighted to feel the long sedge brush their flanks, or to gallop down the narrow wood-paths, leaping the fallen trees, and scaring the bright little lizards which shot across our track like live rays broken from the sunbeams. We had an abundance of horses, mostly captured and left in our hands by some convenient delay of the post quartermaster. We had also two side-saddles, which, not being munitions of war, could not properly (as we explained) be transferred like other captured articles to the general stock; otherwise the P. Q. M. (a married man) would have showed no unnecessary delay in their case. For miscellaneous accommodation was there not an ambulance, — that most inestimable of army conveniences, equally ready to carry the merry to a feast or the wounded from a fray. "Ambulance" was one of those words, rather numerous, which Ethiopian lips were not framed by Nature to articulate. Only the highest stages of colored culture could compass it; on the tongue of the many it was transformed mystically as "amulet," or ambitiously as "epaulet," or in culinary fashion as "omelet." But it was our experience that an ambulance under any other name jolted equally hard.

Beside these divertisements, we had more laborious vocations, — a good deal of fatigue, and genuine, though small, alarms. The men went on duty every third day at furthest, and the officers nearly as often, — most of the tours of duty lasting twenty-four hours, though the stream was considered to watch itself tolerably well by daylight. This

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kind of responsibility suited the men; and we had already found, as the whole army afterwards acknowledged, that the constitutional watchfulness and distrustfulness of the colored race made them admirable as sentinels. Soon after we went on picket, the commanding general sent an aid, with a cavalry escort, to visit all the stations, without my knowledge. They spent the whole night, and the officer reported that he could not get within thirty yards of any post without a challenge. This was a pleasant assurance for me; since our position seemed so secure, compared with Jacksonville, that I had feared some relaxation of vigilance, while yet the safety of all depended on our thorough discharge of duty.

Jacksonville had also seasoned the men so well that they were no longer nervous, and did not waste much powder on false alarms. The Rebels made no formal attacks, and rarely attempted to capture pickets. Sometimes they came stealing through the creeks in "dug-outs," as we did on their side of the water, and occasionally an officer of ours was fired upon while making his rounds by night. Often some boat or scow would go adrift, and sometimes a mere dark mass of river-weed would be floated by the tide past the successive stations, eliciting a challenge and perhaps a shot from each. I remember the vivid way in which one of the men stated to his officer the manner in which a faithful picket should do his duty, after challenging, in case a boat came in sight. "Fus' thing I shoot, and den I shoot, and den I shoot again. Den I creep-creep up near de boat, and see who dey in 'em; and s'pose anybody pop up he head, den I shoot again. S'pose I fire my forty rounds. I tink he hear at de camp and send more mans," — which seemed a reasonable presumption. This soldier's name was Paul Jones, a daring fellow, quite worthy of his namesake.

In time, however, they learned quieter methods, and would wade far out in the water, there standing motionless at last, hoping to surround and capture these floating boats, though, to their great disappointment, the prize usually proved empty. On one occasion they tried a still profounder strategy; for an officer visiting the pickets after midnight, and hearing in the stillness a portentous snore from the end of the causeway (our most important station), straightway hurried to the point of danger, with wrath in his soul. But the sergeant of the squad came out to meet him, imploring silence, and explaining that they had seen or suspected a boat hovering near, and were feigning sleep in order to lure and capture those who would entrap them.

The one military performance at the picket station of which my men were utterly intolerant was an occasional flag of truce, for which this was the appointed locality. These farces, for which it was our duty to furnish the stock actors, always struck them as being utterly despicable, and unworthy the serious business of war. They felt, I suppose, what Mr. Pickwick felt, when he heard his counsel remark to the counsel for the plaintiff, that it was a very fine morning. It goaded their souls to see the young officers from the two opposing armies salute each other courteously, and interchange cigars. They despised the object of such negotiations, which was usually to send over to the enemy some family of Rebel women who had made themselves quite intolerable on our side, but were not above collecting a subscription among the Union officers, before departure, to replenish their wardrobes. The men never showed disrespect to these women by word or deed, but they hated them from the bottom of their souls. Besides, there was a grievance behind all this. The Rebel order remained unrevoked which consigned the new colored troops and their officers to a felon's death, if captured; and we all felt that we fought with ropes round our necks. "Dere 's no flags ob truce for us," the men would contemptuously say. "When de Secesh fight de *Fus' Souf*" (First South Carolina), "he fight in earnest." Indeed, I myself took it

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as rather a compliment when the commander on the other side — though an old acquaintance of mine in Massachusetts and in Kansas — at first refused to negotiate through me or my officers, — a refusal which was kept up, greatly to the enemy's inconvenience, until our men finally captured some of the opposing pickets, and their friends had to waive all scruples in order to send them supplies. After this there was no trouble, and I think that the first Rebel officer in South Carolina who officially met my officer of colored troops under a flag of truce was Captain John C. Calhoun. In Florida we had been so recognized long before; but that was when they wished to frighten us out of Jacksonville.

Such was our life on picket at Port Royal, — a thing whose memory is now fast melting into such stuff as dreams are made of. We stayed there more than two months at that time; the first attack on Charleston exploded with one puff, and had its end; General Hunter was ordered North, and the busy Gilmore reigned in his stead; and in June, when the blackberries were all eaten, we were summoned, nothing loath, to other scenes and encampments new.

GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN MAINE.

II.

ON returning to Bangor, I proceeded at once, according to my original intention, to Mount Desert; but before giving an account of the glacial phenomena on that island, I must say a few words of the physical features of the country between Bangor and the sea. This region is intersected by three distinct ranges of hills, without counting the low range between Brewer and Holden. The first divides the valley of the Penobscot from that of Union River, passing through the townships of Clifton, Holden, and Dedham; the second separates the valley of the Union River from the Coast Range; the third is the Coast Range itself, of which Mount Desert and the elevated islands on either side of it form a part; for all these islands, so broken and picturesque in their outlines, must be looked upon as the higher summits of a partly submerged mountainous ridge. These chains do not run exactly parallel with the coast, their trend being more to the north than that of the shore itself; so that the ridges extending from east to west, across the country, are not exactly at right angles with the normal direction of the glacier marks, though nearly so. It is this formation of the surface of the land which makes the glacial phenomena so interesting between Bangor and the sea, especially where one can connect them with like traces farther north. The road from Bangor to Mount Desert passes in succession over all these ridges, ascending to the heights and descending into the intervening depressions; thus rising three times from the bottom of a valley over the ridge intervening between it and the next valley, before reaching the southern coast of the large shore islands.* Over all the elevations and in all the valley bottoms one may trace, in unbroken continuity, and almost at right angles with the direction of the mountains and of the valleys, the same set of lines or glacial marks that we have already traced to the north of Bangor, running due north and south until they disappear under the arm of the sea which separates

* Compare Chace's map of Maine.

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Mount Desert from the coast. They reappear on the north shore of the island itself, passing over its higher summits to lose themselves finally under the level of the ocean. Not only are the characteristic marks to be followed along the entire length of the road, but the whole surface of the country is *moutonnée;* namely, worn into those rounded, knoll-like surfaces so frequently alluded to in this and previous articles, and so well known in Switzerland as due to glacial action. Bald Mountain is a striking example of this kind of hill.

This region is literally strewn with huge boulders, sometimes forty or fifty feet high. For the most part they seem to belong to the neighboring hills, and have not travelled a great distance. There are many of these boulders, however, which add their testimony to show that the path of the great ice-plough has been from north to south. This is especially the case with the granite rock of Dedham, so well characterized by its large feldspar crystals, detached masses of which are frequently found to the south of that locality, but never to the north of it. Occasional boulders of a much more northern origin are not wanting. Another link in the evidence is that, wherever the marks are preserved on any abruptly rising ground, they occur on its northern side, and do not appear on the southern one. Evidently the abrading agent advanced from the north, pushed up and over the face presented to it, while the southern face was comparatively protected, the rigid mass no doubt often bridging the opposite declivity without even touching it. I suppose these facts, which perhaps seem insignificant in themselves, must be far less expressive to the general observer than to one who has seen this whole set of phenomena in active operation. To me they have been for many years so familiar in the Alpine valleys, and their aspect in those regions is so identical with the facts above described, that, paradoxical as the statement may seem, the presence of the ice is now an unimportant element to me in the study of glacial phenomena. It is no more essential to the investigator, who has once seen its connection with the facts, than is the flesh which once clothed it to the anatomist who studies the skeleton of a fossil animal. In the face of these facts it seems preposterous to assume that the loose materials and boulders scattered over this interval should have been stranded by icebergs driven inward from the sea-shore by currents or tidal waves. The whole movement, whatever its cause, was unquestionably in the opposite direction. The testimony of the loose materials and erratic boulders is the same all over the United States. They are always of northern birth. I have never seen a single fragment of rock from any more southern locality resting upon glaciated surfaces to the north of them, though I have searched for them from the Atlantic coast to Iowa.

The picturesque island of Mount Desert lies on the southern shore of Maine, in Hancock County, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow arm of the sea. Much higher in the centre than on the margin, its mountains seem, as one draws near, to rise abruptly from the sea. It is cleft through the middle by a deep fiord, known as Somes's Sound, dividing the southern half of the island into two unequal portions; and its shores are indented by countless bays and coves, which add greatly to its beauty. We entered the island on the northwestern side, from Trenton, and proceeded at once to Bar Harbor, on the eastern side, a favorite resort in summer on account of its broken, varied shore, and of the neighborhood of Green Mountain, with its exquisite lake, sunk in a cup-like depression half-way up the mountain-side, and its magnificent view from the summit. At the very entrance to the island, on passing over the toll-bridge of Trenton, there is an excellent locality for glacial tracks. The striæ are admirably well preserved on some ledges at the Mount Desert end of the bridge.

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The trend of these marks is north-northeast, instead of due north as in most localities; and here is one of the instances where this slight deflection of the lines is evidently due to the lay of the land. The island is not only highest towards the centre, but narrows at its northern end as it sinks toward the shore, from which it is separated on either side by two deep fiords running up into the coast of Maine, and known as Frenchman's Bay on the east, and Union Bay on the west. It is evident that the mass of ice passing from the mainland over this arm of the sea sunk eastward and westward into these two gorges, acquiring, no doubt, additional thickness thereby, and, in consequence of this change in its normal course, was slightly deflected from its usual direction in working its way up against the shore of Mount Desert. This is shown by the fact that the glacial marks on the northwest shore bear, as I have already said, slightly to the east, while those on the northeast shore bear slightly to the west. On approaching the centre of the island the marks converge towards each other, and regain their primitive direction due north and south, on its more elevated positions. I have often observed in Switzerland like instances, when from some local cause the direction of the movement was slightly deflected to the right and left, converging again at some little distance. In the valley of Hasli, between the Hospice of the Grimsel and Guttanen, are several knolls which afford examples in point. On the upper side of these knolls, facing the higher part of the valley, from which large glaciers formerly came down, marks are carried directly up the slope on to the back of the knoll, while on either side they fall away slightly to the right and left, converging again to meet and continue their straight course over the lower slope; showing that, though such knolls, entirely buried beneath the mass of the ice, are no obstacle to its advance, the inequalities of the bottom do affect in a slight degree the direction of the movement, and render the striæ less even than over a level surface. Of course, where the ice is very thick, bottom inequalities will make little impression upon the onward movement of the whole mass; but in proportion as the ice grows less, it adapts itself to the depressions and knolls of the surface, in consequence of which the glacial marks lose the uniformity of their trend.

The morning following my arrival at Bar Harbor I spent in examining the glacial phenomena in its immediate neighborhood. At Bar Harbor itself, the marks bear north and north-northwest. A mile farther south they are all in a north-northwesterly direction. The cove of the Spouting-Horn, however, — a deep recess in the rock, where the surf acts with wonderful force, — is engraved on both sides with lines running due north. On the same side of the island, considerably to the south of Bar Harbor, there is a striking sea-wall composed of coarse materials, thrown up in a line along the shore, formed, no doubt, by some unusually severe storm, coinciding with high-water. It resembles the well-known sea-wall of Chelsea Beach. Behind this wall stretches an extensive marsh, formerly a part of the sea. Somewhat beyond it, on the shore, are two very distinct polished and grooved surfaces, with the lines running due north. On the afternoon of the same day, I ascended Green Mountain. Along the lower part of the road the marks run northwest, then north-northwest, converging more and more toward their normal course, until, after passing the first summit, and thence upward, they lose entirely the slanting direction impressed upon them by the deflection of the ice about Frenchman's Bay, and run due north again. All the way up the last slope of the mountain, wherever the rock is exposed, may be seen well-engraved flat surfaces of rose-colored protogine, on which the scratches and grooves sometimes run for twenty feet without any perceptible interruption. On the very summit is a quartz dike cut to the same level with the general outline of the knoll, on which

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the marks are very distinct. I arrived on the extreme point — where the southern descent is so abrupt that the mountain seems to plunge into the ocean — just at sunset. The sea as far as the eye could reach was still glowing with color; amethyst clouds floated over the numerous islands to the southwest; while on the other side in the gathering shadows lay the little lake midway on the mountain slope, and, below, the many inlets, coves, and islands of Frenchman's Bay.

On the following day, we crossed to the opposite side of the island, skirting Somes's Sound, and the next morning entered the sound in a small schooner. A stiff breeze from the north, which obliged us to tack constantly, and made our progress very slow, prevented us from exploring this singular inlet for its whole length; but short as it was, our sail gave me ample opportunity for observing the glacial phenomena along its shores. At the mouth of the sound, before entering the narrows, there are several concentric terminal moraines on both sides of the fiord. No doubt they once stretched across it, and were broken through by the sea. On either side, to the right and left, in ascending the sound, are little valleys running down to the water; and evidently they have all had their local glaciers, for there are terminal moraines at the mouth of each one. These facts only confirmed my anticipations. I had seen, on passing the head of the fiord, in our drive of the previous day, that it must from its formation afford an admirable locality for glacial remains, unless they had been swept away by the sea. The small town of Somesville is beautifully situated at the head of the sound. Approaching it from the east, I observed that the glacial marks which had been pointing due north began to point west-northwest, while on the western side of the settlement they pointed east-northeast. Evidently there is an action here similar to that by which the marks are deflected on the northern shore of the island about Frenchman's Bay and Union Bay. The mass of ice coming from the north had been gradually sinking into the fiord from opposite sides. Near Somesville church the marks run again due north.

The extensive surfaces of polished and scratched rocks in this locality recall the celebrated Helle-Platten of the valley of Hasli. From Southwest Harbor we followed the shore to Bass Harbor and Seal Cove. There are frequent indications of glacial action along this road, and one or two points of special interest. At Bass Harbor there is a large dike of green trap running at right angles with the tide current. Though regularly overflowed at high-water, the action of the sea has not affected the glacial characters, which are peculiarly distinct at this spot. Not only is the surface of the dike itself deeply scored with striæ and furrows running due north, but, being of a softer quality than the granitic rock which it intersects, it has been cut to a little lower level, and the vertical walls of the fissure are polished, scratched, and grooved in the same way. I met here with one of those incidents showing the character of the working-class in America which always strike a European with astonishment. There was a blacksmith's shop near this dike, and being extremely anxious to obtain a specimen from it on account of the clearness of its glacial characters, I requested the head workman, who had been watching my observations with a good deal of interest, to break me off a piece. It was not an easy task, for there were no angles, the dike being sunk below the surrounding surface and perfectly smooth. After a time, and not without some hard work, a wedge was driven in, and with the help of a crow-bar two or three very satisfactory specimens were pried out. I naturally wished to pay the man for his labor; but he refused to take anything, saying that he saw I was a geologist travelling for the sake of investigation. He added, that he subscribed for one or two papers and magazines: perhaps he should meet with some of the published results of

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my journey one of these days, and that would be the best reward for the little help he had given. Seeing his interest in the object of my researches, I explained to him the significance of this dike, showed him the direction of the marks pointing straight to the north, and evidently entirely independent of tidal action, since they ran at right angles with it. As I bade him good by, he said, "Henceforth this dike shall be my compass; I shall know when the wind blows due north." The locality was, indeed, especially interesting from several points of view. It is one of the few instances I have seen in which a dike, being composed of a softer paste than the adjoining rock, has yielded more readily to the ice-plough, and is cut to a lower level, thus forming a broad, flat furrow, the upright walls of which are scored as deeply as the horizontal surface of the dike. Another most important fact is, that the tide daily flows across these marks. Evidently, then, they have not been made by water, since water has no power to erase them, or to obscure them by other lines of the same kind. A mile and a half to the south of Bass Harbor there is a ledge facing north, on which the glacial characters also point to the north. At Seal Cove, however, on the southwestern shore, the marks have again a north-northwesterly direction. South of Seal Cove all the surface inequalities are *moutonnées*, the striæ running north-northwest. We returned to Trenton bridge by the western shore, having thus skirted the whole island.

Before closing these remarks I wish to allude, in passing, to some other facts connected with this investigation, which I could not easily notice at an earlier time without interrupting my narrative. East and south of Bangor there are considerable deposits of faintly laminated clays, used for the manufacture of bricks, in which striated pebbles and patches of sand are sparsely interspread. I take it for granted that the clays are morainic materials remodelled by the floods arising from the melting of the great glaciers, and the pebbles and sands the droppings of icebergs floating upon these waters. This is the more probable, since accumulations of irregularly stratified sand are always found in the vicinity of such masses of sifted clays, containing scratched pebbles. I have seen similar deposits in the Western States, for instance, near Milwaukee and Chicago.

Between Bangor and Mount Desert the usual evidence of glaciation is very extensive. I would mention as particularly interesting the hills south of Holden and the hills about Dedham. On the route along Union Bay there are also extensive polished surfaces, especially in the vicinity of Bucksport. Near Ellsworth they are beautifully preserved, and all the eminences are *moutonnés*. At Ellsworth Falls, on both sides of the bridge, there are splendid polished surfaces, with scratches and furrows pointing due north. Between Elisworth and Trenton, and westward of that meridian, in the direction of Bucksport, there are several longitudinal moraines parallel to one another, running from north to south, composed of large, angular boulders, resting upon ground moraines made up of rounded, scratched pebbles and sand mixed with clay. Such a superposition is utterly incompatible with the idea of currents passing over these tracks. Two miles west of Ellsworth a similar longitudinal moraine runs over the top of the hill, and about one mile farther west there is another, chiefly composed of the coarse Dedham granite. The bottom deposit, upon which these moraines rest, consists of fine sand and loam with scratched pebbles. Seven or eight miles west of West Ellsworth the hills, consisting of clay slates on edge, trending from east to west, are abraded, and upon the polished surfaces of their levelled edges rest two other longitudinal moraines, with angular boulders of Dedham granite, running from north to south, and resting upon an extensive ground moraine containing many smaller rounded and striated boulders. Ten miles west of Ellsworth there is still

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another longitudinal moraine; but the largest of all these parallel moraines is about three miles farther west, that is, about thirteen miles west of Ellsworth. Half a mile south of Bucksport the clay slates are nearly vertical, and their upturned edges are evenly polished and scratched. These surfaces are partially covered with the mud of the Penobscot River. Similar facts may be traced all the way between Bucksport and Bangor. Everywhere the scratches point due north.

The coast range east and west of Somes's Sound is divided into a series of hills by transverse valleys, in most of which there are small lakes formed by transverse moraines at their southern extremity. Beginning east, and not counting the less-prominent peaks, we have, first, Newport Mountain; next, Kebo and Green Mountains; then, Jordan Mountain, Bobbey Mountain, Hadlock or Pond Mountain, and Westcot Mountain, all to the east of Somes's Sound; then follow Dog Mountain, Defile Mountain, Beach Hill, and West Mountain, all on the west side of Somes's Sound. Denning's Pond, which I have examined more in detail, lies between Dog Mountain and Defile Mountain. The road along the lake follows the eastern or left lateral moraine of the glacier which once filled its basin; and the lake itself is hemmed in by a crescent-shaped terminal moraine at its southern extremity. The lakes, eleven in number, intervening between the other mountains, are likewise bordered by moraines. We have thus satisfactory evidence that at an early period of the retreat of the great ice-field covering this continent, when it no longer moved over the highest summits of the land, local glaciers were left in the gorges facing the sea.

We have thus traced the glaciated surfaces over the whole width of the State of Maine, and over a part of its length, in a narrow track some hundred miles in extent, from the Katahdin Iron Works to the southern shore of Mount Desert, where they are lost in the ocean. I have, however, suppressed a great amount of evidence which could not easily be presented without maps and sections. I may have an opportunity of publishing what has been omitted on some future occasion. Over this whole region, the glacial characters run due north and south, never deflected except by local causes, ascending, in undeviating rectilinear course, all the elevations, and descending into all the depressions. How is it possible to suppose that floating icebergs would advance over such an uneven country with this steadfast, straightforward march? Instead of ascending the hills, they would be caught between them in the intervening depressions, or, if the land were completely submerged, floated over them. The advocates of the iceberg theory forget also that an amount of floating ice, so much larger than is now annually spreading over the Northern Atlantic, implies a far lower temperature; and with it we have the conditions necessary to cover the mainland with glaciers, instead of simply increasing the field of icebergs. Equally impossible is it to suppose that anything so unstable as water has produced such straight and continuous lines.

Assuming, then, that these phenomena were produced by ice, let me add, in conclusion, that the glacial traces over the State of Maine, and especially between Bangor and the seacoast, afford means of estimating approximately the thickness of the ice-sheet which once moved over the whole land, as well as its limitations during a later period, when it had begun to wane. In order to advance across a hilly country and over mountainous ridges rising to a height of twelve and fifteen hundred feet in the southern part of the State, and to a much higher level in its northern portion, the ice must have been several times thicker than the height of the inequalities over which it passed; otherwise it would have become encased between these elevations, which would have acted as walls to enclose it. We are therefore justified in supposing that the ice-fields, when they poured from

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the north over New England to the sea, had a thickness of at least five or six thousand feet. On a future occasion I shall give an account of the drift phenomena along our Atlantic coast, showing also that at that period the ice-fields were not bounded by our present shore line, but extended considerably beyond it, over surfaces now occupied by the ocean. At a later time, during the shrinking and gradual disappearance of the ice-sheet, the ice, no doubt, retreated within the shore-islands. The aspect of the coast of New England must then have been very similar to that of Greenland in its colder portions. Mount Desert itself must have been a miniature Spitzbergen, and colossal icebergs floated off from Somes Sound into the Atlantic Ocean, as they do now-a-days from Magdelena Bay.

THE RIVER.

YOUR life and mine, O constant Heart, are braided
Like two streams into one;
We flow along, — and now our banks are shaded,
And now bloom in the sun.

For miles I wandered through the placid meadow
Wide stretching to the sky;
In me the wild-flower watched his painted shadow,
In me the cloud on high.

But you on the great hillside freshly bubbled,
By secret sluices sent
From some deep source in the rock's heart untroubled,
Where sunbeam never bent.

Into the glad, free ether you came leaping,
The sunshine heard your tone,
And o'er the crested spur your wild way sweeping,
It made you all its own.

Sunshine, or streamlet, or the fleece of heaven?
The valleys upward creep
Till your far voice beneath the starry seven
Falls singing them to sleep.

Still o'er the lofty ledges lightly dashing,
The echoes cry your way,
The morning radiance in your trail is flashing,
Wild roses catch your spray.

All noontide lustre and all rarest fragrance
About you brood and blow: —
The late chill moonbeams come like pallid vagrants
To reach earth swifter so.

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By night, a shining thread of music flowing
Along the clear dark sky, —
The stars about you sparkling, dipping, going, —
Dreams floating down your sigh, —

By day and night, to your advancing murmur
The crystal in his niche
Gathers, the sapling drinks of you, and firmer
Plants him and grows more rich.

The plains, below, a royal sward are keeping
For your white feet to chide,
O joyous brook, that, out of heaven leaping,
Comes wandering to my side.

Two seasons, catching sunshine in our shallows,
Green glooming o'er our deeps,
We wind, where under lee of fertile fallows
Perpetual summer sleeps.

Upon our trace we fling a foam of blossom,
The showers trend down our way,
The sacred azure darkens in our bosom,
The landscapes toward us sway.

Deeper the channel wears, and ever broader
From the exhaustless wells
The rhythmic tides, in their mysterious order,
Slide on slow silvery swells.

A gracious stream, whose banks are set with blessing,
That under tranquil skies
And into calms of golden sunset pressing,
On the horizon dies?

Or drawn to seek the gray and wondrous fountains
Far sounding, shall it be,
A river rushing between mighty mountains
We burst upon the sea?

The hoary and illimitable ocean
That darkly to and fro
Rocks the vast volumes of its central motion
Where no wind dares to blow!

O life my own, let not that awful swinging
Sunder us far apart,
But the eternities confess our clinging,
And pulse us heart to heart!

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GEORGE BEDILLION, KNIGHT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

BACK in his shop-window, sitting hour after hour, picking at some minute flaws in a watch-spring, whistling bits of "Wind yer horn." The usual half-dozen cronies dropped in and out on their way to the post-office; looked over the yellow pages of the "Tarrytown News," which had lain on the counter for a week, and which they had read every day. David Aikens, the gray-haired, half-witted town-lounger, sat in the sunshine outside, on a chair tilted back, smoking pipe after pipe, until the old brown clock inside struck the hour of noon, when he sauntered off for dinner. They did not talk much: it was not the habit of Tarrytown gossips. "Lennard" was the subject whenever anything was said, or else "G'arge at Orleens." The good genius of the little drama loomed a gigantic and fascinating mystery to the townsfolk; a man who threw real, tangible fortunes about — so many acres of river-bottom, and so many shares of bank-stock — was something marvellous beyond Aladdin. Leonard, passing through the loungers on his way up stairs, nodded with an abstracted face. His dark eyes to-day were full of a dreamy, brilliant light, — the future opened so real and sweet and fair! The shade of deference which the people threw into their manner gave him, somehow, a certain solid footing on the earth; then there was Hetty, whose little face, full of all domestic comfort and love, he had seen in the garden through the nodding dahlias and hollyhocks a moment ago. He felt himself towering into a manhood somewhat akin to that of this unseen brother; although around George there was a glamour which no one else could borrow, — an atmosphere of romance and mystery with which his Southern home and Len's vague notions of orange-groves and tropical heat and black troops of slaves had much to do.

Sim's lightish eyes stared unwinkingly at his watch-spring all day as he worked, stopping only to rub his sandy face with the red handkerchief lying beside him. Nobody heeded Sim's silence when he had a job in hand, or noticed the restless, serious look in his eyes when he did raise them to stare out of the window at the cornfields.

When they were all gone, in the afternoon, he put by his tools and turned uneasily to the three green-bound books which were the delight and recreation of his life; one a register of the births and deaths in Tarrytown; the next a record of the weather; and the last — in which Sim had allowed himself to become, moderately, an author — an account expanding into detail of the extraordinary events of the neighborhood, — of the calf with two heads born on Barker's place, — of the rise in Sloan Creek above the flood-mark three years ago, — and the like. Sim turned over the leaves of the last book, a gleam of satisfied pride coming out on his face. One thing, at least, he had done in life, — done well. But in a little while he put even these away with a sigh, and opened a little closet in which were ranged phials of exactly the same size, labelled "Eye-Wash." He took his pen, touching the labels here and there, examined the corks, viewed and reviewed them. There was no such cure for weak eyes, he knew, since the days of miracles. It was old Aunty Griffith's famous recipe which, dying, she had bequeathed to Sim, on condition that he should dis-

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pense it without money so long as he lived. It is an old habit in the West to hand down secret prescriptions in this manner. The moment a price is asked and given for them, virtue leaves them; and, whatever may be the efficacy of the remedies, it is curious to observe that they are found almost invariably in the keeping of single-minded, pure-hearted men and women, in accordance, it may be, with some old tradition of those to whom was bestowed the gift of healing. In his secret soul Sim cherished an awe of the power thus intrusted to his hands. It had cost him already no little anxiety to decide whom this charge should descend to when he died.

He soon shut the cupboard and sat down, staring into the fire. He was contented with his lot. He had a good freehold in the world; there was no warmer, friendlier, better home than Tarrytown; and he had plenty of work and honor, glancing back at the shop, the books, and the phials. Nobody had such chances of making friends. When he died, there would be a funeral such as Tarrytown had not seen for many a day. He often thought of that.

And yet, the Judge's words had sowed nettles in his thoughts. Was there nothing more? "Home, wife, and children." Sim was a man, after all, with the passions and wants of a man. For the first time, the shop, the register, the thousand neighborly acts that kept him busy, palled; the days to come yawned miserably vacant.

Every one is some time tempted of the Devil; and usually the temptation begins with the consciousness that one is in the wilderness and alone. It dawned on the little barber that he had made a great sacrifice, and that he never should be thanked for it. He had given up money, name, identity even, for this boy, Len, whom he loved as his heart's blood; and now "the sorest rod in pickle for the boy's back" would be to know him as his brother. He thought of a certain busy little body, with quick, soft hands, and honest, sunshiny face. For years the girl had been dear to him. If he had come to her, not as poor Sim Wicks the cow-doctor, but George Bedillion, with better blood and more power than all of these farmers by whose patronage she lived, it might be that she would have come into his outer life, as he had hidden her already in his heart.

He got up, stretching out his arms, a curious smile almost transforming his homely face and figure. With a flash came a thousand pictures of Hetty in his home, — making it the home of all the world; of Hetty, busy in her tidy, deft little fashion over the breakfast-table; of Hetty, sewing by the cosey shop-fire in the evening, walking gravely to church with Thad between them; of Hetty as wife, *mother*. The bald-headed little man turned gravely to the window, looking up to the quiet sky with tears in his eyes. The young girl that he loved had not a more clean or guileless heart than beat in the fidgety little body at which she so often laughed.

Presently Thad came in, as he did every day, and, climbing up on the counter, began scribbling with the pens he found there. Sim put a sheet of paper before him, and stood motionless. He remembered how often he had played with the child, detaining him until Leonard could finish his talk with Hetty over the briers by the gate. He remembered when he first saw that there was something else which he must give up to Leonard beside name and money; — remembered when he first noted the pink flush creep over the girl's cheek and neck when Len's bright eyes and curly hair were thrust in at the half-open door; the flowers he brought her, the verses which she had brought, shy and laughing, to show to Sim; "for she allays was fond of me — as an uncle, or an old, bald-headed brother." But most he remembered the summer evenings when they had gone, arm in arm, strolling down the ravine by moonlight, and he, having sung Thad to sleep, had stolen after, like a miserable, cowardly wretch, slinking behind haw-

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bushes and gum-trees, only to see the black curly hair and the bright chestnut near together, one head bent over the other drooping one; while he, mad with passion and pain, waited there — alone and forgotten — into the night.

Lately, they had never gone out together, — had been silent and pale when forced into contact. There seemed to be a secret between them, the nature of which Sim easily guessed. When Leonard's future was assured, he would share it with the girl he had chosen in poverty. He had fancied, too, that Hetty had shown a new tenderness in her manner to him lately, as if trying to console him for something he had lost.

Before poor Sim had reached this end to his thoughts, the selfish bitterness had disappeared from them, — outgrown, as a poison bee-sting by a wholesome peach. He thought he would go to Hetty and satisfy himself that he was right in his conjectures: to that, at least, he had a right. So, taking Thad by the hand, he went out of the back door of the shop into the garden. Len, just then, ran down the stairs, and out of the front door, taking the cigar from his mouth, and swinging his cap up with a boyish grace that became him well.

"God bless the boy! It 's all right as it is." Sim's face flushed, as his heart swelled with self-condemnation. He went on, with his head down. Little Het, watching him from the back door of her house, where she sat sewing, (they had but one garden between them,) saw that trouble had been brewing somewhere for poor Sim. In spite of his sandy complexion, and surprised-looking snub nose, and lean red whiskers, Sim's face was capable of a smile curiously sweet and fine; and just now there was a pain lurking in it which the girl saw in an instant. She went out to meet him, but pretended to be adjusting the pieces of dyed cloth which had hung all day drying on the clothes-line, flapping in the wind. They were yellow and purple, clear, bright colors, and caught the sun finely as she threw the dried pieces in a heap on the grass. They were in keeping with the chrysanthemums, and wall-flowers, and other hot autumnal flowers, thrusting their heads out of the green bushes, and holding all the heat of the summer in them.

The pleasant evening light fell over the fragrant garden, — over Het's little porch where she had been sitting, with hop-vines trailed up its sides, and her pile of white sewing on the step, — over the apple and peach orchards, with their juicy fruit bending over the garden fence, — over Thad's flaxen hair, under the bushes, where he had crawled to find the ripest berries. But the centre and life of it all, to his eyes, was little freckle-faced Hetty as she worked with her cloths, — her trim little figure, in its close-fitting blue dress, with a dainty white apron setting it off, — her brown eyes dark and moist as she nodded, smiling, to him, poising herself in a dozen pretty ways in a minute.

Sim took up a corner of the cloth. "The color hes struck in well. There never was sech an expert little dyer, Hetty, I do believe."

She nodded briskly. "That 's Mrs. Carr's blue merino. Eight parts logwood, three copperas, one alum."

Sim listened admiringly. "The question is, how did ye pick it up? I mind the day ye chose yer perfession, as one might say, — the day after we put her away."

Sim stopped. The girl said nothing; but she pulled and straightened her cloth, with her head sinking on her heaving breast, and her hands unsteady. Once, when Sim stooped, the big brown eyes, full of tears, were turned suddenly to the church-yard where her mother had been "put away," and then rested on the bald head and bent back of the man who had nursed the dying woman tenderly as another woman might, and had carried Hetty in his arms from the grave. Sim did not see her look.

"They was holdin' a committee of ways and means, like, to see what was to be done with you and Thaddy here. You was handy enough in any house. It was Thad that was the rub. When Squire Barker was hemming and haw-

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ing, you raised up your little head from the bed. 'I 'll keep the boy,' you spoke out, loud and clear. 'We want nobody's bread. I 'll keep Thaddy from want,' — an' then you broke down. An' here 's the end of it," with a backward wave of his hand to the house, his face glowing. "Thad comes to the shop botherin' me with stories of kings' sons pickin' their way over stones, in fairy-land; but I says to him, 'Go home and see yer sister pickin' bread from day to day. That 's a tale worth tellin'.'"

Little Het's tears dried, and she glanced askance at him, shyly smiling.

"Sometimes, I think," he said, seating himself on the end of the well-curb, "the place is like a toy place, what with your wee house and your little Kerry cow and bantam chicks. And you 're but a mite yourself. When you 're gone, I 'll keep the place just the same, for old time's sake. But I ken't keep you."

"When I 'm gone?" But her freckled cheeks flamed, and she bent over the cloth-heap again.

Sim shut his lips tight for a moment. Then he went on. "Yes. Married an' gone. When him you 've waited for comes, as he allays does, in Thad's stories, and kerries you off to be a lady."

Little Het looked him straight in the face, with a clear spark of light in her eye. She had a clean-cut, firm mouth too, and it had an obstinate pucker in it now.

"I hope he will come," she said, quite clear and distinctly. "I 'd be sorry if he never came. But he 's a workingman. As for my being a lady, I never was meant for that. I was born to work, and I like it. Feel my wrists, the muscles in them, — they 're like steel springs. I 'm ashamed of you, Simeon Wicks."

Sim liked usually to tease her. It was as if a cricket chirped defiance. But now, as he touched the tiny wrist, his face grew unsmiling and white; the man's whole body shivered, and his eye fell before hers. She saw it, and drew from him with a quick, startled breath.

"What sort of a fine lady would you make of *me?*" said the little body, balancing herself before him. "Can I sing? Can I dance? Books always put me to sleep. I 'm only fit for work, and I like it. It suits me to manage the toy place, as you call it, — Thad's and mine, — and to come out clear with my accounts at the end of the year. Nobody shall buy me with money, to make a doll of me and tyrannize over Thad. Nobody shall tyrannize over Thad!" growing hotter with every word. "He 's my child, — mine and yours," with a sudden, shy gentleness. "You 've been very good to us, Simeon." She hastily took the child's hand and held it out towards him. A hot thrill passed over the poor little silversmith. What if he had been wrong from the beginning, — if she were still unwon?

"Do you mean that you never will give up the place? that you never will marry?"

"I — I did not say that."

Her head sank again, and her face turned from him. Her dress fluttered in the wind near him. He put his hand out, with a mad gesture of passion and pain, and touched it. Then a guilty sense rushed over him, like a flood: he was tampering with the love of his brother's wife. He left her, going up and down the alleys between the peach-trees. Little Het followed him, with wide, impatient eyes. He had cooled and mastered himself enough at last. He would cut down this hope himself, — root it out now, in his own eyes and in hers, that it never should grow again.

"Don't be independent in that fashion, Hetty. It 's not wholesome nor good for a woman. There 's one, I know, that 'u'd be glad to take you into his house, an' his life too. He 'd be mighty kind to little Thad here. You 've lain near into his heart this many a year." He stopped; it was not an easy task for him to picture Len and his love. "Do you know it, Hetty?"

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She put her little brown hands over her burning face. "I have known it a long time," she said; and, after a moment, took them down, and looked at him, with a quiet, happy light shining in her still eyes.

"A long time." It was real then, — an old matter to them. All summer long they had sunned and feasted in each other's love; while he had hungered and whined for crumbs, like a fool, thankful for a kind word from either of them, while they had held the secret close. What was Sim Wicks, the cow-doctor, that they should have made a confidant of him?

"It 's good news you tell me," he said at last. "Leonard will make a warm and loving home for you and Thad here." Cold and mean he felt the words to be as he uttered them; but it was all that nature could do.

"Leonard?" she cried. "Did Leonard bid you talk to me of this?"

"He told me nothing. You were all I had, — you two; and now you 're grown to each other. I am outside, — outside. That 's all right. You are rich: you have beauty, an' sense, an' love; — I am outside. You told me nothing."

The girl looked up and down the long tan-bark path, with a pale countenance. The grave face before her looked down with the power and dignity of some intense feeling which would not utter itself. Yet the words hurried from his lips. It seemed to him that the foundations of his life were broken up and the hidden depths oozing to the light.

"It 's bitter to think you 've made a great mistake of your life. I don't know ef I have. Sometimes I think ef I 'd made more of myself I 'd hev had better luck: when I see how I 'm wrung, wrung, like a dry sponge, an' nobody gives to me. Sometimes, I think ef I 'd let others alone and scrambled for my own footing, — ef I 'd polished and rubbed at what sense I had, and come to you as something else than poor Sim Wicks, — for I loved you, Hetty — "

Her head was turned away; it did not stir an atom; but the red blood dyed her neck, her very hands.

"I want you to know it. Maybe it may make your home warmer to know there was one without who held you dear when you and Leonard was children together, fighting and squabbling. I set you apart even then. You were somethin' holy to me, — like one of the children in the Bible, Hetty. Since you were a woman — "

He took a step nearer. A bee, droning heavily through the warm evening air, suddenly darted towards a white flower fastened in the coil of her hair. She turned and looked in his eyes with her own, — dark, moist, a spark of light in their depths.

Quick change of feeling swept over the lovely face, like a cloud, as he spoke.

"Since you were a woman, you have not been like a holy child to me. I 've loved you with every drop of my blood and every nerve in my flesh, Hetty. There has not been an hour when I have not thirsted for you. You 've been mine, *mine*, — my wife."

The bee hummed drowsily away. For a moment all was silent; then she heard him say: "Some day I will be glad that you have married Leonard. It is only common sense that I should give him up what is his right. It 's duty, — duty. But I 'm not strong enough to do it now. I 'm glad Len an' you will be happy. I — I think I will go away from Tarrytown."

She neither spoke nor moved. She felt him stand close by her. After a moment, he put his hand on her sleeve and touched it, — that was all. Then there was no living thing beside her, but Thad lying on the grass, and the bees hurrying into their hives for the night.

She listened to a footstep going down the grassy path outside into the street, — listened until it was gone quite out of hearing; then she laughed, sobbed out "Poor old Sim!" shrilly, and cried as if her heart would break.

The evening was cool and starlit. Generally, after nightfall, with the ex-

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ception of a dog barking at the moon, or the plash of the creek over its stony bottom, no sound ever broke the silence in Tarrytown. But to-night there was a hurrying to and fro, — steps on the street, women's faces peering out of lower windows. Squire Barker's supper in honor of the stranger and Len was a matter in which the village justifiably concerned itself. In one sense it belonged to the public, though only three or four of the chief town magnates were invited. The thing, if done at all, must be done in a manner which would be remembered by Judge Atwater. Half a dozen of the best housekeepers in the neighborhood had been in daily consultation with Mrs. Barker. Mrs. Blenker, indeed, had undertaken the black cake herself, and Miss Sharpley, who had a regular city recipe for boning turkeys, had been staying at the Squire's for two or three days. Late in the afternoon, too, came three bottles of ten-year-old blackberry-bounce from Mrs. Vance, which she had been saving for her funeral. But the old lady had a proper pride in Tarrytown.

About dusk the lights were seen to glimmer through Squire Barker's dining-room shutters, and all Tarrytown knew that the hour had come.

Sim Wicks had closed his shop-windows at an early hour. He sat staring vacantly at the flaring lamp on his tool-stand, until he heard the Judge and Leonard coming down the outer stairs, when he took up his file and began to work.

The Judge came in, a roll of paper in his hand. "Have you decided, Bedleon?"

Sim turned sharply. "How? What?"

"You have not forgotten, I presume. Do you mean to cut yourself out of this Kearns property for your brother?" holding out the paper. "You have had time to see the folly of it."

The silversmith opened the roll and scratched his name. "I don't make Injun gifts, to give and snatch back agin, Judge," he said, rubbing his ear with his pen, with a dreary laugh.

"You know your business best. But it is my business to tell the young puppy to-night where he can find his brother."

Sim's mouth tightened itself. "It don't matter," he said, quietly.

Len came in, a slightly pompous smile on his handsome face. It was natural for the boy to be conscious that he was the hero of the night. The Judge scanned him with a brief, contemptuous glance. He could not forget that the broadcloth suit he wore, the very gold cable chain stretched conspicuously across his waistcoat, were bought and chosen by Sim Wicks. Sim, looking at him, saw neither clothes nor chain, only the man that Hetty loved and whose rival he had been. His passion of an hour before seemed to him now not only futile, but a baseness at the remembrance of which he writhed. As the Judge and Len went out, the boy felt a sort of patronizing pity for the fellow who was so jolly a companion on ordinary times, but was exiled to-night on account of the strict social rules which it was quite proper to enforce. He hung back a little. He did not know anything more comforting to offer than a little confidence about himself.

"I think my position would gratify my brother, if he could see me to-night, Sim, eh? This foolish town seems bent on making a hero of me. I am sure," he added, with a flush of real feeling on his face, "if I have made myself worth anything, it is because I have had him for a model."

Sim gave a meaningless laugh, driving in a pivot.

"Well, good night, old fellow."

"Good night."

There were two or three taps at the door during the evening, — some of Sim's chums coming to gossip over the event of the day. He looked up listlessly when he heard them, and took no further heed. The little steel file and silver wire lay where he had dropped them; the fire smouldered, in a bed of white ashes, on the lower bars; the old brown clock ticked

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on past the hours of nine, ten, eleven, and still the little man sat motionless, his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees, staring down on the brick hearth and listening.

He knew, as if he had had a clairvoyant's eye, how this evening crept on at Squire Barker's supper-table, until the moment came when his secret was to be made known. When the wine was brought on and Len's health was given, and he, rising with his flushed face and boyish awkwardness, proposed the health of the brother so dear to him, so ennobled in all of their eyes, whom he had never seen, — that would be the time when Atwater would tell the truth.

As the moment approached, the color left the poor silversmith's face. His jaws worked mechanically; his fingers beat his knees, like an hysterical woman's. He did not once think of the others, or how they would listen to this story.

It was Leonard — when he found himself the brother of the barber, — the cow-doctor. "He will curse the hour I was born," were the only words that Sim spoke even to himself.

At last the sound came he had waited for, — the shuffling of feet and clapping of hands from the lighted windows of the square brick house across the way. Then a dead silence. Atwater was up, speaking. He could hear the cracked, rasping voice even here, so strained was his hearing.

There followed a long pause. Sim got up. Surely Leonard would come, — barber or cow-doctor though he might be. He was his brother, bone and flesh the same, — he was his brother. After all — but how could the boy know how he had loved him?

The door of Squire Barker's house opened and closed; there was a lingering, uncertain step coming across the street; then the shop door fell back suddenly, and Leonard stood in the entrance. He had thrust back his carefully curled hair roughly; his face was pinched and livid, his cravat untied as if for breath. The two men faced each other a moment in absolute silence.

"If this damnable story be true, why don't you claim me for your brother?" broke from the younger man.

There was no answer.

Len looked at the low, awkward, square figure, made up of Nature's odds and ends, at the commonplace red face with its ragged edge of light hair, at the worn brown clothes, — down into this had his ideal brother gone! He, — Leonard Bedillion, — who had struggled all his life to separate himself from the boors about him, had been living on the charity of one of the meanest of them all! He took up a glass of water and gulped it down.

"I 'm not ungrateful, — I know what you have done, Sim — George —" He grew more colorless at the word, and stood silent.

"I do not claim that name," said Sim, in a low voice. "You need not call me by the name of Bedleon. Let that pass."

"I loved him. I loved George Bedillion as no brother ever loved another, and now —"

The little man put out his hand deprecatingly. "I 've been mighty fond of you, Leonard," he said in a low voice.

Leonard did not hear. "Now George Bedillion is dead," he gasped. "He *never was*."

The old clock filled up the silence with its slow ticking. The first chill of the shock over, the manhood in Sim began to rise slowly, quietly asserting itself.

"There is no need for you to distress yourself, Leonard. It was not of my wish that I was known as yer brother. I giv' up the name of Bedleon years ago. I 'll not trouble you long. It 'll soon pass out of the minds of people that Sim Wicks was any kin to you. I 'm goin' to leave Tarrytown."

"I cannot comprehend," with a long, bewildered stare, "that you are Knapp Bedillion's son. My father was —"

"Was a gentleman. Go on, Leon-

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ard. I missed my chance from the beginnin'. I 've had no edication, nor opportunity to make a clean thing of myself. I don't know as my birth need count to anybody, — I kin give that up," — an intense twinge of pain passing over his face. "The first few days of a man's life don't matter: it 's the years afterwards that makes him. They 've made me Sim Wicks, — nothin' but that, — an' you, Leonard Bedleon." He held out his hand. "Let us forget all that has been to-night, an' go back to the old ways ag'in."

Leonard took the hand sullenly and let it fall. "You cannot give me back *my brother, and there 's nothing you* can give that will atone for that. As for the Kearns property, that is cursed folly. I will accept my due share and not a dollar more. As if, now that I know you — "

"You would take it from me? Give it to the almshouse, then. I 'll have none of it. I wash my hands of all that belongs to the name of Bedleon to-night. Forever. I 've been a fool, — fool! Leave me now, boy. I want to be alone."

When he was alone, — the flaring kerosene lamp throwing strange shadows over the little shop, the fire burnt out dead in the grate, — he sat like a dumb brute, only conscious of the slow tick, tick of the old brown clock above him.

His head throbbed with a full, hot pain; the throbbing mixed with the sound of the clock; and after a long while it seemed to him a voice speaking.

"Go away," it said. "Go away from here. You have given all away, and what have you gained? Where are the people you have served, the brother you sacrificed your life for, the woman you loved? They turn away from you, they live for themselves alone. There is no such thing as love in life. Self is the only true god."

He went, walking feebly across the shop, and looked at the phials. To how many he had helped to give God's good light again? He did not know of one in this night of doubt and bitterness who would not laugh at his trouble.

He opened the old green books. Once, there was not a name of the old friends and neighbors, or a line written there, which had not seemed to him a link binding him to the living and the dead in one great loving family. Now, the brother who had lain in the same mother's arms, had suckled the same breast, cast him off — because he was poor and ignorant.

He staggered towards the clock; it tolled out its old words: "Live for yourself. Love yourself."

"*My God!*" cried the poor little man. "I will live alone! I can live alone!" — and, falling forward, his weight struck the floor heavily.

CHAPTER IV.

A FIRE burning cheerfully in a wide pleasant room. Leonard's room, — he knew that at a glance. A green baize-covered table piled with books beside him; two beds side by side at the other end of the room. He got up; his knees tottered under him; his hand, when he laid it on the table to support himself, was wasted and bloodless; his face, as he saw it in the mantel-glass, was haggard and white, with sad, anxious gray eyes looking out from under the sunken brows. Without, the hills and valley, covered with the winter's snow, were darkening in the twilight; Sloan Creek lay ice-bound below.

He stood trembling and irresolute. Had he been dead and come to life again? An actual heaviness oppressed his head. These were real books about him, — Leonard's room, Leonard's dressing-gown that he wore, Leonard's embroidered slippers on his feet.

The door opened and Leonard himself came in, followed by the village doctor, old William Akers. Sim saw the startled glance of both, and how the boy turned pale, and stopped. Doctor Akers came up quickly, and

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took his hand, smiling and looking keenly in his eye.

"It is winter," said the silversmith. His voice had gone from him; the whisper that was left frightened him.

"Never mind," and the old man dexterously interposed his broad shoulders before him and the window. "I dropped in to chat awhile over our pipes. Light yours, Wicks."

He complied without question. All energy had so left him that he would have obeyed the bidding of a child. As they smoked, they talked in a drowsy, desultory way, till Akers, taking out his pipe, said: "That is the first meerschaum I ever saw. I 've kept that pipe well. John Ridgway gave it to me, in '37.

"That cannot be," said Sim, eagerly, starting up. "John Ridgway died in December, '36. It was the year of the great pumpkin flood. I 'll get my green book in an instant and convince you."

But the old man laid down his pipe and looked at him gravely. "No matter; I only tested your memory, sir. You ought to thank God, Mr. Bedleon," not without emotion in his voice. "He has brought you to-day out of a great danger."

"I have been ill?"

"Not dangerously ill in body. But you left your old self behind you in your sickness. Your reason has been gone for months. This is December. To-morrow will be Christmas-day."

"I understand," said George Bedleon, and he turned and looked into the fire, listening to the ticking of a watch that hung there.

The doctor glanced shrewdly from the one brother to the other. "There is no further danger: there never will be a relapse. I can't say that you would have recovered in body or in mind without more skilful care than mine. But Leonard gave it to you. He has not left you day or night. He has been as tender with you as a mother with her first-born."

When he turned laughing to Leonard, they saw that he had gone out of the room. Akers began to draw on his coat. After an embarrassed pause, buttoning the ear-flaps of his fur cap, — "I 'll go now. To-morrow is Christmas-day," he said, towering over the pale invalid like a red, burly St. Nicholas himself. "I — I 'm a blunt man, Mr. Bedleon, and have n't words at my command. But I wanted to say to you that we all in Tarrytown know this thing that you 've done all your life, and feel alike about it. I never thought Knapp Bedleon's name would be raised up again with the honor you 've done it. I said to my boy, 'You don't need to go to history or Orleens, or God knows where, for men to copy. There was a real man here in the silversmith's shop, — copy him.' Well, good by. Keep hearty, and I 'll be round to-morrow."

When he was gone, Leonard came in. The boy was thin and jaded. Somehow the twinkle of conceit had gone out of his eyes. They were earnest and steady, — a man's, whose soul had gone down into deep waters and come on shore at last. He came up to the table, and stood a moment, looking down at Sim. Then he touched his hand with cold and trembling fingers, — "Brother?"

"Boy! boy!" Sim cried, and put his arms about him.

"I think I know myself now, — and you. Will you forgive me?"

"I 've nothing to forgive," said Sim in his weak whisper. "I 'm going from Tarrytown. I 'll be out of your way, dear boy. An' ther' 's things I 'd rather forget."

"Yes. But to-night you will go to bed. To-morrow you shall go, if you wish it." The young man helped the other to undress, and in a little while George Bedleon slept as quietly as an infant.

Leonard took him out to drive the next day, when the sun was well up, and the air tempered a little; but it was still a keen winter's wind, and swept fiercely down the snow-clogged ravines. Leonard wrapped him snugly in the buffalo-robe and heaped straw on his feet. Sim had hoped some of the neighbors

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would be out to welcome him, but he was disappointed. The street was deserted; pale rifts of smoke from slaked fires were creeping out of back chimneys; even the tavern doors were barred.

"All gone to some Christmas gathering," Leonard explained.

The sleigh slid swiftly along the silent road, the winter landscape defined sharply and clearly under a gray covered sky. They came to the Kearns place at last, — a snug homestead in the cove of a hill. There were fires within, shining through the windows; the carriage-road was beaten down; chickens were picking their way over the snow. All the little numberless signs of habitation caught Sim's eye as they drove within the gates. Leonard slackened the speed of the horse, and walked him slowly up the avenue. He fell, in some way, into the easy gossiping tone which he and Sim used to each other long ago. Both men settled themselves more comfortably in the seat as he did so.

"I have determined to leave Tarrytown," he said. "Judge Atwater advised me to go to a large Western city. There is quick practice and prompt pay there. In Tarrytown my mind would grow morbid and unhealthy. I wish that you should consent to let me play the part of the prodigal son, — 'take the portion of goods that belongs to me and go my way.'"

"The portion, Leonard?"

Leonard colored. He turned his frank eyes full on his brother. "The Kearns property consists of this farm and bank stock, — nearly equal portions. I propose to take the latter, and leave this home as yours."

"Leonard! —"

"For God's sake," broke out the young man, "do not refuse to take this thing from me. Suffer me to feel like a man again. I want to be able to look you in the face, and then I can go to work." He dropped the reins, in his eagerness, and leaned forward: — "*Brother?*"

Sim's eyes filled with tears. "It shall be as you wish," he said.

"It is my Christmas gift," said Len, and he whipped up the horses and broke into a cheery whistle.

Now before this Sim had kept silence. There was not a vulgar word or accent that escaped his lips which did not drive this new-found love of his brother back from him, he fancied. But looking in Len's face now, the fancy seemed paltry and false. There was a kinship between them with which birth or education had nothing to do.

When they came to the house, Sim fancied he heard a buzzing sound of voices; but there was silence a moment after, and they alighted and came into the little living-room next to the parlor. A live room in truth, with the old home born into the new. There was the old brown clock over the mantel-shelf, Sim's chair before the fire, his knit-yarn sack on the back, his slippers in front, a cupboard identical with that which held the eye-wash at home, and on the hearth the big earthen pitcher steaming full of apple-toddy. Sim sat down, pulled on the green wamus and the slippers: Leonard had gone out to look after the horse, and he had a mind to humor the boy's whim of seeing him at home. The clock ticked away furiously; but what was this it said? Not the old words surely!

He put out his hand, and it fell on his green book. When he opened it, and his eye ran over the names of old friends and neighbors, living and dead, the old fancy came to him that it was a great family. He wondered if he belonged to it, — if, in their homes on Christmas, anybody thought of old Sim. Why, there was not a man or boy in Tarrytown whom the poor, solitary old fellow had not tried to make a friend of, some time in his life!

There was a low rustle behind him, the stealthy opening of a door, and when he turned there they were! All of them, — from Squire Barker to Joe the hostler. Tarrytown was but a hamlet, after all; so that they could crowd into Sim's parlor easily enough; but there was as much rejoicing and hearty welcome and fun in the faces of these people as

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a whole cityful could have held. Something else than fun and welcome, — something in their looks made old Sim's head fall humbly on his breast as he stood up before them, and the words he would have spoken die in his throat. They all crowded about him then. Perhaps the best of it was that the feeling which had brought them there remained unexpressed. They spoke in low voices ; they laughed easily, — the women, as if tears were not far off, — there were so many of them who could remember how the wasted hands they shook had been the last to touch their children who were dead.

They took him here and there through the house ; they joked ; they told him the news ; they brought him, with the touch of their strong hands and friendly faces, out of the valley of the shadow of death and set him fairly in the living world again. Beyond the different name they gave him, no one told him, in words, that they knew the secret of his life ; yet there was not a face turned towards him on which he could not read the memory, never to be forgotten, of some kindness he had done them in old times. They had all brought some little present too ; something towards the furnishing of the house ; something durable, — keepsakes. It was the second great event of the winter : they made a regular house-warming of it. There was a committee of ladies who served up a supper, — which was the wonder of the country-side for months, — and cleared away the remnants afterwards. They buzzed everywhere, like flies. Sim, with little Thad, sat in the little living-room, a quiet smile on his face. Leonard bustled to and fro, as handsome and thorough-going as ever, they said, only a little pompous when he spoke of "my brother." Thad sat quite still beside his old friend. Sim pressed his chubby hand now and then ; but the two old-fashioned fellows were gravely silent. Sim saw little Hetty once in the crowd far off. In the evening, when they were all gone but Leonard and Dr. Akers, she came where he sat in front of the fire, and stood before him, looking into his haggard face without speaking.

"You brought me no present, Hetty," he said. "Even Thad has knit me a wonderful pair of braces. You gave me nothing."

"No."

The little body moved a step back ; her great brown eyes wandered uneasily over his face. There was a look in them that drove the blood back to his heart. He got up and went out to his brother. When he came to him he put his hand on his shoulder. The wasted lips scarcely moved. "Leonard," he said, "Hetty ?"

Leonard's eyes blanched. "There is nothing of that, Sim, — nothing. Long ago, before Atwater came, I knew it was of no use : she cared no more for me than for a cur at her heels. She 's too old a head for me, — Hetty Barr. There 's a little girl at Wood Centre that I want to tell you about, who is worth twenty of her."

He went back to the little room where she stood, still by the window. "Hetty," he said, "have you nothing to give me ? — nothing ?"

There was a long silence. She put her little freckled hand in his, softly. "Nothing but what I gave you long ago," she said.

Later in the evening, while George Bedleon sat by his own home fire, with Hetty near him, the old Doctor talked a long time of life and its uses.

"Heaven I have never seen," he said, decisively ; "but this world I have. And I know that an unselfish life never fails of its fruit ; and it has its recompense here, great and enduring, — a recompense, as surely as God lives, *here.*

Then Leonard and Hetty looked with one consent at the poor little silversmith. But Sim heard the Doctor s words as a general theory, and thought how all the world was one great family, and how glad he was on this day, when their Elder Brother came among them, to be one of them again.

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MR. HARDHACK ON THE DERIVATION OF MAN FROM THE MONKEY.

I CAN stand it no longer, sir. I have been seething and boiling inwardly for a couple of years at this last and final insult which science has put upon human nature, and now I must speak, or, if you will, explode. And how is it, I want to know, that the duty of hurling imprecations at this infernal absurdity has devolved upon me? Don't we employ a professional class to look after the interests of the race? — fellows heavily feed to see to it that gorilla and chimpanzee keep their distance? — paid, sir, by me and you to proclaim that men — ay, and women too — are at the top of things in origin, as well as in nature and destiny? Why are these retained attorneys of humanity so confoundedly cool and philosophical, while humanity is thus outraged? What 's the use of their asserting, Sunday after Sunday, that man was made a little lower than the angels, when right under their noses are a set of anatomical miscreants who contend that he is only a little higher than the monkeys? And the thing has now gone so far, that I 'll be hanged if it is n't becoming a sign of a narrow and prejudiced mind to scout the idea that we are all descended from mindless beasts. You are a fossilized old fogy, in this day of scientific light, if you repudiate your relationship with any fossilized monstrosity which, from the glass case of a museum, mocks at you with a grin a thousand centuries old. To exalt a man's soul above his skeleton, is now to be behind the age. All questions of philosophy, sir, are fast declining into a question of bones, — and blasted dry ones they are! The largest minds are now all absorbed in the ugliest brutes, and the ape has passed from being the butt of the menagerie to become the glory of the dissecting-room. And let me tell you, sir, that, if you make any pretensions to be a naturalist, you will find those of your colaborers who defend the dominant theory as great masters of hard words as of big ones; and if you have the audacity to deny that man is derived from the monkey, it is ten chances to one they will forthwith proceed to treat you *like* one.

Now I go against the whole thing, sir. When the public mind first took its bent towards science, I, for one, foresaw that the Devil would soon be to pay with our cherished ideas. Under the plea of exercising some of the highest faculties of human nature, these scientific descendentalists have exclusively devoted themselves to the lowest objects of human concern. The meaner the creature, the more they think of it. You, sir, as a free and enlightened citizen of this great Republic, doubtless think something of yourself; but I can tell you there is n't one of these origin-of-species Solons who would n't pass you over as of no account in comparison with any anomalous rat which you would think it beneath your dignity to take the trouble of poisoning. There is n't a statesman, or philanthropist, or poet, or hero, or saint in the land, sir, that they would condescend to look at, when engaged in exploring the remains of some ignorant ass of the Stone Period. As for your ordinary Christian, he has no chance whatever. The only man they think worth the attention of scientific intelligence is pre-historic man, the man nearest the monkey. And this is called progress! This is the result of founding schools, colleges, and societies for the advancement of knowledge! No interest now in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, — in Leonidas, Epaminondas, Tell, and Washington, — in Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon. They, poor devils, were simply vertebrates; their structure is so well known that it is unworthy the attention of our modern

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prowlers into the earth's crust in search of lower and obscurer specimens of the same great natural division. What do you think these resurrectionists on a great scale, these Jerry Crunchers of palæontology, care for you and me? Indeed, put Alfred Tennyson alive into one end of a museum, and one of those horrible monsters whose bones are being continually dug up into the other, and see which will be rated the more interesting object of the two by the "great minds" of the present day.

And now what is the consequence of thus inverting the proper objects of human concern? Why, if you estimate things according to their descent in the scale of dignity, and occupy your faculties exclusively with organized beings below man, you will tend to approach them. Evil communications corrupt good manners. You can't keep company with monkeys without insensibly getting be-monkeyed. Your mind feeds on them until its thoughts take their shape and nature. Into the "veins of your intellectual frame" monkey blood is injected. The monkey thus put into you naturally thinks that monkeydom is belied; and self-esteem, even, is not revolted by the idea of an ape genealogy. In this way the new theory of the origin of man originated. Huxley must have pretty thoroughly assimilated monkey before he recognized his ancestor in one. The poor beast himself may have made no pretensions to the honor, until he was mentally transformed into Huxley, entered into the substance of Huxley's mind, became inflamed with Huxley's arrogance. This is the true explanation, not perhaps of the origin of species, but of the origin of the theory of the origin; and I should like to thunder the great truth into the ears of all the scientific societies now talking monkey with the self-satisfied air of great discoverers. Yes, sir, and I should also be delighted to insinuate that this progress of monkey into man was not so great an example of "progressive development" as they seem inclined to suppose, and did n't require the long reaches of prehistoric time they consider necessary to account for the phenomenon. Twenty years would be enough, in all conscience, to effect *that* development.

Thus I tell you, sir, it is n't monkey that rises anatomically into man, but rather man that descends mentally into monkey. Why, nothing is more common than to apply to us human beings the names of animals, when we display weaknesses analogous to their habitual characters. But this is metaphor, not classification; poetry, not science. Thus I, Solomon Hardhack, was called a donkey the other day by an intimate friend. Thought it merely a jocose reference to my obstinacy, and did not knock him down. Called the same name yesterday by a comparative anatomist. Thought it an insulting reference to my understanding, and did. But suppose that, in respect both to obstinacy and understanding, I had established, to my own satisfaction, a similarity between myself and that animal, do you imagine that I would be donkey enough to take the beast for my progenitor? Do you suppose that I would go even further, and, having established with the donkey a relation of descent, be mean enough to generalize the whole human race into participation in my calamity? No, sir, I am not sufficiently a man of science to commit that breach of good manners. Well, then, my proposition is, that nobody who reasons himself into a development from the monkey has the right to take mankind with him in his induction. His argument covers but one individual, — himself. As for the Hardhacks, they at least beg to be excused from joining him in that logical excursion, and insist on striking the monkey altogether out from their genealogical tree.

And speaking of genealogical trees, do the adherents of this mad theory realize the disgrace they are bringing on the most respectable families! There is not an aristocracy in Europe or America that can stand it one moment, for aristocracy is based on the greatness of forefathers. In America, you know, nobody is aristocratic who cannot count back at least to his great-

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grandfather, who rode in a carriage, or — drove one. As for the Hardhacks, I may be allowed to say, though I despise family pride as much as any man, that they came in with the Conqueror, and went out with the Puritans. But if this horrible Huxleian theory be true, the farther a person is from his origin, the better; antiquity of descent is no longer a title to honor; and a man must pride himself in looking forward to his descendants rather than back to his ancestors. And what comfort is this to me, an unmarried man? With a monkey in the background, how can even a Hapsburg or a Guelf put on airs of superiority? How must he hide his face in shame to think, that, as his line lengthens into an obscure antiquity, the foreheads of his house slope, and their jaws project; that he has literally been all his life aping aristocracy, instead of being the real thing; and that, when he has reached his true beginning, his only consolation must be found in the fact that his great skulking, hulking, gibbering baboon of an ancestor rejoices, like himself, in the possession of "the third lobe," "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," and "the hippocampus minor." Talk about radicalism, indeed! Why, I, who am considered an offence to my radical party for the extremes to which I run, cannot think of this swamping of all the families in the world without a thrill of horror and amazement! It makes my blood run cold to imagine this infernal Huxley pertly holding up the frontispiece of his book in the faces of the haughty nobility and gentry of his country, and saying, "Here, my friends, are drawings of the skeletons of gibbon, orang, chimpanzee, gorilla; select your ancestors; you pays your money and has your choice." I don't pretend to know anything about the temper of the present nobility and gentry of England; but if the fellow should do this thing to me, I would blow out of his skull everything in it which allied him with the apes, — taking a specially grim vengeance on "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," — as sure as my name 's Hardhack, and as sure as there 's any explosive power in gunpowder.

And in this connection, too, I should like to know how the champions of this man-monkey scheme get over a theological objection. Don't start, sir, and say *I* am unscientific. I am not going to introduce Christianity, or monotheism, or polytheism, or fetichism, but a religion which you know was before them all, and which consisted in the worship of ancestors. If you are in the custom of visiting in good society, you will find that that is a form of worship which has not yet altogether died out, but roots itself in the most orthodox creeds. Now you must admit that the people who worshipped their ancestors were the earliest people of whose religion we have any archæological record, and therefore a people who enjoyed the advantage of being nearer the ancestors of the race than any of the historical savages to whom you can appeal. I put it to you if this people, catching a glimpse of the monkey at the end of their line, if the monkey was really there, would have been such dolts as to worship it? A HE worship an IT! Don't you see, that, if this early people had nothing human but human conceit, that would alone have prevented them from doing this thing? Don't you see that they would have preserved a wise reticence in regard to such a shocking bar-sinister in their escutcheons? Worship ancestors, when ancestors are known to have been baboons! Why, you might as well tell me our fashionable friend Eglantine would worship his grandfather, if he knew his grandfather was a hodman. No, sir. That early people worshipped their ancestors, because they knew their ancestors were higher and nobler than themselves. To suppose the contrary would be a cruel imputation on the character of worthy antediluvians, who unfortunately have left no written account of themselves, and therefore present peculiar claims on the charitable judgment of every candid mind.

You have been a boy, sir, and doubtless had your full share in that amuse-

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ment, so congenial to ingenuous youth, of stirring up the monkeys. You remember what an agreeable feeling of elation, springing from a conscious sense of superiority to the animals pestered, accompanied that exhilarating game. But suppose, while you were engaged in it, the suspicion had flashed across your mind that you were worrying your own distant relations; that it was undeveloped humanity you were poking and deriding; that the frisking, chattering, snarling creature you were tormenting was trying all the while to say, in his unintelligible speech, "Am I not *to be* a man and a brother?" Would not such an appeal have dashed your innocent mirth? Would you afterwards have been so clamorous or beseeching for parental pennies, as soon as the dead walls of your native town flamed with pictorial announcements of the coming menagerie? No, sir, you could n't have passed a menagerie without a shudder of loathing or a pang of remorse. How fortunate it was, that, for the full enjoyment of your youthful sports, you were ignorant of the affecting fact that the monkey's head as well as your own possessed the "hippocampus minor" and "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle"!

I admit that this last argument is not addressed to your understanding alone. I despise all arguments on this point that are. I, for one, am not to be reasoned out of my humanity, and I won't be diddled into turning baboon through deference for anybody's logic. My opinions may be up for argument, but I myself am not up for argument. In a question affecting human nature itself, all the qualities of that nature should be addressed. Self-respect, respect for your parentage and your race, your moral instincts, and that force in you which says "I," — all these, having an interest in such a discussion, should have a voice in it; and I execrate the flunkey who will allow himself to be swindled out of manhood, and swindled into monkeyhood, by that pitiful little logic-chopper he calls his understanding. I am not "open to conviction" on this point, thank God! I don't pretend to know whether a "third lobe" is in my head or not, but I do know that Solomon Hardhack is there, and as long as he has possession of the premises, you will find written on his brow, "No monkeys need apply!"

Do you tell me that this is a matter exclusively for anatomists and naturalists to decide? That 's the most impudent pretension of all. Why, it 's all the other way. Have I not a personal interest in the question greater than any possible interest I can have in the diabolical lingo of scientific terms in which those fellows state the results of their investigations? Have I delegated to any College of Surgeons the privilege of chimpanzeeizing my ancestors? No, sir. Just look at it. Here are the members of the human race, going daily about their various avocations, entirely ignorant that any conspiracy is on foot to trick them out of their fatherhood in Adam. While they are thus engaged in getting an honest living, a baker's dozen of unauthorized miscreants assemble in a dissecting-room, manipulate a lot of skulls, and decide that the whole batch of us did not descend from a human being. I tell you the whole thing is an atrocious violation of the rights of man. It 's unconstitutional, sir! Talk about the glorious principle of "No taxation without representation"! That is simply a principle which affects our pockets, and we fought, bled, and died for it. Shall we not do a thousand times more for our souls? Shall we let our souls be voted away by a congress of dissectors, not chosen by our votes, — persons who not only don't represent, but infamously misrepresent us? Why, it 's carrying the tactics of a New York Common Council from politics into metaphysics! And don't allow yourself to be humbugged by these assassins of your nature. I know the way they have of electioneering. It is, "My dear Mr. Hardhack, a man of your intelligence can't look at this ascending scale of skulls without seeing that the difference between Homo

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and Pithecus is of small account,"—"A man of your candid mind, Mr. Hardhack, must admit that no absolutely structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves." And while I don't comprehend a word of this cursed gibberish, I am expected to bow, and look wise, and say, "Certainly," and "Just so," and "It's plain to the meanest capacity," and be soft-sawdered out of my humanity, and infamously acknowledge myself babooned. But they can't try it on me, sir. When a man talks to me in that fashion, I measure with *my* eyes "the structural line of demarcation" between *his*, and with my whole force plant there my fist.

Do you complain that I am speaking in a passion? It seems to me it's about time for all of us to be in a passion. Perhaps, if we show these men of science that there is in us a little righteous wrath, they may be considerate enough to stop with the monkey,—make the monkey "a finality," sir, and not go lower down in the scale of creation to find an ancestor for us. It is our meek submission to the monkey which is now urging them to attempt more desperate outrages still. What if Darwin had been treated as he deserved when he published the original edition of his villanous book? If I had been Chief Justice of England when that high priest of "natural selection" first tried to oust me out of the fee-simple of my species, I would have given him an illustration of "the struggle for existence" he would n't have relished. I would have hanged him on the highest gallows ever erected on this planet since the good old days of Haman. What has been the result of a mistaken clemency in his case? Why, he has just published a fourth edition of his treatise, and what do you think he now puts forward as our "probable" forefather? "It is probable," he says, "from what we know of the embryos of mammals, birds, fishes, and reptiles, that all the members in these four great classes are the modified descendants of one ancient progenitor, which was furnished in its adult state with branchiæ, had a swim-bladder, four simple limbs, and a long tail fitted for an aquatic life." Probable, indeed! Why, it is also probable, I suppose, that this accounts for the latent tendency in the blood of our best-educated collegians to turn watermen, and abandon themselves with a kind of sacred fury to the fierce delight of rowing-matches. The "long tail" fitted for an aquatic life" will also "probably" come in course of time. Student-mammals of Harvard and Yale, what think you of your "one ancient progenitor"? Inheritors of his nature, are you sure you have yet succeeded in cutting off the entail of the estate?

We have been brought up, sir, in the delusive belief that "revolutions never go backwards." It's a lie, I tell you; for this new revolution in science does nothing else. It is going backwards and backwards and backwards, and it won't stop until it involves the whole of us in that nebulous mist of which, it seems, all things are but the "modified" development. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. Let us not pause at that "long tail fitted for an aquatic life" which made our one ancient progenitor such an ornament of fluvial society, but boldly strike out into space, and clutch with our thoughts that primitive tail which flares behind the peacock of the heavens,—the comet. There's nebulous matter for your profound contemplation. That is the flimsy material out of which stars, earth, water, plants, jelly-fish, ancient progenitor, monkey, man, were all equally evolved. That is the grand original of all origins. We are such stuff as comets' tails are made of,—"third lobe," "hippocampus minor," "posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," and all the rest. "Children of the Mist," we are made by this "sublime speculation" at home in the universe. Nebuchadnezzar, when he went to grass, only visited a distant connec-

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tion. The stars over our heads have for thousands of years been winking their relationship with us, and we have never intelligently returned the jocose salutation, until science taught us the use of our eyes. We are now able to detect the giggle, as of feminine cousins, in the grain whose risibilities are touched by the wind. We can now cheer even the dull stone which we kick from our path with a comforting "Hail fellow, well met!" We must not be aristocrats and put on airs. We must hob and nob with all the orders of creation, saying alike to radiates, articulates, and mollusks, "Go ahead, my hearties! don't be shamefaced; you 're as good as vertebrates, and only want, like some of our human political lights, a little backbone to have your claims admitted. You are all on your glorious course manward, *via* the ancient progenitor and the chimpanzee. It seems a confounded long journey; for Nature is a slow coach, and thinks nothing of a million of years to effect a little transformation. But one of these days our science may find means to expedite that old sluggard, and hurry you through the intermediate grades in a way to astonish the venerable lady. Liberty, equality, and fraternity, — those are the words which will open the gates of your organized Bastiles, and send your souls on a career of swifter development. Trust in Darwin, and let creation ring with your song of "A good time coming, Invertebrates!"

Well, sir, you want logic, and there you have it with a vengeance! I have pitched you back into nebula, where these fellows tell me you belong, and I trust you 're satisfied. Now what is my comfort, sir, after making my brain dizzy with this sublime speculation of theirs? Why, it 's found in the fact, that, by their own concession, the thing will not work, but must end in the biggest "catastrophe" ever heard of. The whole infernal humbug is to explode, sir, and by no exercise of their "hippocampus minor" can they prevent it. This fiery mist, which has hardened and rounded into our sun and planets, and developed into the monkey's "third lobe" and ours, does not lose the memory or the conceit of *its* origin, but is determined to get back into its first condition as quickly as circumstances will admit. It considers itself somehow to have been swindled in every step of the long process it has gone through in arriving at our brains. It don't think the speculation pays; prefers its lounging, vagabond, *dolce far niente* existence, loafing through the whole space between the sun and Neptune, to any satisfaction it finds in being concentrated in your thoughts or mine; and accordingly it meditates a *coup d'état* by which the planets are to fall into the sun at such a pace as to knock the whole system into eternal smash, and reduce it to its original condition of nebulous mist, sir. Do you like the prospect? I tell you there is no way of escaping from conclusions, if you are such a greenhorn as to admit premises. I have been over the whole chain of the logic, and find its only weak link is the monkey one. Knock that out, and you save the solar system as well as your own dignity as a man, sir; retain it, and some thousands of generations hence the brains of your descendants will be blown into a texture as gauzy as a comet's tail, and it will be millions of ages before, in the process of a new freak of development in the unquiet nebula, they can hope to arrive again at the honor of possessing that inestimable boon, dear equally to baboons and to men, "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle"!

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KATHARINE MORNE.

PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning at breakfast I told my guardian that I had determined to take his advice, and go to Barberry Beach.

"I think I would, Katy, — give it a trial. Your home will still be here, you know, and your chamber kept for you all the same; and the oftener you come into it, the pleasanter for us. Then I shall let Mr. Dudley know, for you?"

"O, if you only would! That will be so kind!"

Julia spattered her finger with hot water from the urn. She said it was not much hurt; but I saw the tears come into her eyes, and she bent her head over the cups lower than usual, as if she were near-sighted, while she poured out our "fluids."

My mind was made up, however, and neither my guardian nor myself, nor Julia in fact, saw any reason why I should change it.

All my thoughts now happily turned toward Barberry Beach. I grew eager to be gone. On the morning of Emma's wedding-day the gray ponies stopped at our door. I came out to it; and Miss Dudley, in her Siberian sables, sprang lightly from the *booby-hut*, and caught me in her arms, crying, in a tone that admitted no doubt of her satisfaction with her brother's arrangements, "I could not wait to send, you see! I had to come myself for my birthday present."

It was a sunny, glittering, silvery winter's day. The ponies tossed their heads, shook their bells, and soon had us in among the evergreens and Euonymus shrubs that, encased in the sleet of the day before, wore their emeralds and rubies set in diamonds.

Blooming Rose danced, as light as a shuttlecock, through the colored lights that fell from the stained-glass window on the stairs and across the hall, on her light, elastic toes, to beg me to come straight up stairs and let her show me my chamber.

It did look out on the glorious water, and in it I caught my queen Lily in the act of putting the last touches to an exquisite nosegay of fresh flowers on the dressing-table. As I thanked her with delight, she explained, "O, I only put them in the glass. Paul went to the greenhouse for them."

"Because he wanted to do *something* for you," added Rose.

"And we wanted to keep him out of mischief," rejoined Lily, with a matronly air, as she helped me off with my bonnet, and handed it to Rose, who was hanging up my cloak. "O, he is such a boy!"

"Yes, indeed," said Rose. "It was such an escape, for one thing, that it was winter, and not summer. Do you know, Lily, he said he would n't have put in any green but birch, if he could only have got some? — and he would have put in Aaron's-rod and golden-rod and rhododendron. That 's because, Miss Morne, papa said you were willing to be so good as sometimes to help us with our lessons; and Paul told me he was going to be very kind, and make you a couple of fool's-caps for us, and help you in every way. But I don't think you 'll want that kind of help, shall you?"

"Nonsense, Rose!" cried Lily, half laughing, while she gave a slight toss to her head, as if to reject the proposed decoration. "O Miss Morne, he 's always quizzing her; and she is always believing him! You know very well, Rose, that we need n't study at all afternoons, if we had n't coaxed papa so to let us keep on at Miss Tasker's school; and he says he is going to write and sign a great bundle of 'Please to excuses,' with blanks to fill up, for Miss Morne to give us and put in 'men-

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tal arithmetic,' or geography, or anything else that we can't 'learn comfortably and cheerfully in one hour before tea,' with all the help we can get."

"Well," said Rose, "that will enable us to be much more faithful to our dolls."

"I hope you won't think we are dunces, though, Miss Morne," said Lily, anxiously. "I could learn my lessons by myself, I am sure, and so could Rose, too, I dare say, if she wanted to, if we might only study in the evening like the other girls. But papa says, if we did, we should be a great deal more likely to be dunces after we grew up; and of course, as papa says, so we do. He says he thinks he can do as much hard work in the twenty-four hours as most men; but *he* can't study till bedtime and sleep a good sleep after it, and what is too much for him can't be little enough for us. Now is there anything more you would like to have? — or would you rather take a look all round by yourself, and let us know afterwards?"

"Here is the bell," said Rose. "This door opens into your bath-room; and here, you know, is your cedar-closet. O, and here on the shelf — I forgot — is a pair of lamb's-wool soles and another of cork ones! Aunt Lizzy said you would need them in your shoes, on our bare floors, this cold weather."

"Aunt Lizzy told us to have everything put into your room that we should like for ourselves; but we thought we did not like a wardrobe."

"It is so filling-up; and when we go up in the dark, it comes running against our noses. This key locks all the drawers of your bureau, Miss Morne. Lily has been putting a purple cord in it, because she said purple was the most beautiful color, particularly for you," added Rose, lingering in a parting survey of the happy-looking little oak-panelled room.

"Here are only Scott's Poems on your little book-case," said Lily, at the door. "I put them there because they are so grand, and the shelves looked so empty; but if they are in your way, or you would rather have anything else, we will take them to the library again." She paused, and drew out a little gold watch about as broad as a silver dollar, — if anybody can remember in these silver-moneyless times how broad a dollar used to be, — and not much thicker. "O Rose-bud, it 's half past ten; and Mr. Madder was coming to paint us at eleven, and we are n't dressed! Excuse us, Miss Morne. Run, run!" Off they ran.

What a cordial, a cordial reception always is! As I smoothed my wind-tossed front-locks at the looking-glass, between the two windows that showed me the sea, I felt as if Care and I had parted company. Notwithstanding, it was with a little embarrassment that I hastened down to Miss Dudley's parlor to request her first commands.

"I have none to-day," answered she, "except that you do your best to enjoy yourself. All of us ladies take a holiday in honor of your advent and my birthday. You have your work-basket? That is *cosey*. Sit down here by me on the sofa. I hope the children have made you comfortable? I looked into your chamber when I left mine this morning, and I shall ask your leave to do so again at bedtime; but the doctor advises me not to climb the staircase more than once a day; and Paul recommends me to 'set up a mule or a lama.' You begin, no doubt, to see into the characters of the two girls."

"So far — if I am invited to criticise — as to see that they are peculiarly kind, well-bred, and engaging."

"No further? Do you see no difference between them?"

"I believe I am learning to. They shade into one another so that sometimes I am thrown back again quite at a loss; but generally it appears to me that, though each is sweet, and neither weak for a child of her age, Lily is the strongest, and Rose the sweetest."

"That is it precisely. As you say, they do shade into each other very much; and yet they are in some respects the very complements of one another. Paul called them one day 'Mind and Heart'; but I told him that

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would not do, for it would never do to let one of his sisters get the idea into her little head that she could dispense with thought, or the other, that she could with feeling. The likeness is made still more puzzling than it would otherwise be, by the fact that in each there is a mixture of what are commonly accounted opposite qualities. Rose's sympathies are remarkably ready, and accordingly make her naturally more attentive to every-day matters affecting the comfort of others than Lily; though Lily is not, on the whole, regardless of them. But Rose is imaginative to credulity; and Lily, at present, a person of sharper perceptions in almost every way. Perhaps their difference is more a matter of accidental development than of original endowment. However, it is important that you should know them well; for no one can tell how much nor how soon," continued she, with a soft gravity of tone and expression, "they may be thrown upon your young hands."

"If I might only be taught the system which has made them what they seem to be, I should be most thankful to carry it out with them as often as they are intrusted to my care, or with any other children who might fall into my hands hereafter," said I, eagerly.

"I am afraid I scarcely have a system," answered she, playfully, "or that, if I had, it would require in another household to be changed or abandoned. In fact, don't you think that there lies the weak point in most printed theories of education, and one of the reasons why we find so little help in them? Are they not often merely generalizations of methods which have proved exactly suited to some one child, or set of children, in certain circumstances, and which, for that very reason, must be altered before they can suit different children in different circumstances? Unless I am very much mistaken, my love, no substitute can be furnished to us guardians of youth for the exercise of our own tact, observation, good sense, and good feeling. If we have and use these, we shall be sure to do well, even with little second-hand theory or none. If we have them not, with the best theory that can be provided for us, we shall do very badly. My brother's management and mine has been on the simplest principles. We loved the children; therefore we loved to have them with us, and therefore they loved to be with us. We tried to do and say what we thought right; and what we did and said, they saw and heard. When they were naughty or unbearably noisy, and seldom but then, when we were in the house, they were sent to the nursery. There, whatever we might occasionally retrench in, I never spared money, time, or pains to keep them supplied with a maid whose *antecedents* I knew as you seldom can know those of any but your own countrywomen. Her place was almost always therefore filled by an American, — always by a person of whose conscientiousness I was assured, and whom I could rely upon to treat the children with uniform respect and good-temper, and to require respect and good-temper of them in her turn. Sending away from papa and aunty was always enough to bring Rose to repentance. Lily, now and then, had to be reported to me for contumacy, and to go into retreat in a room by herself; but all that is over long ago. A hint or a look is all that they want in the way of direct discipline, though all such young creatures must need watchfulness. As they have been for a longer time than they can remember the habitual associates of older persons whom they respect and love, Rose and Lily, I trust, usually know what is right, and wish to do it."

The hall-door bell rang. Presently after, Butler appeared, walked up to Miss Dudley, and said with his usual deferential undertone as she paused, "Mr. Madder, ma'am."

"You showed him into the painting-room, I suppose, Butler?"

He bowed.

"Let the young ladies know. My dear, would you like to come with me, and see them sit for their picture?"

I went with her to the apartment

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which had been fitted up for a temporary studio. She had no more than time to greet the artist, present him to me, and ascertain that the light and temperature of the room were agreeable to him, before the twins came in, at a pace unlike their favorite scamper, and, by request, in the dresses in which he had seen them at the dinner-party. They went straight up to him, renewed their acquaintance very artlessly and gracefully, and then took their places opposite to him side by side.

They were to be represented holding by the mane, one on each side, Paul's pony, on which sat the sprite himself, without saddle or bridle. The St. Bernard was as usual in attendance, and Paul had urged the further introduction of Pettitoes, "for the historic truth of the thing"; but Mr. Madder hated "cats and *everything* ugly," and was on that point inexorable. The background was to be painted from a photograph of the shore.

The children were patient; but the light soon began to fade out of their faces. Mr. Madder was obliged to beg that some stories might be told or read to them, and I read from a volume of Hans Christian Andersen till Paul appeared, when nothing further was necessary.

Mr. Dudley soon followed, shook hands with me cordially, and thanked me for coming, with words, voice, eyes, and smile. Mr. Madder stayed to dinner; and as, seated between Miss Dudley and dear little Rose within the mirror-like mahogany panels, I listened to the lively, clever, kindly chat that ran from one to another round the table, I could fancy myself admitted to a partial *réchauffée* of the feast that was held the night that I sat on the cliff.

On leaving the dining-room, Miss Dudley wished for a nap, and sent for Bonner to bring her knitting and sit by her in her parlor. The children all went with the gentlemen to the library. I found myself at liberty to follow out my own desires, and betook myself to the pleasant little retreat of my chamber, which I longed to see again.

The soft-coal fire burned cheerily and safely behind the high wire fender, and seemed leaping and glancing there, like a caged, but living and loving thing to welcome me. I seated myself comfortably at the convenient table, and, wishing to secure to myself some memento of the memorable old year that was soon to be gone, I printed in black letter, upon some thick paper, the text which I had repeated to Nelly on the day of our grisly ride, "This I say unto you," &c. I began to illuminate it with a border of asphodel, cypress, amaranth, and arbor-vitæ. For a heading, I faintly indicated among the flowers a sable hearse, drawn by a pale horse, and driven by the angel of Death, with his inverted torch, standing and looking up to heaven. Time, shorn of his forelock, followed as chief mourner, his hour-glass broken, and his scythe reversed. This I intended to fasten up against my wall, where I should see it every day; and I meant, if the design caught Nelly's fancy, to make a similar talisman for her.

A clear and pretty lamp was punctually brought me as the twilight fell. I bestowed my limited wardrobe in my ample *accommodations*, at tea rejoined the family circle, and, being hospitably pressed to do so, ended the evening happily with them.

When I looked my good night at last to the stars, and the sea, my next neighbor, I said to myself: "Another time I will try not to be too sorry for anything till after it happens. Emma's wedding-day, that made me such a coward when I only had it to look forward to, has not been an unspeakably wretched day to me"; — and when I knelt down presently to pray for blessings upon her and *him*, it was with a sincerely grateful heart, I trust, that I thanked God for my own.

CHAPTER XIV.

I WILL try to remember how I spent the next day also; for it was a fair sample of many succeeding days. The

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chambermaid tapped at my door at seven; and I admitted her to make my fire. My bathing-room, I found, — unlike any of the chambers and sitting-rooms in the house, — was heated by a pipe from the warm-air furnace below the hall. By the time I returned from my ablutions, the servant was gone. For once, however, I could learn nothing from the open book beside my glass as I finished my toilet, for looking at the waves without, and the tasteful comforts within my chamber.

I have called it a happy-looking chamber. When I left it, I satisfied myself, even in the gray, early December morning, that the house was, as I had thought it, essentially a happy-looking house. Cheerfulness and elegance, rather than costliness, were its distinguishing characteristics. Wealth might underlie everything, but overlaid nothing. Where taste and comfort demanded expense, expense was evidently not spared. But there was no *shoddy*, — nothing that betokened that the inmates had more money than they were used to or knew what to do with, or that was expressly adapted to show that they had more dollars and less sense than their neighbors. The same delicious freshness, above all, still prevailed everywhere, that had given such an air of freedom to the establishment in the autumn. The doors of the sleeping-rooms all had ventilators at the top, and opened into an open gallery, with an old-fashioned white carved balustrade, such as one sees in ante-Revolutionary houses, which ran round the second story above the hall. As I was afterwards shown, there was on the south side of the story above an open window, provided with what Paul called a "respirator," — a triple network of iron steam-pipes, by whose heat the cold was tempered as the atmosphere breathed in.

I came slowly and uncertainly down the easy flight of stairs, that, differing from too many modern stair-cases, seemed more like a hill than it did like a ladder. While I paused on one of the square landings, to gaze at an ancestral-looking picture, I was spied by Lily, who, in her garnet-colored cashmere, was evidently lying in wait for me. She ran up and took me by the hand. "Good morning, Miss Morne," cried she; "I hope you remembered to dream some good dreams to tell Rose, the first night in the new house. Aunt Lizzy sent me, with her love, to invite you to come in to prayers with me. She is not sick; but she did not sleep quite well, and so she will not be dressed in time."

She led me, just as the lacquered eight-day hall-clock clicked five minutes before eight o'clock, into the noble library. There sat Mr. Dudley already, at one side of the marble fireplace, looking stately and patriarchal, and turning over the leaves of a large old Bible. He rose to welcome me, and to kiss Lily, and then, reseating himself, rang the small silver bell at his side. Lily placed herself on his right hand, and me next to her. Rose followed; and Paul was our file-closer. The servants entered with the imposing Butler at their head, whose white wool made an Oriental turban over his black face.* Their master bade them a kind good morning. They bowed or courtesied, and seated themselves modestly at the opposite side of the fireplace.

When all was quiet, Mr. Dudley read, with his usual simplicity and dignity, but with an unconscious earnestness that surprised as much as it pleased me, after what I had heard of his creed or want of any, a passage from the Gospels or the Psalms. All then knelt, while he offered one of the inspired petitions of the Church of England, substituting, however, for the Trinitarian formulary at its close, the sublime ascription of St. Paul, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen!" The simple services

* Butler had been the body-servant of a South-Carolinian classmate and friend of Mr. Dudley at Cambridge, and, being emancipated by his master's will after his death, came to the North with a letter of recommendation to Mr. Dudley, and entered his service.

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were concluded with the repetition, by all present, of the Lord's Prayer.

The servants withdrew. In a few minutes Butler returned to the threshold, and, with his usual pomp and circumstance, announced breakfast. Rose presided deftly and prettily, and had already served us all before Miss Dudley came down. The table was as tempting as silver, damask, cream, new-laid eggs and fresh butter, fruit and flowers, could make it; and the supply of good-breeding, good-humor, and good spirits, which I enjoyed so much the day before, seemed even at that sullen hour unexhausted and inexhaustible.

At nine — pen, pencils, and paint-box in hand — I went to Miss Dudley's parlor, and again reported myself for orders. She was already seated with a large handful of letters. "Correspondence first," said she. "My brother, like many other people, loves to receive letters, but not quite so well as I do to write them. He has more of other things to write. If you will read these aloud to me, Miss Morne, I will go on with my crochet, and afterwards, if you are at all at a loss for the answers, I ought, if there is any virtue in experience, to be able to show you how to write a very gentlemanly letter."

The question came to me sadly then, as it did often afterwards, whether she was not hastening to throw off upon me duties which were pleasures to her still, in order to make sure of training betimes a substitute to fill her place hereafter, so far as a hireling might. However, since I was at any rate, for whatever reason, to be secretary, I was greatly reassured by the offer of her instruction. It enabled me to approach with interest and pleasure a task which I must otherwise have attempted in consternation.

The letters were various in style and contents. Some of the most *intimate* of them were signed with famous names; and others were no less distinguished by tokens of goodness and intellect in the writers. One was indorsed simply, "3d person, — no!" "That is from some stranger," said Miss Dudley, after I had read it to her. "A rather impertinent application! It is to be answered as concisely as may be, without rudeness. My brother says that forward persons are often spared far severer mortifications in the end, by a gentle check in the beginning. It must be owned that he gives it *con amore*. He utterly detests young Americanism." The next bore the superscription, "Yes, — cordially." "That is to be answered in the first person, as it is written," said she, "and to have a space left for my brother's signature." It was a request, expressed with equal manliness and modesty, from a clergyman, for a large sum of money for a charitable purpose. On those that seemed to be from personal friends, clauses — some of them playful, and all characteristic — were written in pencil. "My brother wrote those lines without *looking on*, to save his eyes," said Miss Dudley, as I referred them to her, "and wrote them in that large round hand to save ours."

"Are Mr. Dudley's eyes not strong?" I ventured to ask.

"They would be, if it were not for the microscope; that is the one luxury in regard to which he can neither use nor learn moderation. These letters are from old friends of his, who know his ways, and are glad to hear from him on his own terms. He meant to have a few words, at least, that showed they were his own, incorporated in the answers."

The last letter was read. Miss Dudley unlocked her French desk for me, laid a quire of water-lined paper before me, and began to dictate readily and gracefully, interrupting herself only to explain, with the most engaging kindness, one or another of those many little proprieties on which the elegance of letter-writing so much depends, which seem so obvious as soon as they have been once pointed out, but which so few people are likely to discover for themselves. In the midst of my business, I saw and congratulated myself that my very incomplete education had not come to a stand through

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my coming to Barberry Beach. I hardly knew, in fact, which was the best part of the morning's work, the letter-writing or the letter-reading. The former was the best lesson in composition I ever received; but the latter a peep at rich and new chapters in that most interesting of all human books, the book of human life. At twelve, or just after, the last answer was finished.

"To-morrow, you shall have some painting," said Miss Dudley. "Now, will you please to read to me in Mr. Prescott's last History? He has sent us a copy; and I think you will enjoy it."

I did please, read, and enjoy till one o'clock; when the children came in, and we went to walk or drive.

Mr. Dudley gave the latter part of the day pretty regularly to his family. I could see that they all had it in mind to leave me quite free till six; and I was told that the dining-room was at my service, and that of any visitors whom I wished to receive.

About an hour before tea-time, Lily came to seek me there with her slate. "Miss Morne," said she, giving a pluck to one of her *cendré* locks, "do you know the reason that I wear ashes on my head? It must be because I go mourning all my days for arithmetic, — vulgar fractions just now; I can do them, but I can't see through them. They certainly never will go into my head through my eyes. Would you be so good as to see what can be done with my ears?"

"Try cuffing," suggested Paul, following her. "Where's Sweetbrier? *We* are going to do composition."

"In Aunt Lizzy's parlor, all ready," said Lily; "you will have it quite to yourselves. Aunty is in the library with papa."

Off went Paul.

"What is he really going to do?" asked I.

"O, he is going to tell Rose something for her to write down and put in stops and paragraphs. Miss Tasker did not like quite to let us off from composition, for fear of making the other girls discontented; but papa said it would only make us write affectedly and badly to try to write finely when we were too young; so she said we might manage it in the most labor-saving way we could, if we would only bring her any sort of English exercises. So I am reading the most splendid parts I can find in Macaulay's History, and writing down what I can remember; but Rose always likes something romantic, and Paul said he would make her up a story to-night."

I sent Lily for three pippins, a plate, and a knife, and proceeded to a concrete demonstration of the abstractions, "one third of two, two thirds of one," and so forth, for about twenty minutes; at the end of which she owned a dawning of satisfaction, and Butler came to set the table.

"Let us go to Aunt Lizzy's parlor," said she, "and see if Rose is ready to learn our geography."

Rose was seated at the desk, writing eagerly and then looking up to Paul, who leaned against it at her side, with folded arms, and eyes apparently fixed, under their long curled lashes, on the floor, in all the abstraction of invention. There was a glow of color and expression on his little sister's face as she raised it towards him, that removed all my little wonder that Mr. Dudley should forbid her studying till bed-time. She started as we drew near, as if from a dream.

"Never mind! Go on, Rose," said Paul. "They will be so good as to whisper; and so will we. We are just in the most interesting part of our story," added he, turning to us beseechingly. "It is almost done."

We seated ourselves, and murmured accordingly very gently over Lily's book. But what we said, I did not know. In spite of himself, Paul whispered from time to time so loud, in the stir of his spirit, that I could not help catching such items as "The lists were of a grim and grisly gray. — The block, guarded by two gules, each bearing in his right hand a deadly haber-

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geon, was spread with sable cramoisie. — The enchanter read a most unearthly spell from his spelling-book. — One beautiful eye she fixed indignantly upon her base accuser, and rolled the other full of transporting hope upon her champion —"

Lily could not stand it as well as I, — perhaps because she sat nearer. She presently darted from the room, without a word of apology; and peals of fairy-like laughter were heard from a neighboring pantry. (Lily, by nature, loved to swing herself about, clasp her hands over her curly head, and stamp her little feet like an elf, when she enjoyed a hearty laugh; but she was beginning to regard this as very unladylike, and now practised it "only," as Paul said, "in the retirement of the closet.")

"There," said Paul in a hurry; "now write 'Finis.'"

"O," said Rose, with a deep sigh, "thank you, dear, dear Polly! How beautiful it is! What got Lily?"

"The pantry," said Paul, concisely.

"Don't I hear her laugh?"

"I do."

"What makes her?"

"She must be thinking of something."

Lily returned, calm though blooming. "Ready for *map questions*, now, Rosebud?"

"O dear, how stupid!" sighed poor Rose, undergoing a reaction. "How I do wish we were going to play loto! That plate of cut apple would make such a nice pool, — and I 'm so tired!"

"We can have it for a pool for the questions," said I, "and let the one who first spies a place have a piece." Rose revived. "You have a globe? It is much better than a map. Now where is Algiers?"

"There! there!" cried Lily.

"Ah, but if you only say, 'There, there!' when Miss Tasker asks you, and if she says, 'Where, where?' you may not know what to answer. Now, without pointing, try to tell Rose and me exactly where it is, so that we shall see it, too. If we always put everything we learn into plain words, we can say lessons the better, and remember them the better, and teach them the better. Lily has won the first piece of apple."

Thus the lesson proceeded, with so much spirit on the part of the twins that the sociable Paul begged leave to join them. I consented, on condition of his promising to play us no tricks. He kept his promises, I soon found; and they were almost the only means I had of keeping him in order.

After tea, they all came round me again to beg for a song. I sang to them, and then made them try to sing to me. Paul, to my joy, proved to have a most sweet alto; and the twins could run in their clear, soft canary-bird tones higher than I dared to let them. A good ear and true taste were common to the little trio, Rose and Lily singing in unison above Paul's stronger voice.

The song over, they went to the library "to see papa and Aunt Lizzy a little while," but Rose returned presently to invite me to join them there with my work or book. At half past eight, bed-time came to the lasses, and at nine, to the lad.

When he was gone, Mr. Dudley suddenly exclaimed, with a queer expression, "Lizzy, I can't tell, for my life, what we are ever going to do with that boy Paul of yours."

"Well, Charles," returned she, quaintly, "I can't see, for my part, that *my* boy Paul is any worse than yours."

"You have me there, I own," said he, yielding to the laugh that had seemed impending before; and I fancied he might have been favored with a sight of Rose's "composition."

When he left the room, Miss Dudley commented: "Paul was left alone under my care for a year, when he was about two years old, while his father and mother were travelling, for her health, in Europe. She was my ward, — poor, dear child! — and one of the loveliest little beings ever seen. She died soon after their return; and Rose and Lily have been also under my care, jointly with their father's, ever

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since. But Paul has always been considered peculiarly mine, peculiarly like me, and perhaps peculiarly spoiled by me; though really I do not mean that he shall be. I do not pretend to understand the management of a boy of his age. That is his father's business. I know only how to love him; and if you have in any child honesty, modesty, affection, and truth, I think you can very well afford to wait a little while for perfection."

Mr. Dudley appeared to think so too. They did not tie up the lively youth very tight, but angled for him, as if he had been a tender-mouthed trout, with a long line, and watchfully, steadily, gently, and patiently secured him.

CHAPTER XV.

THERE was no other event, that winter, of any particular importance to me, except the arrival of a box of wedding-cake from Emma, which I gave to Julia. She knew I seldom liked to eat such things.

Two pleasant out-of-door interests I had, in my Sundays spent at my guardian's, where dear little Phil was learning to jump and crow when he saw me, and in my meetings with Nelly. Every Wednesday afternoon, I joined her at her sewing-school; and every Saturday she came to Barberry Beach for an hour or two to study French and Italian with me, which made a little change for both of us.

It was now a happier privilege than formerly to me to be with her. An alteration was taking place in her, which already inspired me with the warmest satisfaction and hope, and which was before many years were gone to win my more than esteem, — my reverence. If young people can but have a little help and guidance in turning any sharp corner in their lives, it is surprising to see how soon and how far they will sometimes outstrip their leaders. Nelly seemed to have driven round such a corner in the hearse. That adventure was the turning-point in her life.

I do not believe there is room for more than one ruling passion at one time in one mind. I should always advise anybody who wished to drive out one, to drive in another; and perhaps the very persistency of nature, which makes it so miserably hard for some persons to change any habit of thought or feeling into which they have unwarily slidden, has this compensation, that it gives to any principle which they choose to adopt a singularly steadfast power over them. Hereafter Nelly's ruling passion was to be the pursuit of holiness for herself and others; and she was learning to pursue it, in her lonely and disappointed lot, with a single-hearted devotion which I have never seen excelled, if equalled. Generous "Uncle Wardour" gladly furnished her with the material means of doing good. "Aunt Cumberland" was always much propitiated and entertained by the spectacle of "useful occuppation," which was her term for any kind of homely bustle and manual labor. In spite of Nelly's constitutional indolence and particular aversion to such occupations, she not only made the *tame elephants* and their successors good cutters-out and sempstresses, but patiently learned, that she might teach them, the mysteries of the laundry, kitchen, and dairy. As many of them as proved deserving of such training, she trained to be sharers in her works of mercy. They sewed with her for the sick, and made for them, with her, under Mrs. Physick's direction, little wholesome delicacies. These she herself, often accompanied by one or another of her little disciples, carried to many a bedside, and administered with her own tender hands. Some part of every day she gave to charity. She brought to her sagacious old uncle, to be locked up for her "for ten years," her favorite poems of Byron, Moore, and Shelley, — the gifts of Mr. Blight, — "stimulants which, taken too early upon an empty head," — according to my guardian, — "are apt to turn it," and spent her evenings in reading to Mr. Wardour the sound old

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English classics, which he liked the best. Indeed, she made herself agreeable and important in all sorts of ways at home. Her health improved materially, when her attention was no longer "concentrated upon herself and her troubles"; and she grew up a lovely, thoughtful, vestal-looking girl.

However, I am anticipating now, and summing up in a few lines the work of more moons. Something else happened, the first spring that I spent at Barberry Beach.

On setting off for Nelly's sewing-school, one raw Wednesday afternoon, I was desired to take Dr. Physick's house in my way, and request that he would call to see Lily. She had returned from a visit of two or three days to a little friend in Boston, with a very sore throat.

On my return, as I put my pass-key into the lock of the front-door, it was suddenly opened by Mr. Dudley, as if he was upon the watch. "Miss Morne, this way, if you please," said he, pointing to the library. It was an unusual proceeding; and there was something unusual in his manner. He did not ask me to sit down, nor seat himself, but resumed abruptly, "Have you seen Dr. Physick?"

"No, he was out; but I wrote the message clearly on his slate. Has he not called? I hope nothing is wrong."

"He has called, and said that he would take you back with him willingly, if he met you. Lily's illness is diphtheria."

I did sit down unasked. "Why should I go?" exclaimed I, with abruptness equal to his. "Is my chamber wanted?"

"You know the nature of the disorder?"

I bowed.

"And you are not afraid to stay?"

"Certainly not."

"He said you would not be, and that he was not afraid to allow you to stay. He even wished me not to make known to you Lily's situation; as he maintained that it would only increase your anxiety, without making any difference in your decision. But I cannot answer it to myself to let any one approach her in ignorance, except the other children. For them I choose as I choose for myself. Physick thinks that there is little danger — to any one but herself — unless a particle from her throat enters that of another person. We must hope that his opinion is well founded."

"Can I go to her now?"

"She has been wishing for you. Bonner cannot be with her; because she cannot be told the real state of the case. I have sent to Boston for an experienced nurse. My sister is relieved and asleep. She had a sharp attack in the heart this afternoon."

"O, I wish I had not gone!"

"My child," said he, looking at me, in the midst of his distress, with an expression of compassion and compunction which went to my soul, "I wish you may not have come back too soon for your own good! You will remember not to lean over her when she coughs?"

"Carefully, — and not to allow the other children to do it."

He smiled, shook hands, gave me the doctor's directions taken down in writing, and opened the door for me in silence.

I never knew before how dear the children were! How could any one of them be spared? how could more? I found them all together in the twins' large, pleasant nursery, with its two little white beds, two baby-houses, two bookcases, and everything in pairs except the large wood-fire. How light-hearted and unconscious they were, — poor, innocent darlings! — with such a doom hanging over them, of suffering, separation, and death! Rose was curled up at Lily's feet, fondling them. Paul, with Pettitoes on his knees, was reading to her in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Lily lay quietly watching the fire, and looking handsomer than ever, with cheeks redder than Rose's. She put out her hand to welcome me; and Paul stopped.

"I 'll give you two kisses another time, and none now," said she. "I

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mean to be stingy, and keep my sore-throat all to myself."

"It would be a great deal more sociable for me to have mine sore, too," said Rose. "We always have things just alike."

"If you had, I should be anxious; and it's bad enough to be sick. Just think of having a whole pot of black-currant jelly, when you can't swallow a spoonful!"

"I dare say I could for you," said Paul.

"Well, Rose, get him my doll's spoon and porringer, and let him try."

Paul tried, succeeded, fed Rose, and offered to feed me and Pettitoes.

"Some things are n't bad about it," resumed Lily. "Papa has been here almost all the afternoon; and he 's going to sit up here all night, and only call the strange nurse if I want her. I think he 'd a great deal better go to bed; but if he *will* not, it will be rather nicer, if I keep dreaming and waking up as I did last night, to have something so grand and kind to look at."

The days which followed were not so tranquil, even to the children. Lily suffered more, and Rose perhaps more still, in witnessing her sufferings. As to her danger, her sister, sanguine and credulous, was easily hoodwinked. In that respect the others were less happy.

Paul asked no questions but of the faces of those about him; but completely sobered, still, and pale, he hovered about Lily's bed, wasting away almost as fast as she did, and watching his chance to wait upon her from morning till night, except when his father sent him out for a ride. I had no idea up to that time of the depth of his attachment to her. Rose was his chief playmate, and Lily, in protecting her against his pranks, often his antagonist.

As silent and observant as her brother, Lily went on, from hour to hour and from day to day, with a patient firmness very remarkable in a child of her age and her excitable temperament. But at length one afternoon, when the doctor had paid a third visit since morning, she beckoned to her father on his return to her chamber. It was very difficult for her now to speak. He came close.

"Papa, why does Dr. Physick come so often?"

"To try to relieve you, my dear little girl," replied he.

She rolled her head restlessly on her high pillows. "I know, but — papa! — he can't relieve me! Shall I have to die?"

What a question! He waited, and raised her in his arms before he answered it. The answer, when it came, was as frank as it was tender. "I hope not, my own darling; but that must be as our Heavenly Father says. He knows more than we can; and he will choose the best and kindest time to send for every one of us to come up to him. We have only to be like brave, obedient soldiers, ready to rush after our Captain, whenever and wherever God calls us."

I wondered how the little thing would bear it. She spoke again presently, as if such ideas were no strangers to her. The children, I knew, always talked with their father, on Sunday afternoon, in the library over the New Testament. "I would not be a coward," said Lily. "I am not afraid — much. — I hope I sha' n't be homesick in heaven. — I will try to be faithful and ready. — I should n't like to have Paul and Rose forget me, and leave off caring about me."

"We sha' n't leave off caring!" said Paul, coming out from some lurking-place. He broke off suddenly, and covered her little thin hand with passionate kisses.

"Perhaps Jesus will take me in his arms, and bless me," she went on. "*He* died, too."

"And when he died," said her father, in a soothing tone, "he had to leave his mother. My own dear little Lily, you would go to yours."

"You never told me about her, papa. Tell me now."

I believe he did; but I could not bear to hear any more. I only waited

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in the passage without, lest I should be wanted. The nurse was getting some rest. Soon Rose appeared from her aunt's room; and I was desired to go with her to Lily, while her father took Paul down to supper. If I had wished to paint Mr. Dudley now, as he looked when he passed me, it would have been as Ugolino on the first day in the sealed tower.

"Open the window, — quick!" whispered Lily to me.

I had got half-way across the room, when a loud cry from Rose stopped me. Lily had started up in bed, and, with outstretched arms, was — choking! There are instants in life when we seem to be seized upon as mere instruments by some power above and beyond our own. Under such an impulse, I darted forward, caught her in my arms, and succeeded in relieving her from the obstruction that was suffocating the poor darling!

She gasped and sank back. The nurse came running in at one door, and Mr. Dudley at another. To my sorrow and shame, just then, of all times, for the first and last and only time in my life, I fainted away.

When I came to myself, I was on a bed, covered with shawls, in the nurse's room. The door was shut, but I heard sobs. The cool night air was blowing in at the window; and Mrs. Leach, the nurse, was passing hartshorn to and fro before my face. I started up. "Lily!" cried I.

Mrs. Leach replaced me on my pillows with professional decision. "I 'm goin' back to her, Miss. You lay still; an' you leave cryin', Miss Rosy, an' see to Miss Morne, an' be thankful your sister was perserved; so now we 've all got our orders, an' nothin' to do but jest to foller 'em."

She bustled off; and Rose began to kiss me industriously, by way of doing her part.

"Tell me, Rose."

"Lily got over it in a minute and said, 'O what have you done to me? I can breathe. Now I *must* go to sleep!' You fell down on the floor. I thought you were dead, and cried; and papa cried too, and took you up and laid you here, and told me I must be as brave as you, and command myself, and loosen your dress, while he went back to Lily, and sent Mrs. Leach. Then she —"

"Never mind her, little dear. Tell me about Lily."

"O, she is going to sleep, nurse says, quite comfortable and happy."

I lay still a few minutes, thanking God, from the very bottom of my heart, for this reprieve, even if it proved no more. Then I told my little attendant that, if she would help me to rearrange my dress, I thought that we had better go down to tea. I wished to restore so much efficiency as was natural to me, as soon as I could. Just as we were about to leave the room, however, we heard a fumbling knock at the door. Rose opened it, and admitted kind old Butler with a large tray spread with a most restorative meal, including a bowl of the beef-tea which was kept constantly in readiness for Lily. "Master thought that might be the most revivifying beverage for Miss Morne." I was in a measure "revivified," not only by the beef-tea, but by "master's" thoughtfulness, and still further, soon after, by Paul's coming, looking more like himself than I had seen him for a week, to say that Lily was sleeping beautifully; and Dr. Bowditch had been with Dr. Physick to see her, and they both felt very much encouraged.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning when, after dreamy and restless slumbers, I left my chamber, I found Paul and Rose sitting on the stairs waiting for me, to whisper the news: "Lily slept all night without waking up once, except when Mrs. Leach gave her something to take; and Dr. Physick says she is a great deal better, and if she goes on so, she will be getting well before long."

Paul turned aside towards Miss Dud-

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ley's room. Rose still clung about me, and said that Aunt Lizzy told her to go down with me, and see that I made a good breakfast; and after that, if I pleased, aunty would be glad to have me come to see her. "Papa told aunty that, when he came into the nursery, you were standing like Judith with the head of Holofernes. Who was Judith, and what was Holofernes?"

It would have been no easy matter to me to make a good breakfast that morning; and yet I lingered at the table, to put off, for once, obeying the summons of my own dear mistress. My "feelings" were seldom, to use an expression which Paul had somewhere picked up, "at high-water-mark"; but a slight shock will make a full cup overflow. The shock of the day before was not a slight one; and now I feared that the least further agitation would bring the unshed tears of many weeks into my eyes.

When at last I went to her, Miss Dudley clasped me in her arms, and kissed me many times before she said, "My child, what do we not owe to you? My brother has begged me to thank you for him; he cannot trust himself to speak to you of it."

"He need not, indeed he need not! I can hardly trust myself to think of it," faltered I.

"How did you come by such presence of mind?"

"It must have been the presence of God! If I had had a minute to think, I might not have dared to do what I did. I cannot bear to think of it now," I repeated.

"Dear child, you are not looking like yourself! It has been too much for you. If we could only repay you! But we never can!"

"O Miss Dudley, indeed you could repay me! I ask your pardon; but if you only would!"

She looked surprised, but pleased and rather amused, and asked me how.

"If you would only talk to me and teach me — all kinds of things!"

"In natural history?"

"O, no!" said I, with my cheeks growing warm; "about life and happiness and duty, and things like those. I have longed so to ask you before; but I could not take the liberty. O Miss Dudley," I exclaimed, with the tears in my eyes, "it is such an awful thing to be so young!"

"My dear Katharine! — I may call you Katharine, may I not? I always thought it a noble name; and it has lately been growing so dear to me!" — There was something so very *nice* in her way of pronouncing my Christian name, that I felt myself as if ennobled by it when I heard it from her. — "My dear Katharine, that is not like what most young people think."

"O, but they do not stand alone as I do! There are so many who have a right to advise and reprove them!"

She smiled still, with a soothing, cheering, sympathizing smile. "And you think you deserve, and suffer for, a little scolding now and then? Very well; I have not happened to notice it; but whenever you do, if you will come to me, I will endeavor to be very faithful to you."

"Perhaps it is rather a precautionary scolding that I want," said I, trying to muster up a little playfulness to answer hers; "somewhat like the boy who was whipped whenever his father had time, lest he should happen some other time to deserve a whipping."

"And accordingly am I to begin my course of lectures to-day? Egotism never comes naturally to you, I know, Katharine," (unsuspecting Miss Dudley! how little she dreamed that she was cherishing a future autobiographer!) "but am I to have *no* text for the sermon?"

"Here, I believe, I can find one," said I, opening a popular novel of the day, which lay on the table beside her; and I read aloud a passage in which the heroine, disappointed of a hero, set forth in glowing terms the opinion that there was nothing left for her in the world.

"My dear girl!" cried she, archly, "I begin to see cause to hope that my

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scolding may for once flow forth more fluently than I feared. Have you really struggled through all those pages of such dismal nonsense?"

"No, Miss Dudley; I plead not guilty to that count," disclaimed I, laughing. "In fact, I do not believe you will see occasion to scold me for reading anything half so often as for forbearing to read. I never can understand how other people can read half so many books as they do. Real life is so much more interesting. It seems — only on a highly magnified scale — like that beautiful little German song-book in the library, brimful at once of poetry, pictures, music, and drolleries. Except when I almost ache with ignorance, I seldom love to read anything but the characters and doings round me, unless it may be now and then some really noble story or poem, whose author is trying honestly to give glimpses not merely at second hand of what life really is, but of how much grander and more beautiful it might be made. This novel did not look to me in the least like anything of that sort; but I read those few lines in it, because one day I found a poor young friend of mine crying so dreadfully over them, and saying how true they were. They struck me as false; but I could not well show her how, perhaps because I felt rather than saw the falsehood. Miss Dudley, what should you have said to the heroine, if she had talked so to you?"

"Ah, now it is my turn to clear myself! The book was sent me as a gift by one who loves me better than she knows me; and I have read little more about the heroine than you. I fear my exhortations would be quite thrown away on such a high-flown young person; but to your poor young friend I would say, 'Nothing left for you in the world?' In the world you have been living in, — in the world of romance? — Perhaps not; and if so, you had better make haste yourself and come out of it. In God's great real world, however, you will find, if you look into it, many worlds, wheel within wheel, sphere within sphere, circle intersecting circle. As, for example, a world of charity and a world of suffering, — suffered not always because the sufferers have lost their favorite partners in the dance of life, but because at their side they see those partners suffer or see them sin, — for there are as many disappointments in married as in single life; — or suffered because they have sinned themselves, and know not where or how to find pardon and peace; or because they are poor, and at a loss how to live, or to feed their children's minds or bodies without debt and dishonesty; or because they are sick, and dread death more than you do life; or because they are bereaved parents; or, in a word, because they are human, and every human heart, sooner or later, knoweth its own bitterness. In one of these worlds, can you not always find something left for you," said she, fixing her eloquent dark eyes upon my face, "if not always to enjoy, at least to do, and worth your doing, — useful to man and acceptable to God?"

"Thank you! thank you!" cried I, as much for the look as for the words. "But will you not say more to me? I may need it for myself more than you think."

"If you would not think it flattery, I might say that perhaps my hearer's right place was my pulpit. The oldest people are not of necessity the wisest. Your example has sometimes preached to me. However, it would be unfair if a minister were never to be allowed to listen to a sermon. What is to be the text of my next?"

"Happiness, — how to find it. Is it wrong to seek it?"

"If it is wrong in plants to seek light and warmth; only we must seek it, as they do, by turning ourselves towards Heaven and the Sun. That in the first place. Secondly, get your own leave, my child, to be happy with such earthly materials for happiness as God chooses for you, whether or not they are such as you would choose for yourself. This often requires some humility, but it always brings much peace."

"Ah, but! ah, but! There is such

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a difference between having what one likes, and only liking what one has!"

"That is true. Perhaps, properly speaking, there is all the difference that there is between happiness and contentment."

"And contentment," sighed I, "is only the pale ghost of happiness."

"True again. But remember, Katharine, if it is paler, it is also less mortal. Transitoriness is in the essence of all earthly things; therefore, the happiness that lives upon any specified earthly things must of necessity be short-lived. Further, — I am speaking now from experience, dear love, — where the affections are peculiarly satisfied below, it is sometimes peculiarly hard to keep them rightly fixed on things above." She paused, and put her hand involuntarily to her heart. She was almost a stoic as regarded bodily pain; but her soft brown eyes filled with tears, and I guessed that poor little Lily was not the only one of that household who feared that she might "be homesick in heaven."

Of course, I would not have her talk more then. I read her to sleep, and went to Lily, who smiled brightly, patted me, and called me her St. Bernard; but many and many a conversation I had with Miss Dudley afterwards, in which she poured out the very distilled essence of her lovely life into my mind and heart. Moreover, she did what in her lay to bind me to her apprentice in good works, putting at my disposal her wealth of experience and judgment, as well as of purse.

That was soon a pleasant spring at Barberry Beach. Rose recovered her spirits immediately, and Lily her health soon. The latter, though constitutionally the most reserved of the children, became perhaps even the most strongly attached to me of them all. Paul, no longer contented with assisting me in the education of his sisters, undertook the completion of my own, and insisted on administering to me, in homœopathic doses, his classics and mathematics. Poverty and anxiety had half wronged me out of my own childhood. It was a great privilege to be allowed to go back and live it over now with these light-hearted, playful creatures.

Also Miss Dudley's health showed a great and unlooked-for amendment.

"Katharine is the best of the many good remedies I owe you, Doctor, if you will not be hurt at my saying so," said she, one day, to my guardian. "I feel so safe and easy about the young people when she is with them, that I can rest when I am not with them, and, with the usual perversity of humankind, the less I have to do, the more I feel myself able to do."

She was less and less obliged to withdraw herself from the family. The two circles into which it had lately been divided becoming one, I saw more of every member of it; and Paul quite forgot any more to call his father and me Castor and Pollux, or the sun and the moon, because the children could not see us both at the same time.

Even Mr. Dudley — who, when I first came, said little more to me than "Good morning," "Good evening," or "What shall I help you to, Miss Morne?" — talked to me more and more delightfully, and began to include me among the participants in the budget with which he usually came back loaded from any trip to Boston. Something of small cost always fell to my share, such as I could accept without hesitation or embarrassment, but usually just what I happened to like, chosen as if by Miss Dudley's own spirit of divination. Now it would be a noble hymn or song, then a wonderful little photograph of moonshiny water, and then a double blush hyacinth with a glass that fitted it, or one of Bates's precious little stereoscopes of Dr. Holmes's model, and next a packet of plates that suited the same. I was left out when the children clustered round him on his return, according to time-honored custom, to pick his pockets, and guess "which was whose"; but there would be a brown paper parcel, at night when I went to bed, under the hat on the hall-table; and in the morning, when I came down to breakfast, there would be the new something

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on my particular tea-poy, and a twinkle in the deep blue eyes, which were with peculiar intentness scanning "The Daily Advertiser." Then, on taking my seat at the breakfast-table, I would confide to Miss Dudley the fact that I had received such or such an anonymous present, and perhaps beg her, if she could guess the donor, to make my grateful acknowledgments acceptable to him by presenting them herself; and a little laugh would go gurgling round the board, — for when people are happy, it is an easy matter to make them merry.

In a word, the whole family seemed from that time to adopt me. Before, I hardly saw how they could be kinder; but still, now I thought they were.

In May, my guardian presented me with the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, and informed me that I was to receive the same amount regularly twice a year henceforward from the executor of my father's will. I asked how that could be. My father, as I believed, left nothing but some fancy mining-stock, which had for years been utterly unproductive. My guardian replied that, if I wanted to know, I could write and ask the executor. As I did not sufficiently want to know, I never did write and ask the executor; in which particular, I would advise my young readers, if they should ever be placed in similar circumstances, to follow my precept, and not my example.

Notwithstanding, I was very glad to receive the money. Though I could not see in it, as Julia professed to, any reason why I should at once give up working and return to playing with little Phil, yet I could not but regard my present situation as a very uncertain one. Supposing even that I filled it satisfactorily until the twins left school, I could scarcely expect to be needed in it after that. In the mean time, I wanted all the money I could honestly come by, "if not for myself, for a neighbor." Sensible people generally do; and if they have too little, or none, and will not work for it because they are, or suppose themselves to be, ladies, and because it is not the fashion for ladies to work for money, then I no longer think they are sensible. I wanted it to give and to spend and to lay up for my old age. I wanted, by and by, a home of my own, with neat furniture, flowers, and friends in it, journeys if I should grow restless, and advice if I should grow ill; and for all these things I wished to be indebted to no hands and brains but my own, which I was determined to keep as busy as I could, as long as the strength of youth and middle age was in them. For the time being — though I was not particularly fond of fine clothes then, nor, I trust, have I been since — I was something of a *petite maîtresse* in respect to the fit and freshness of my merinos, muslins, gloves, boots, and so forth; and it is not easy for even a genteel pauper to be perfectly tidy.

In June I did, to be sure, become somewhat fine in my own eyes. Miss Dudley handed me a list, in Mr. Dudley's pencilled handwriting, of names, including those of some of the most brilliant "diners-out" of Boston and Cambridge, for invitations to a dinner-party. Among the names, as I wrote the notes, I came upon that of "Miss Morne." "What? Why?" I stammered.

Miss Dudley, on the sofa near, looked over my shoulder as I sat at the French desk. "O, there is no mistake!" said she; "my brother seldom makes any. But that lady is to have an especially pressing invitation. I hope, my dear, you will not have too much difficulty in persuading her to be present, for it is my particular desire that she should; and I beg you to be quick with your writing, because we must be at my dressmaker's before one o'clock."

Invited in this manner, what could I do but accept? Only one dinner-party had been given before since I had lived at Barberry Beach; and then I had, with a little proud shyness, prevented any possible embarrassment or mortification, by asking leave beforehand to go to Julia. "But what ought I to wear?" said I presently to myself, thinking aloud in my surprise.

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"This," said Miss Dudley, taking a large paper parcel from the bag of her work-table, unfolding one end, and showing me one corner of a perfect *glacé* silk of the bluest lavender. "Clara Arden chose it for you at Hovey's last week; and from her taste there is no appeal. It is the very shade for you; and I will tell Miss Cutting myself how it is to be made. If I plunge you into the vortex, it is but fair that I should be permitted to furnish the diving-dress."

What a feast that dinner was! I could hardly have told, the next day, a single dish there was on the table; and that I take to be the test of the most exquisite banquet, in the highest sense of the word.

On that next day, Paul said, "Miss Morne, I have not heard you complain of any tingling in your ears."

"No," said I, putting my hand to them. "Do they burn? Why, no!"

"Then they are ungrateful. Yesterday evening, when I was with the gentlemen in the library, I heard an old friend of ours ask who you were. Then he said, how much tact you had; and another answered, 'Yes; Miss Morne seldom remembers herself, and never forgets herself!'"

Lily shook her head at him.

"What is the matter? I cannot hear so much as one idea rattle in your head. You ought to be careful how you do that with it," said he. "Lily-bell[e]s seldom have much in them, except bees in their bonnets; and their heads are apt to be very easily turned."

"It is not proper for us to tell people what papa says of them."

"Why do you, then?"

"I never do."

"Who told, who said that?"

"Well," said Lily, laughing and blushing, self-convicted, "if you repeat things that have the very tone of his voice in them, what difference does it make whether you or I tell any more or not?"

Perhaps Paul thought she was getting the best of the argument, for he made haste to give another turn to the conversation. "Part of it, at any rate, was true, let who would say it. I can tell, whenever I walk down the street, what almost all the female women I meet are thinking about. One is thinking, 'How handsome I am! I hope people admire me.' And another, 'How useful I am! I hope people approve of me.' Another, 'How *calamitous* I am! I hope people feel for me.' And another, 'How out of health I am! I hope people are anxious about me.' But Miss Morne comes sailing along like the moon in a mist, in her maiden meditation; and all I can make out of it is, 'The world is a good-looking world; Barberry Beach is the blossom end of it; and O what a promising youth Paul is!'"

"Promising to become a sad little coxcomb, you mischief!" said I. But though I did my best to chide him, I could not be averse to the information that so nice a judge of manners as my host had not found a place for me among his guests a false position.

In finishing now the history of this year, I must, above all, not leave out its crowning blessing, — that in it, in the main, I struggled down the greatest struggle of my life. A certain conversation with Nelly it was that particularly helped me to do this. She complained to me that it was so hard for her to think right, about — I knew whom. She wished to be able to do so quite disinterestedly, as if she were his guardian angel; but the moment she began to think of him or pray for him, she could not help wondering if he thought of her, — if he had seen any one yet that he liked better, — if she should *ever* see him again; and then the old folly all came back.

"Pray once for all that God will always have him in His merciful mind, darling," said I, "and then put him out of yours. You cannot think wrongly about him, at any rate, if you don't think about him at all."

Afterwards, as I was wont to do, I asked myself whether the advice I gave her would not be good for me too to

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follow. Soon it appeared to me that it would. I had been so impatient of bearing a sentiment which I could not justify, that I was constantly examining myself to see if it was not gone, and, like a hypochondriac, making the disorder worse by dwelling upon it. For, as a test of my lately sought indifference, I would imagine interviews; and they, as Nelly said, only brought "the old folly" rushing back again. If any such meeting had been likely to take place, to try to prepare myself for it by anticipation might have been necessary; but none such was likely to take place. Wherefore I now determined, instead of making violent and vain efforts to drag the idol image at once out of the temple where it had no right to be, to wall it blankly up there, look on it no more, and leave it to crumble, in God's own time, away, in darkness and in silence.

Whether this would always be a good plan in such a case, I cannot tell. But it wrought out such speedy deliverance to me, that even the first anniversaries of the declaration and the marriage slipped by without my remembering either of them till it was over.

ALL HERE.

1829–1867.

IT is not what we say or sing
That keeps our charm so long unbroken,
Though every lightest leaf we bring
May touch the heart as friendship's token;
Not what we sing or what we say
Can make us dearer each to other,—
We love the singer and his lay,
But love as well the silent brother!

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
Thrice welcome to our smiles and praises;
Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;
One flower erelong we all shall claim,
Alas! unloved of Amaryllis,—
Nature's last blossom,—need I name
The wreath of threescore's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
Around our boyhood's covered embers?
Go read the treasured names aright
The old triennial list remembers:
Though twenty wear the starry sign
That tells a life has broke its tether,
The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine—
God bless THE BOYS!—are all together!

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These come with joyous look and word,
  With friendly grasp and cheerful greeting, —
Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
  The angel guests of every meeting;
They cast no shadow in the flame
  That flushes from the gilded lustre,
But count us, — we are still the same;
  One earthly band, one heavenly cluster!

Love dies not when he bows his head
  To pass beyond the narrow portals, —
The light these glowing moments shed
  Wakes from their sleep our lost immortals;
They come as in their joyous prime,
  Before their morning days were numbered, —
Death stays the envious hand of Time, —
  The eyes have not grown dim that slumbered!

The paths that loving souls have trod
  Arch o'er the dust where worldlings grovel
High as the zenith o'er the sod, —
  The cross above the sexton's shovel!
We rise beyond the realms of day,
  They seem to stoop from spheres of glory
With us one happy hour to stray
  While youth comes back in song and story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel
  That war has tried in edge and temper;
It writes upon its sacred seal
  The priest's *ubique, — omnes, — semper!*
It lends the sky a fairer sun
  That cheers our lives with rays as steady
As if our footsteps had begun
  To print the golden streets already!

The tangling years have clenched its knot
  Too fast for mortal strength to sunder, —
The lightning bolts of noon are shot, —
  No fear of evening's idle thunder!
Too late! too late! — no graceless hand
  Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
To rive the close encircling band
  That made and keeps us one forever!

So when upon the fated scroll
  The falling stars have all descended,
And, blotted from the breathing roll,
  Our little page of life is ended,
We ask but one memorial line
  Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother: —
"My children. Boys of 'twenty-nine.
  In pace. How they loved each other!"

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CHICAGO.

WHEN Professor Goldwin Smith was preparing for his voyage to America, Mr. Richard Cobden said to him, "See two things in the United States, if nothing else, — Niagara and Chicago." Professor Smith acted upon this advice, and, while visiting Chicago, acknowledged that the two objects named by his friend were indeed the wonders of North America. Chicago can claim one point of superiority over its fellow-wonder. According to the geologists, the cataract has been about four hundred centuries in becoming what it is, but the city has come to pass in thirty-three years.

On Monday morning, October 4, 1834, word was brought to the people of Chicago that a large black bear had been seen in a strip of woods a quarter of a mile out of town. The male population seized their guns and made for the forest, where the bear was soon treed and shot. After so cheering an exploit, the hunters, disinclined to resume their ordinary labors, resolved to make a day of it, and have a dash at the wolves which then prowled nightly in every part of Chicago. Before the night closed in they had killed forty wolves, all on the site of the present Metropolis of the Northwest! The wolves, however, did not take the hint, since we learn that, as late as 1838, the howlings of this pest of the prairies were occasionally heard far within the present city limits. Yet even then the inhabitants of the place were bewildered at the rapidity of its growth, and spoke of the brilliant prospects before it very much as they now do.

In 1830, Chicago was what it had been for a quarter of a century, — a military post and fur station, consisting of twelve habitations. There was a log fort, with its garrison of two companies of United States troops. There was the fur agency. There were three taverns, so called, much haunted by idle, drunken Indians, who brought in furs, and remained to drink up the proceeds. There were two stores supplied with such goods as Indians buy. There was a blacksmith's shop, a house for the interpreter of the station, and one occupied by Indian chiefs. All that part of Illinois swarmed with Indians. As many Indian trails then marked the prairie and concentrated at the agency-house as there are railroads now terminating in the city of Chicago; for the Indians brought furs to that point from beyond the Mississippi, as well as from the great prairies of the North and South. Once a year John Jacob Astor sent a schooner to the post to convey supplies to it, and take away the year's product of fur. Once a week in summer, twice a month in winter, a mail rider brought news to the place from the great world on the other side of the Lakes. In 1830, there resided at Chicago, besides the garrison and the fur agent, four white families. In 1831, there were twelve families; and when winter came on, the troops having been withdrawn, the whole population moved into the fort, and had a pleasant winter of it, with their debating society and balls. In 1832, the taxes amounted to nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, twelve of which were expended in the erection of Chicago's first public building, — a pound for stray cattle.

But in 1833, the rush began. Before that year closed there were fifty families floundering in Chicago mud. When the forty wolves were slain in 1834, there were, as it appears, nearly two thousand inhabitants in the town; and in November, 1835, more than three thousand.

The motive must have been powerful which could induce such large numbers of people to settle upon that most uninviting shore. A new town on a flat prairie, as seen from car-windows, has usually the aspect which is described as God-forsaken. Wagon-wheels have obliterated the only beauty the prairie

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ever had, and streaked it with an excellent article of blacking. There may be but twenty little wooden houses in the place; but it is "laid out" with all the rigor of mathematics; and every visible object, whether animate or inanimate, the pigs that root in the soft black prairie mire, the boys, the horses, the wagons, the houses, the fences, the school-house, the steps of the store, the railroad platform, are all powdered or plastered with disturbed prairie. If, filled with compassion for the unhappy beings whom stern fate seems to have cast out upon that dismal plain, far from the abodes of men, the traveller enters into conversation with them, he finds them all hope and animation, and disposed to pity *him* because he neither owns any corner lots in that future metropolis, nor has intellect enough to see what a speculation it would be to buy a few. Pity! You might as well pity the Prince of Wales because he is not yet king.

Chicago, for fifteen years after it began its rapid increase, was perhaps of all prairie towns the most repulsive to every human sense. The place was in vile odor even among the Indians, since the name they gave it, — Chicago, — if it does not mean skunk, as some old hunters aver, signifies nothing of sweeter odor than wild onion.

The prairie on that part of the shore of Lake Michigan appears to the eye as flat as the lake itself, and its average height above the lake is about six feet. A gentleman who arrived at Chicago from the South in 1833 reports that he waded the last eight miles of his journey in water from one to three feet deep, — a sheet of water extending as far as the eye could reach over what is now the fashionable quarter of Chicago and its most elegant suburbs. Another traveller records, that, in 1831, in riding about what is now the very centre and heart of the business portion of the city, he often felt the water swashing through his stirrups. Even in dry summer weather that part of the prairie was very wet, and during the rainy seasons no one attempted to pass over it on foot. "I would not have given sixpence an acre for the whole of it," said a gentleman, speaking of land much of which is now held at five hundred dollars a foot. It looked so unpromising to farmers' eyes, that Chicago imported a considerable part of its provisions from the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, as late as 1838. Chicago, that did this only twenty-eight years ago, now feeds states and kingdoms.

Why settle such a spot, when the same shore presented better sites? It was only because the Chicago River furnished there the possibility of a harbor on the coast of the stormiest of lakes. The Chicago River is not a river. The lake at that point had cut into the soft prairie, just as the ocean cuts deep, regular fissures into the rock-bound coast of New England and its rocky isles. This cutting, which was a hundred yards wide, ran straight into the prairie for three quarters of a mile, then divided into two forks, one running north, the other south, and both parallel to the lake shore. These two branches extend for several miles, and lose themselves at last in the prairie sloughs. There is no tide or flow to this curious inlet, except such as is caused by the winds blowing the waters of the lake into it, which flows out when the wind changes or subsides. Originally the inlet was twenty feet deep, but, the mouth being obstructed by a sand-bar, it only admitted vessels of thirty or forty tons. But the crevice was there, ready for the dredge, which has since made it capable of receiving the largest ships that sail the lakes, and given Chicago thirty miles of wharves. Considering the peculiar destiny of Chicago, as the great distributor of commodities, no engineer could have contrived a more convenient harbor; for, go where you will in the city, you cannot get far from it, and every mill, warehouse, elevator, and factory can have its branch or basin, and receive and send away merchandise in boats at its door. Those drawbridges, it is true, are rather in the way

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at present. It *is* a trial to the patience to have to wait while seventeen little snorting tug-boats tow through the draw seventeen long three-masters from the lake; but nothing daunts Chicago. In three years from this time, those seventeen maddening drawbridges will have been superseded by seventeen tunnels. Underneath that oozy prairie, which an hour's rain converts into Day and Martin, and an hour's sun into fine Maccoboy, there is an excellent clay which affords the finest tunnelling, and which indomitable Chicago turns to various account, as time reveals the need of it.

The growth of Chicago since 1833, though it strikes every mind with wonder, is not in the least mysterious. There the city stands, at the southern end of Lake Michigan, which gives it necessarily a leading share of the commerce of all the Lakes, and easy access by land, round the southern shore of Lake Michigan, to all the East and Southeast. But there Chicago was for thirty years without advancing beyond the rank of an outpost of civilization, and there it might have stood for ages in the same condition, if the region behind it had remained unpeopled. That muddy inlet, called the Chicago River, is a portal to the prairies, and Chicago has grown with the development and accessibility of that wonderful region, of which it is the grand depot, exchange, counting-house, and metropolis.

Those prairies, long undervalued, are now known to be that portion of the earth's surface where Nature has accumulated the greatest variety and quantity of what man needs for the sustenance and the decoration of his life, and where she has placed the fewest and smallest obstacles in his way. That is the region where a deep furrow can be drawn through the richest mould for thirty miles or more, without striking a pebble, a bog, or a root; and under almost every part of which there is deposited some kind of mineral — clay, coal, stone, lead, iron — useful to man. Besides being well watered by rivers, nowhere is it so easy to make artificial highways, — roads, railroads, and canals. The climate, like all climates, has its inconveniences, but, upon the whole, there is none better. Not much of the prairie land is flat; most of it is undulating enough for utility and beauty. Blest are the eyes that see a rolling prairie at a season of the year when the grass is green and the sky is clear! It is an enchanting world of azure and billowy emerald, where, from the summit of a green wave twenty feet high, you can see whole counties. The absence of all dark objects, such as woods, roads, rocks, hills, and fences, gives the visitor the feeling that never before in all his life was he completely out of doors. It is a delicious sensation, when you inquire the way to a place ten miles off, to have it pointed out, and to make for it across the verdant elastic prairie, untrammelled by roads. The landscape has, too, such a finished aspect, that the traveller finds it difficult to believe that he is not wandering in a boundless park, refined by a thousand years of culture. When the country has been settled for many years, it does not lose this park-like appearance; it looks then as if some enlightened nobleman had turned democrat, torn down his park walls, and invited his neighbors to come in and build upon his rounded knolls and wave-like ridges.

And there is enough of this exquisite country for twelve great States, and to maintain a population of one hundred millions. It is sure to be the seat of empire forever. Chicago, the inevitable metropolis of the vigorous northwestern third of the prairie world, has taken the lead in rendering the whole of it accessible. Her vocation is to put every good acre in all that region within ten miles of a railroad, and to connect every railroad with a system of ship-canals terminating in the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean. That is, has been, and will be for many a year to come Chicago's work; and her own growth will be exactly measured by her wisdom and efficiency in doing it. So far, every mile of railroad has yielded

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its proportionable revenue to the great prairie exchange and banking-house; and this fact, now clearly seen by every creature in the town, guarantees the execution of the task.

They see it *now;* but it ought to moderate the boasting of some of the elders of Chicago, that they were full fifteen years in finding it out. The boasters should further consider, that the canal which connects Lake Michigan with the Illinois River and with the Mississippi was thought of in 1814, and authorized in 1825, when as yet there was no Chicago; and the fogy interest should ever be kept in mind that the projectors of the first railroad to the Mississippi had to encounter the opposition of most of the business men of the town, who were certain it would ruin Chicago by distributing its business along the line of the road. But, with these deductions allowed, there is enough in the early history of the city to justify more self-laudation than is generally becoming.

Those crowds of idle and dissolute Indians were the first obstacle to the growth of Chicago with which the early settlers had to contend. On a day in September, 1833, seven thousand of them gathered at the village to meet commissioners of the United States for the purpose of selling their lands in Illinois and Wisconsin. In a large tent on the bank of the river, the chiefs signed a treaty which ceded to the United States the best twenty million acres of the Northwest, and agreed to remove twenty days' journey west of the Mississippi. A year later, four thousand of the dusky nuisances assembled in Chicago to receive their first annual annuity. The goods to be distributed were heaped up on the prairie, and the Indians were made to sit down around the pile in circles, the squaws sitting demurely in the outer ring. Those who were selected to distribute the merchandise took armfuls from the heap, and tossed the articles to favorites seated on the ground. Those who were overlooked soon grew impatient, rose to their feet, pressed forward, and at last rushed upon the pile, each struggling to seize something from it. So severe was the scramble, that those who had secured an armful could not get away, and the greater number of empty-handed could not get near the heap. Then those on the outside began to hurl heavy articles at the crowd, to clear the way for themselves, and the scramble ended in a fight, in which several of the Indians were killed, and a large number wounded. Night closed in on a wild debauch, and when the next morning arrived few of the Indians were the better off for the thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods which had been given them. Similar scenes, with similar bloody results, were enacted in the fall of 1835; but that was the last Indian payment Chicago ever saw. In September, 1835, a long train of forty wagons, each drawn by four oxen, conveyed away, across the prairies, the children and effects of the Pottawatomies, the men and able-bodied women walking alongside. In twenty days they crossed the Mississippi, and for twenty days longer continued their westward march, and Chicago was troubled with them no more. Walking in the imposing streets of the Chicago of to-day, how difficult it is to realize that thirty-two years have not elapsed since the red men were dispossessed of the very site on which the city stands, and were "toted" off in forty days to a point now reached in fifteen hours!

This was the work of our common Uncle, and Chicago does not boast of it. Nor can she claim the credit of the improvement of the harbor in 1833 and 1834, which first called the attention of the country to that frontier post. The United States spent thirty thousand dollars, in 1833, in dredging out the Chicago River; and in the spring of 1834 a most timely freshet swept away the bar at the mouth of the river, making it accessible to the largest lake craft. This made Chicago an important lake port at once. The town had taken its first stride toward greatness. In 1836 the population was four thousand.

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Then there was a check to the prosperity of Chicago, as to that of Illinois and of the United States; and the population scarcely increased for five years, if, indeed, it did not diminish. Besides the mania for land speculation, which ended in prostrating the business of the whole country, Illinoisans had embarked the credit of the State in schemes of internal improvement too costly for the time, though since surpassed and executed by private enterprise. The State was bankrupt; work on the railroads ceased; and even the canal designed to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois River was abandoned for a time. Chicago languished, and repented that it had ever dared to be anything but a military post. Those corner lots, those river sites, those lake borders, so eagerly sought in 1835, were loathsome to the sight of luckless holders in 1837. Some men in Chicago are millionnaires to-day only because they could not sell their land at any price during those years of desolation and despair. But it was in those very years, 1837 to 1842, that Chicago entered upon its career. A little beef had already been salted and sent across the lake; but in 1839 the business began to assume promising proportions, 3,000 cattle having been driven in from the prairies, barrelled, and exported. In 1838, a venturesome trader shipped thirty-nine two-bushel bags of wheat. Next year, nearly 4,000 bushels were exported; the next, 10,000; the next, 40,000. In 1842, the amount rose, all at once, from 40,000 to nearly 600,000, and announced to parties interested, that the "hard times" were coming to an end in Chicago. But the soft times were not. That mountain of grain was brought into this quagmire of a town from far back in the prairies, — twenty, fifty, one hundred, and even one hundred and fifty miles! The season for carrying grain to market is also the season of rain, and many a farmer in those times has seen his load hopelessly "slewed" within what is now Chicago. The streets used often to be utterly choked and impassable from the concourse of wagons, which ground the roads into long vats of blacking. And yet, before there was a railroad begun or a canal finished, Chicago exported two and a quarter millions of bushels of grain in a year, and sent back, on most of the wagons that brought it, part of a load of merchandise.

The canal connecting the Chicago River with the Illinois, and through that river with the Mississippi, begun in 1836, and finished in 1848, opened to Chicago an immense area of uncultivated acres, which could then come into profitable cultivation. But the immediate effects of this great event upon the trade of the city were not great enough to open the eyes of its business men to the single condition upon which the growth of the town depended, namely, its accessibility to the Eastern cities and to the great prairie world. Chicago was still little more than a thriving country town, which received the products of adjacent farms, and gave in exchange merchandise brought in three weeks from the sea-shore. Middle-aged gentlemen of Chicago have a lively recollection of the opposition of storekeepers to the first project of a railroad to the Mississippi River. In 1850, the Chicago and Galena Railroad was completed for forty-two miles, to the rolling prairies by which the beautiful and vigorous town of Elgin is surrounded. From that time, there were indeed fewer ox-teams wallowing in Chicago mire, but trade increased and changed its character from retail to wholesale; and the wheat coming in by car-loads to the river shore was poured into the waiting vessels with a great saving of labor and expense. Still there were men in Chicago who did not take the idea. The money which built that forty-two miles of road had to be borrowed, in great part, on the personal responsibility of the directors, and the road could not have been built at all but for the fact that a prairie railroad is nothing but two ditches and a track. The railroads, said the fogies, will drain the country of its resources,

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Chicago of its business, and place the welfare of Illinois at the mercy of Eastern capitalists. But when, in 1853, the road paid a dividend of eleven per cent, and it was found that Chicago had trebled its population in six years after the opening of the canal, and that every mile of the railroad had poured its quota of wealth into Chicago coffers, then the truth took possession of the whole mind of Chicago, and became its fixed idea, that every acre with which it could put itself into easy communication must pay tribute to it forever. From that time there has been no pause and no hesitation; but all the surplus force and revenue of Chicago have been expended in making itself the centre of a great system of railroads and canals.

It was in April, 1849, eighteen years ago, that the whistle of the locomotive was first heard on the prairies west of Chicago; and this locomotive drew a train to a distance of ten miles from the city, amid the cheers of the people who had little to lose, and the forebodings of most of those who had much. The railroad system of which Chicago is a centre now includes eight thousand miles of track, and the railroad system of which Chicago is *the* centre embraces nearly five thousand miles of track. A passenger train reaches or leaves the city every fifteen minutes of the twenty-four hours. Not less than two hundred trains arrive or depart in a day and night. No farm in Illinois is more than fifty miles from a station, and very few so far; the average distance, as near as we can compute so impossible a problem, is not more than seven miles. There are sixteen points on the Mississippi which have railroad communication with Chicago. The Illinois Central, with its seven hundred miles of road, lays open the central part of the long State of Illinois, and has brought into culture nearly two million acres of the best land in the world. The straight road to St. Louis renders accessible another line of Illinois counties, besides "tapping" the commerce of the Missouri River at Alton, and that of the Lower Mississippi at St. Louis. Other roads stretch out long arms into the fertile prairies of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, and extend far towards the mining region of Lake Superior; and on whatever lines railroads are building or contemplated to the Pacific, Chicago means to be ready with facilities for reaping her natural share of the advantages resulting from their completion. It is but fifteen years since Chicago first had railroad communication with the cities on the Atlantic coast, and the traveller now has his choice of three main lines, which branch out to every important intermediate point. Railroad depots, immense in extent and admirably convenient, are rising in Chicago in anticipation of the incalculable business of the future,—such depots as ought to put to shame the directors of some of our Eastern roads, who afford to their human freight accommodations less generous than Chicago bestows upon the pigs and cattle that pass through the city. There is one depot for passengers only, which has under cover three quarters of a mile of track, from which three trains can start at the same moment, without the least danger of interference, and wherein no passenger has to cross a track in changing cars. In every sphere of exertion, those Western men improve upon Eastern models and methods. They have sleeping-cars in those grand depots, built at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, in which a king would only be too happy to ride, sup, sleep, and play whist.

In some parts of the country, railroads have temporarily diminished the importance of water communication. This is not the case with the Great Lakes, nor with Chicago's lion's share of their commerce. It is but yesterday that Astor's single schooner of forty tons was the only vessel known to the Chicago River except Indian canoes. Chicago is now more than the Marseilles of our Mediterranean, though Marseilles was a place of note twenty-four hundred

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years ago. Seventy-seven steamers, one hundred and eighteen barques, forty-three brigs, six hundred and thirteen schooners, fifty-three scows and barges, — in all, nine hundred and four vessels, carrying 218,215 tons, and employing ten thousand sailors, — now ply between Chicago and the other Lake ports. In the winter, after navigation has closed, four hundred vessels may be counted in the harbor, frozen up safely in the ice. On a certain day of last November, a favorable wind blew into port two hundred and eighteen vessels loaded with timber.

Provided thus with the means of gathering in and sending away the surplus products of the prairies, the granary of the world, and of supplying them with merchandise in return, Chicago has, for the last few years, transacted an amount of business that astonishes and bewilders herself, when she has time to pause and add up the figures. The export of grain, which began in 1838 with seventy-eight bushels, had run up to six millions and a half in 1853. In 1854, when there were two lines of railroad in operation across the State of Michigan to the East, the export of grain more than doubled, the quantity being nearly eleven millions of bushels. From that time, the export has been as follows: —

Year.	Bushels.
1854	12,932,320
1855	16,633,700
1856	21,583,221
1857	18,032,678
1858	20,035,166
1859	16,771,812
1860	31,108,759
1861	50,481,862
1862	56,484,110
1863	54,741,839
1864–5	47,124,494
1865–6	53,212,224

The ease, the quietness and celerity, with which this inconceivable quantity of grain is "handled," as they term it, although hands never touch it, is one of the wonders of Chicago. Whether it arrives by canal, railroad, or lake, it comes "in bulk," i. e. without bags or barrels, loose in the car or boat. The train or the vessel stops at the side of one of those seventeen tall elevators, by which the grain is pumped into enormous bins, and poured out into other cars or vessels on the other side of the building, — the double operation being performed in a few minutes by steam. The utmost care is taken to do this business honestly. The grain is all inspected, and the brand of the inspector fixes its grade absolutely. The owner may have his grain deposited in the part of the elevator assigned to its quality, where it blends with a mountain of the same grade. He never sees his grain again, but he carries away the receipt of the clerk of the elevator, which represents his property as unquestionably as a certified check. Those little slips of paper, changing hands on 'Change, constitute the business of the "grain men" of Chicago. When Chicago exported a few thousands of bushels a year, the business blocked the streets and filled the town with commotion; but now that it exports fifty or sixty millions of bushels, a person might live a month at Chicago without being aware that anything was doing in grain.

Recently, Chicago has sought to economize in transportation, by sending away part of this great mass of food in the form of flour. The ten flour-mills there produce just one thousand barrels of flour every working day.

Saving in the cost of transportation being Chicago's special business and mission, and corn being the great product of the Northwest, it is in the transport of that grain that the most surprising economy has been effected. A way has been discovered of packing fifteen or twenty bushels of Indian corn in a single barrel. "The corn crop," as Mr. S. B. Ruggles remarked recently in Chicago, "is condensed and reduced in bulk by feeding it into an animal form, more portable. The hog eats the corn, and Europe eats the hog. Corn thus becomes incarnate; for what is a hog, but fifteen or twenty bushels of corn on four legs?" Mr. Ruggles fur-

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ther observed, amid the laughter of his audience, that the three hundred millions of pounds of American pork exported to Europe in 1863 were equal to "a million and a half of hogs marching across the ocean."

The business of pork packing, as it is called, which can only be done to advantage on a great scale, has attained enormous proportions in Chicago, surpassing those of the same business in Cincinnati, where it originated. In one season of three months, Chicago has converted 904,659 hogs into pork; which was one third of all the hogs massacred in the Western country during the year. This was in 1863, a year of abundance; and it has not been equalled since. Walking in single file, close together, that number of hogs would form a line reaching from Chicago to New York.

During the last three years, the number of cattle received in Chicago from the prairies, and sent away in various forms to the East, has averaged about one thousand for each working day. In one year, the last year of the war, 92,459 of these cattle were killed, salted, and barrelled in Chicago. Nevertheless, a person might reside there for years, and never suspect that any business was done in cattle, never see a drove, never hear the bellow of an ox.

A bullock is an awkward piece of merchandise to "handle"; he has a will of his own, with much power to resist the will of other creatures; he cannot be pumped up into an elevator, nor shot into the hold of a vessel; he must have two pails of water every twelve hours, and he cannot go long without a large bundle of hay. There is also a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with an eloquent and resolute HENRY BERGH to see that cattle have their rights. Chicago has learned to conform to these circumstances, and now challenges mankind to admire the exquisite way in which those three hundred thousand cattle per annum, and that million and a half of hogs, sheep, and calves, are received, lodged, entertained, and despatched.

Out on the flat prairie, four miles south of the city, and two feet below the level of the river, — part of that eight miles which our traveller found under water in 1833, — may be seen the famous "Stock Yards," styled, in one of the Chicago guide-books, "THE GREAT BOVINE CITY OF THE WORLD." Two millions of dollars have been expended there in the construction of a cattle market. The company owning it have now nearly a square mile of land, 345 acres of which are already enclosed into cattle pens, — 150 of these acres being floored with plank. There is at the present time pen room for 20,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, and 20,000 sheep, the sheep and hogs being provided with sheds; and no Thursday has passed since the yards were opened when they were not full, — Thursday being the fullest day. This bovine city of the world, like all other prairie cities, is laid out in streets and alleys, crossing at right angles. The projectors have paid New York the compliment of naming the principal street Broadway. It is a mile long and seventy-five feet wide, and is divided by a light fence into three paths, so that herds of cattle can pass one another without mingling, and leave an unobstructed road for the drovers. Nine railroads have constructed branches to the yards, and there is to be a canal connecting it with one of the forks of the Chicago River.

Nothing is more simple and easy than the working of the system of these stock yards. The sum of anguish annually endured in the United States will be greatly lessened when that system shall prevail all along the line from the prairies to the Atlantic. A cattle train stops along a street of pens; the side of each car is removed; a gently declining bridge wooes the living freight down into a clean, planked enclosure, where on one side is a long trough, which the turn of a faucet fills with water, and on another side is a manger which can be immediately filled with hay. While the tired and hungry animals are enjoying this respite from the

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torture of their ride, their owner or his agent finds comfort in the Hough House (so named from one of the chief promoters of the enterprise), a handsome hotel of yellow stone, built solely for the accommodation of the "cattle men," and capable of entertaining two hundred of them at once. A few steps from the hotel is the Cattle Exchange, another spacious and elegant edifice of yellow stone, wherein there is a great room for the chaffering or preliminary "gassing" (as the drovers term it) of buyers and sellers; also a bank solely for cattle men's use, with a daily business ranging from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars; also a telegraph office, which reports, from time to time, the price of beef, pork, and mutton in two hemispheres, and sends back to the cattle markets of mankind the condition of affairs in this, the great bovine city of the world. The "gassing" being accomplished, the cattle men leave this fine Exchange, and go forth to view the cattle which have been the subject of their conversation, and they move about in the midst of those prodigious herds, and inspect the occupants of any particular pen, with as much ease as a lady examines pictures in a window. The purchase completed, the cattle are driven along, through opening pens and broad streets, to the yards adjoining the railroad, by which they are to resume their journey. On the way to those yards, they are weighed at the rate of thirty cattle a minute, by merely pausing in the weighing pen as they pass. The men return to the Exchange, where the money is paid, all the cattle business being done for cash; after which they conclude the affair by dining together at the hotel, or at an excellent restaurant in the Exchange itself.

In this elegant Exchange room two classes of cattle men meet, — those who collect the cattle from the prairie States, — Texas, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, — and those who distribute the cattle among the Eastern cities. One of the potent civilizers is doing business on the grand scale. By means of this Cattle Exchange, a repulsive and barbarizing business is lifted out of the mire, and rendered clean, easy, respectable, and pleasant. The actual handling and supervision of the cattle require few men, who are themselves raised in the social scale by being parts of a great system; while the controlling minds are left free to work at the arithmetic and book-keeping of the business. We remember with pleasure the able and polite gentlemen the necessities of whose business suggested this enterprise, and who now control it. The economy of the system is something worth consideration. The design of the directors is to keep the rent of the pens at such rates as to exactly pay the cost of cleaning and preserving them, and to get the requisite profit only from the sale of hay and corn. One hundred tons of hay are frequently consumed in the yards in one day. If those yards were in New England, the sale of the manure would be an important part of the business; but in those fertile prairies, they are glad to sell it at ten cents a wagon-load, which is less than the cost of shovelling it up.

There is one commodity in which Chicago deals that makes a show proportioned to its importance. Six hundred and fourteen millions of feet of timber, equal to about fifty millions of ordinary pine boards, which Chicago sold last year, cannot be hidden in a corner. The prairies, to which Nature has been so variously bountiful, do lack this first necessity of the settler, and it is Chicago that sends up the lake for it and supplies it to the prairies. Miles of timber yards extend along one of the forks of the river; the harbor is choked with arriving timber vessels; timber trains shoot over the prairies in every direction. To economize transportation, they are now beginning to despatch timber in the form of ready-made houses. There is a firm in Chicago which is happy to furnish cottages, villas, school-houses, stores, taverns, churches, court-houses, or towns, wholesale and retail, and to for-

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ward them, securely packed, to any part of the country. No doubt we shall soon have the exhilaration of reading advertisements of these town-makers, to the effect, that orders for the smallest villages will be thankfully received; county towns made to order; a metropolis furnished with punctuality and despatch; any town on our list sent, carriage paid, on receipt of price; rows of cottages always on hand; churches in every style. N. B. Clergymen and others are requested to call before purchasing elsewhere.

While this great business has been forming, Chicago itself has undergone many and strange transformations. The population, which numbered 70 in 1830, was 4,853 in 1840. During the next five years it nearly trebled, being 12,088 in 1845. In 1850, the year in which the railroad was opened to Elgin, the population had mounted to 29,963, and during the next ten years it quadrupled. In 1860, 110,973 persons lived in Chicago. In 1865, after four years of war, the population was 178,900. In this spring of 1867, if we include the suburban villages, which are numerous and flourishing, and which are as much Chicago as Harlem is New York, we may safely put down the population at 230,000. The closing of the war has not checked the growth of the city. We are assured by the moderate and conscientious "Chicago Tribune," that in 1866 the number of houses of all kinds built in Chicago was nine thousand; for the construction of which sixty-two millions of bricks were made from the clay over which the city stands. We learn, also, from a series of articles in the vigorous and enterprising "Chicago Republican," that in the young cities of the Northwest, which must ever flourish or decline with Chicago, there is the same astonishing activity in the building of houses.

The city is no longer a quagmire. For many years after Chicago began to be a flourishing town, its business men aimed to make a rapid fortune, and retire to the banks of the Hudson, or to the pleasant places of New England, and enjoy it. Who could enjoy life on a wet prairie, made passable by pine boards, through the knot-holes and crevices of which water could be seen, and where a carriage would sink three or four feet within two miles of the court-house? But about fifteen years ago, when the effect of the first railroad revealed the future of Chicago, the leading men said to one another: "This city is to be the abode of a million or more of the American people. Meanwhile it is *our* home. Let us make it fit to live in. Let us make it pleasant for our children." Seldom have men taken hold of a task more repulsive or more difficult, and seldom has human labor produced such striking results in so short a time. The mud and water for a long period were the despair of the people, since water will only run down hill, and part of the town was below the level of the lake. Planking was a poor expedient, though unavoidable for a time. They tried a system of open ditches for a while, which in wet seasons only aggravated the difficulty. Many hollow places were filled up, but the whole prairie was in fault. It became clear, at length, that nothing would suffice short of raising the whole town; and, accordingly, a higher grade was established, to which all new buildings were required to conform. It soon appeared that this grade was not high enough, and one still higher was ordained. Even this proved inadequate; and the present grade was adopted, which lifts Chicago about twelve feet above the level of the prairie, and renders it perfectly drainable, and gives dry cellarage. It is as common now in Chicago to store such merchandise as dry goods, books, and tea in basements, as it is in sandy New York; and in nearly all the newer residences the dining-room and kitchen are in the basement. During the ten years while Chicago was going up out of the mud of the prairie to its present elevation, it was the best place in the world in which to develop the muscles of the lower half of the body. All the

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newest houses were built, of course, upon the new grade, and some spirited owners raised old buildings to the proper level; but many houses were upon the grades previously established, and a large number were down upon the original prairie. The consequence was, that the plank sidewalks became a series of stairs. For half a block you would walk upon an elevated path, looking down upon the vehicles of the street many feet below; then, you would descend a flight of stairs to, perhaps, the lowest level of all, along which you would proceed only a few steps, when another flight of stairs assisted you to one of the other grades. Such, however, were the energy and public spirit of the people, that these inequalities, although their removal involved immense expenditure, have nearly all disappeared. The huge Tremont House, a solid hotel as large as the Astor, was raised bodily from its foundation and left at the proper height; and whole blocks of brick stores went up about the same time to the same serene elevation. To this day, however, there are places in the less important streets where the stranger can see at one view all the past grades of the town. The sidewalk will be upon the grade now established; the main street, upon the one that preceded the present and final level; the houses, upon the grade established when it was first determined to raise the town; while in the vacant lots near by portions of the undisturbed prairie may be discovered. The principal streets are now paved with stone, or else with that *ne plus ultra* of comfort for horse and rider, for passer-by and ladies living near, — the Nicholson pavement.

The people of Chicago have had a long and severe struggle with their river, and they have not yet made a complete conquest of it. The river and its two forks, as we have before remarked, so divide the town, that you cannot go far in any direction without crossing one of them. In old times the Indians carried people over in their canoes, and, for some time after the Indians had been wagoned off beyond the Mississippi, a chance canoe was still the usual means of crossing. Ferries of canoes were then established, and, in course of time, the canoes expanded into commodious row-boats. Next, floating bridges were tried, much to the discontent of the mariners, who found it difficult to run in their swift vessels in time. One day, when a gale was blowing inward, a vessel came rushing into the river, and, before the bridge could be floated round, ran into it, cut it in halves, and kept on her way up the stream. The sailors much approved this manœuvre, and it had also the effect of inducing landsmen to reconsider floating bridges. Draw-bridges then came in, seventeen of which now span the river and its branches. Better draw-bridges than these can nowhere be found; but the inconvenience to which they subject the busy "Chicagonese" (so their rivals style them) must be seen to be understood. Unfavorable winds sometimes detain vessels in the lake, until three hundred of them are waiting to enter. The wind changes; the whole fleet comes streaming in; in twelve hours, three hundred vessels are tugged through the draw-bridges, which is an average of more than two a minute. At all the bridges, and on both sides of them, crowds of impatient people, and long lines of vehicles extending back farther than the eye can reach, are waiting. Now and then the bridges can be closed for a short time, and then tremendous is the rush to cross. Often, before all the waiters have succeeded in getting over, the bell rings, the bridge is cleared, and the draw swings open to admit another procession of vessels, each towed by a puffing and snorting little propeller. These are exceptional days, and there are other exceptional days in which the bridges are seldom opened. But we were informed, that a business man who has any important appointment in a distant part of the town allows one hour for possible detention at the bridges. Omnibuses leaving the hotels for a depot a quarter of a mile dis-

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tant, but on the other side of the river, start an hour before the departure of the train.

All this inconvenience will soon be a thing of the past. Perhaps before these lines are read the first tunnel under the river will have been opened. Others will be at once begun.

That river, which is not a river, and *because* it is not a river, is now giving Chicago another opportunity to exert its unconquerable energy and resolution. Into this forked inlet, all the drainage of the town is poured, and there is no current to carry it away into the lake. Despite incessant dredging, these streams of impurity fill the channel, and convert the water into a liquid resembling in color and consistency a rich pea-soup, such as the benevolent Farmer ladles out so plentifully to the poor women of New York. This evil, great already, must increase as rapidly as the town increases, and might in time render the place uninhabitable. Chicago is now expending two or three millions of dollars in changing that pool of abominations into a pure and running stream. The canal, before spoken of, which connects Lake Michigan with the Illinois River, begins at the end of one of the branches of the Chicago River, the water of which is now pumped up into the canal by steam. This canal Chicago is deepening, so that the water of the river will *flow* into it, and run down through all its length to the Illinois, and so carry away the impurities of the town to the Mississippi. Thus, by one operation, the pumping is obviated, the canal is improved, the river is purified, and the city is rendered more salubrious. The Chicago River will at length become a river; only, it will run backwards.

With regard to that two-mile tunnel under the blue lake, by which its purest water, all uncontaminated by the town, will soon flow, by ten thousand rills, into every room and closet of the place, it is not Chicago's fault if all the world does not understand it. Indeed, we are expressly informed by a guide-book, that, "when the work was conceived, the whole civilized world was awed by the magnitude of the project." In what state of mind, then, will the whole civilized world find itself, when it learns that a work of such magnitude was executed in just three years, at a cost of less than a million dollars? The work is really something to be proud of, not for its magnitude, but for the simplicity, originality, and boldness of the idea.

Until within the last ten years, Chicago was little more than what we have previously named it, — the great Northwestern Exchange. It was a buyer and a seller on a great scale; but it *made* scarcely anything, depending upon the Eastern States for supplies of manufactured merchandise. Upon this fact was founded the ridiculous expectation, entertained at the beginning of the late war by the enemies of the Republic, of seeing the Western States secede from the Union. The Western man, however, has the eminent good fortune of not being a fool. Every business man in Chicago was intelligent enough to know that this dependence upon the East was a necessity of the case and time. Newly settled countries cannot manufacture their own pins, watches, and pianos, nor even their own boots, overcoats, and saucepans, and they are glad enough to give other communities some of their surplus produce in exchange for those articles. But, happily, there is FREE TRADE between the Eastern and Western States. The only and sufficient protective tariff imposed upon that trade is the cost of transportation. Consequently, we find that just as fast as it is best for *both* sections that the West should cease to depend upon the East, just so fast, and no faster, Chicago gets into manufacturing. In all the history of business there cannot be found a more exquisite illustration of the harmonious and safe working of untrammelled trade. At first, Chicago began to make on a small scale the rough and heavy implements of husbandry. That great factory, for

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example, which now produces an excellent farm-wagon every seven minutes of every working day, was founded twenty-three years ago by its proprietor investing all his capital in the slow construction of one wagon. At the present time, almost every article of much bulk used upon railroads, in farming, in warming houses, in building houses, or in cooking, is made in Chicago. Three thousand persons are now employed there in manufacturing coarse boots and shoes. The prairie world is mowed and reaped by machines made in Chicago, whose people are feeling their way, too, into making woollen and cotton goods. Four or five miles out on the prairie, where until last May the ground had never been broken since the creation, there stands now the village of Austin, which consists of three large factory buildings, forty or fifty nice cottages for workmen, and two thousand young trees. This is the seat of the Chicago Clock Factory, the superintendent of which is that honest and ingenious man, Chauncey Jerome, the inventor of most of the wonderful machinery by which American clocks have been made so excellent and so cheap. After his melancholy failure in Connecticut, (wholly through the fault of others, for he had retired from active business,) he found an honorable asylum here, and is now giving to this establishment the benefit of his fifty-five years' experience in clock-making. The machinery now in operation can produce one hundred thousand clocks a year; and the proprietors had received orders for eight months' product before they had finished one clock. They expect to be able to sell these clocks at New Haven quite as cheap as those made in New Haven; since nearly every metal and wood employed in the construction of a clock can be bought cheaper in Chicago than in Connecticut. A few miles farther back on the prairies, at Elgin, there is the establishment of the National Watch Company, which expects soon to produce fifty watches a day, and to compete for a share of the ten or eleven millions of dollars which the people of America pay every year for new watches. They are beginning to make pianos at Chicago, besides selling a hundred a week of those made in the East; and the great music house of Root and Cady are now engraving and printing all the music they publish. Melodeons are made in Chicago on a great scale.

It is in this gradual and safe manner that trade adjusts itself to circumstances when it is untrammelled by law, and such will be the working of free trade in all the nations of the earth, when, by and by, all the nations shall be in a condition to adopt it. For some years to come — so long, indeed, as the national debt is our king — we shall have to approach free trade with slow and cautious steps; but we need not lose sight of the truth, that universal free trade is the consummation at which the statesmanship of all lands is to aim.

Chicago is now intent upon four things, — the establishment of manufactures, the improvement of the city, the completion of railroads to the Pacific, the construction of ship canals from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean. He who can lend a helping hand or head to any of these is welcome, and especially he who can make any useful article well. There, as everywhere, mere buyers and sellers are in excess. Those "Commercial Colleges" which abound in all the Western cities, useful as they are in many respects, appear to be luring young men from their proper vocation of producers and makers into the overcrowded business of distributing; so that even in busy Chicago, where every able man is doing two men's work, the merchants are pestered with applications for clerkships, and the salaries of clerks are generally low. These waiting youths are the only idle class in Chicago. There are no men of leisure there. No man thinks of stopping work because he has money enough for his personal use. In all the Western country, as a rule, the richer a man is, the harder he toils, and the more com-

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pletely is he the servant of his fellow-citizens.

Chicago, already a handsome town, is going to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Twenty years ago, when the present court-house, or City Hall, was built, the corporation sent all the way to Lockport, in the State of New York, for the stone, — a dark granite. Long before the people had done boasting of this grand and gloomy edifice, the men who were digging the canal at Athens, a point about fourteen miles from the city, struck a deposit of soft, cream-colored stone, which proved to be an inexhaustible quarry. For some time this stone was supposed to be useless, and it was regarded only in the light of an obstruction to the excavation of the canal. It was discovered, a year or two after, that fragments of the stone which had been exposed to the air for a few months had become harder; and by very slow degrees the truth dawned upon a few interested minds, that Chicago had stumbled upon a treasure. It was, nevertheless, with much difficulty that builders were induced to give a trial to what is now recognized as the very best and most elegant building material in the country. Soft to the chisel, it is hard in the finished wall; and, devoid of the glare of white marble, it possesses that hue of the Parthenon which, Dr. Wordsworth says, looks as though it had been "quarried out of the golden light of an Athenian sunset." The general use in Chicago of this light-colored stone, and of the light yellow brick of the prairie clay, gives to the principal streets a cheerful, airy, elegant aspect, which is enhanced by the promptitude with which all the new and pleasing effects in street architecture are introduced. The Western man, in all that he does, and in much that he thinks, is the creature of all the earth who is least trammelled by custom and tradition. His ruling aim, when he sets about anything, is to do it better than the same thing has ever been done before since the creation of man. We do not hesitate to say, that the best houses in the leading avenues of Chicago are far more pleasing to the eye than those of the Fifth Avenue in New York, and that the general effect of the best streets is finer.

Of course, Chicago is still a forming city. It stretches along the lake about eight miles, but does not reach back into the prairie more than two. In the heart of the town the stranger beholds blocks of stores, solid, lofty, and in the most recent taste, hotels of great magnitude, and public buildings that would be creditable to any city. The streets are as crowded with vehicles and people as any in New York, and there is nothing exhibited in the windows of New York which may not be seen in those of Chicago. As the visitor passes along, he sees at every moment some new evidence that he has arrived at a rich metropolis. Now it is a gorgeous and enormous carpet-house that arrests his attention; now a huge dry-goods store, or vast depot of groceries. The next moment he finds himself peering into a restaurant, as splendid as a steamboat and larger than Taylor's; or into a dining-room window, where, in addition to other delicacies of the season, there is a spacious cake of ice, covered with naked frogs, reposing picturesquely in parsley. Farther on, he pauses before a jeweller's, brilliant with gold, silver, diamonds, and pictures, where a single item of last year's business was the sale of three thousand two hundred watches, of which one thousand were American. The number and extent of the book-stores is another striking feature, and it is impossible to go far without being strongly reminded that pianos and cabinet-organs are for sale in the city. Blessed are the people of Chicago, and blessed the strangers in their midst, in the article of malt liquor; for it is excellent, it is honest, and it is abundant. True, science has not yet positively ascertained whether or not the Coming Man will drink malt liquor; but the Coming Man has not come, and if people will drink beer, they had better drink it good.

Along the lake, south of the river, for two or three miles, extend the beautiful

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avenues which change insensibly into those streets of cottages and gardens which have given to Chicago the name of the Garden City. This is a pleasant, umbrageous quarter, where glimpses are caught of the blue lake that stretches away to the east for sixty miles. On this shore is rising the monument to Douglas, and there is a shady street near by that will last longer than the monument, called Douglas Place. In all Chicago there is not one tenement house. Thrifty workmen own the houses they live in, and the rest can still hire a whole house; consequently seven tenths of Chicago consist of small wooden houses, in streets with wooden sidewalks and roadways of prairie black.

It is always interesting to a stranger to notice the names of the streets of a town which he visits for the first time. Chicago boasts a Goethe Street and a Schiller Street. There is also a Greeley, a Bremer, a Poe, a Kane, a Kossuth, a Bross, a Wentworth, and a Long John Street. Local history is commemorated in Calumet, Astor, Fur, Kinsie, Blackhawk, and Wahpanseh; and general history, in Blucher, Bonaparte, Buena Vista, Calhoun, Burnside, Cass, De Kalb, Carroll, Fabius, Macedonia, Garibaldi, Madison, Washington, Monroe, Lafayette, Franklin, Butler, Grant, Kansas, Lincoln, Mayflower, Napoleon, Randolph, Sigel, and Thomas. New York is called to mind in Broadway, the Bowery, and the Bloomingdale Road; and Philadelphia, in Chestnut Street. There is likewise a Rosebud Street, a Selah Street, a Queer Place, and a Grub Street.

When next the Atlantic Monthly chronicles the progress of Chicago, it will have to describe a grand Boulevard, furnishing a drive of fifteen miles round the city, shaded with trees, and lined with villas and gardens. This very spring, it is hoped, will see the work begun. A great park is also in contemplation, in which Chicago hopes to behold the strange spectacle of hill and dale. It is not unlikely that the park will enclose a range of mountains, the loftiest peaks of which will pierce the air half a hundred feet; and up those giddy heights Chicago's boys will climb on Saturday afternoons, inhale the breath of liberty on the mountain-tops, and learn why Switzerland is free.

Would the stranger see the MEN whose public spirit and energy have created Chicago, and are guiding its destinies? Then he must go, about noon, to the beautiful edifice in the centre of the city, wherein the Board of Trade assembles. This is the Exchange of Chicago. Here, in a spacious and lofty apartment, decorated with fine fresco paintings by resident Italian artists, are daily gathered from a thousand to eighteen hundred of the men who control the collection and distribution of those grain mountains, those miles of timber stacks, and all that mass of produce of which we have spoken. Here are the buyers, the sellers, the insurers, and the forwarders, and loud is the roar of their talk. Groups of men cover the whole extent of the floor. A few minutes suffice to buy, insure, and despatch a ship-load of wheat; a few minutes suffice to convert a sanguine speculator into the lamest of ducks, or send him away rejoicing in the possession of new means of speculation. Suddenly, loud knocks are heard in a gallery above, which commands a view of the whole scene. The roar is instantly hushed, and all eyes and all ears are directed toward a gentleman in the gallery, who is Mr. John F. Beaty, the Secretary of the Board, who proceeds, in a sonorous voice, to read the last telegram of prices in New York and London. The instant he has finished, conversation sets in with renewed vigor; and the whole hall is filled with noise. At a semicircle of mahogany desks at one end of the room sit the gentlemen representing the press, who compile daily reports of the business of the city, which for completeness and extent are unequalled. In about an hour and a half the business of the day is done, and the room is empty, with half an inch of grain on the floor, ready bruised for the janitor's pig and chickens.

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No body of men in this land were more heartily loyal to their country during the war than the Chicago Board of Trade. Adjoining the great exchange-room is a smaller apartment, handsomely furnished in black walnut, for the meetings of the Directors of the Board; and in this room are preserved the flags of the several regiments raised or equipped under the auspices and by the assistance of the Board. It so chanced, that while we were in the great room, a few weeks ago, Mr. Walter, of the London Times, passed through it, unobserved, escorted by Governor Bross, of the Chicago Tribune, who usually does the honors of the city — and no one could do them more agreeably or more intelligently — to visitors of distinction. When it transpired who it was that had accompanied Governor Bross, a difficult moral problem was discussed by some of those exceedingly uncompromising loyalists. The question was, Suppose Mr. Walter had been recognized, which ought to have been the controlling principle in the minds of those present, — courtesy to a stranger, or disapproval of a public enemy? In other words, would it have been right and becoming in the Board of Trade to have hissed Mr. Walter a little? From the tone of the remarks upon this abstruse question of morals, we fear that, if Mr. Walter *had* been generally recognized, he would not have been left in doubt as to the feelings of the Board toward a man who, the Board thought, gave us two years more of war than we should have had if *he* had not led England against us. Those radical and straightforward men of wheat and wool do not, perhaps, sufficiently consider that the great journals of the world are the world's paid servants, who seem to lead, but are in reality propelled.

The great question respecting Chicago, — and all other places under heaven, — is, What is the quality of the human life lived in it? It is well to have an abundance of beef, pork, grain, wool, and pine boards, so long as these are used as means to an end, and that end is the production and nurture of happy, intelligent, virtuous, and robust human beings. This alone is success; all short of this is failure. Cheerful, healthy human life, — that is the wealth of the world; and the extreme of destitution is to have all the rest and not that. The stranger, therefore, looks about in this busy, thriving city, and endeavors to ascertain, above all else, how it fares there with human nature. In Chicago, as everywhere, human nature is weak and ignorant, temptable and tempted; and in considering the influences to which it is there subjected, we must only ask whether those influences are more or less favorable than elsewhere.

The climate, upon the whole, is good. The winters, short, sharp, and decisive, are healthful, of course. The summer heats are mitigated by the prairie breezes and the fresh cool winds from the lake. Occasionally a southern wind prevails, and gives Chicago some stifling days. To those who can afford it, the northern lakes offer an easy and complete escape from the hot weather, as well as a trip of almost unequalled variety and charm. With regard to food, Chicago has the pick of the best; nothing remains but to learn how to cook it. The West has much to acquire in this great art, and even many of the large hotels are wanting in their mission of setting an example of cookery. The raw material abounds. It is only necessary not to spoil it with grease, saleratus, and the lazy, odious frying-pan. We are happy to state, that excellent dinners are daily enjoyed in Chicago, though a prodigious number of bad ones are bolted.

Some parts of the mind are well cultivated there. Chicago is itself a college to all its inhabitants. When we see a boy reading in Roman history an account of the Appian Way, we all say that he is improving his mind. The Nicholson pavement has ten times more thought in it than the Appian Way; why is not an urchin improving his mind who stands, with his hands in his pockets, looking on while the work-

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men arrange the little blocks and pour in the odorous tar? Then those mighty schemes for ship canals, and new, far-reaching railroads, and the improved methods, processes, models, — all these are the daily theme of conversation and keen discussion, with maps spread out and authorities at hand. A great and splendid city is rising from the prairie, in the view of all the people, who watch, criticise, compare, suggest. It is observed that the too respectable Bostonian, the staid Philadelphian, the self-indulgent and thoughtless New-Yorker, acquire, after living awhile in Chicago, a vivacity of mind, an interest in things around them, a public spirit, which they did not possess at home. It must be very difficult for a boy to grow up a fool in a Western city, unless, indeed, he takes to vice, which, there and everywhere, is deadly to the understanding.

It is with pleasure that we report to the people of the United States, that their fellow-citizens of Chicago are looking well to the interests of those who are to carry on their work when they are gone. The public schools of the city are among the very best in the United States. The buildings are large, handsome, and convenient; much care is taken with regard to the ventilation of the rooms and the exercise of the pupils; the salaries of the teachers range from four hundred to twenty-four hundred dollars a year; the gentlemen of the Board of Education are among the most respectable and capable of the citizens. In the High School, an institution of which any city in Christendom might be justly proud, colored lads and girls may be seen in most of the classes, mingled with the other pupils; and in the evening schools of the city colored men and women are received on precisely the same footing as white. Colored children also attend the common schools, and no one objects, or sees anything extraordinary in the fact. No little child is allowed to pass more than half an hour without exercise. In the higher classes, the physical exercises occur about once an hour; the windows are thrown open, the pupils rise, and all the class imitate the motions of the teacher for five minutes. The boys in the High School have a lesson daily in out-door gymnastics, skilfully taught by a gentleman who left one of his legs before Vicksburg. The girls have a variety of curious exercises, which combine play and work in an agreeable manner. Connected with the High School, there is a small school of young children, for the purpose of giving young ladies who intend to become teachers an opportunity of practice, under the direction of a teacher already experienced. If in one room we regretted to see boys and girls expending their force in acquiring a smattering of Latin, we were consoled in another by discovering that those who are wise enough to prefer it can learn German or French.

The peril of America is the over-schooling of her children. In Chicago, as everywhere else, the grand fault of the public schools is, that too much is attempted in them. The Board of Education is ambitious; the superintendent is ambitious; the teachers, the parents, the children, are ambitious; and there is nowhere in the system any one who stands between these co-operating ambitions and the delicate organization of the children. Five hours' school a day, with two hours' intermission, and no lessons learned at home, — these are our colors, and we nail them to the mast. Even on Sundays the poor children have no rest from eternal school and the stimulating influence of older minds.

Three medical colleges, two theological seminaries, a university, an academy of sciences, — all in their infancy, but full of young vigor, — exist in Chicago. It is startling to find on the western shore of Lake Michigan, where, thirty-two years ago, seven thousand Indians howled, an astronomical observatory of the most improved model, provided with a telescope which is considered the finest of its kind in the world, and a resident professor capable of using it. Chicago will have a museum before New York has one. Nine years

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ago, a few gentlemen interested in science, particularly in natural history and geology, formed a society for the collection of specimens and the acquisition of knowledge. A year or two since, it occurred to one or two of the more zealous members that the time had come for the society to take a step forward. The merchants of Chicago have a finely developed talent for subscribing money, and before many days had gone by one hundred and twenty men had subscribed five hundred dollars each, for the purpose of establishing on a proper basis the Chicago Academy of Sciences. A lot has been purchased; a building will be begun in the spring; and Chicago will have a museum before the year is out. Already the society possesses many objects of particular interest, — among others, a specimen of the prairie squirrels *that cannot climb*, which ought to be put in the same case with the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave.

The daily mental food of the business men in Western cities is the daily newspaper; *and many of them read nothing* else. The daily press of Chicago is conducted with the vigor, enterprise, and liberality of expenditure which we should expect to see in a city pervaded with the spirit of advertising. Readers have not forgotten General Butler's famous apple-speech in front of the City Hall in New York, a few months ago, the report of which filled nearly two columns of the New York papers. It was *telegraphed*, with all the remarks and doings of the crowd, to "The Chicago Republican." "The Chicago Tribune" has excellent "own correspondents" in New York, London, Paris, and Washington, besides occasional contributors in twenty other cities. On almost any day of the year, this excellent newspaper publishes telegraphic news from as many as twenty-five points, and on extraordinary occasions the number of despatches has risen to seventy-five. In the office of the Republican is kept a list of seven hundred and sixty names of persons residing in different towns, to whom the editor can send for detailed information when anything of interest has occurred within their reach. If the Mammoth Cave should cave in, or Niagara break down, there would be some one on the spot, an hour after, collecting details of the catastrophe for the Chicago Republican of the next morning. "The Evening Journal," too, though it cannot compete with morning papers in point of news, presents a singularly well-digested and tastefully selected variety of interesting reading.

The press of Chicago has opinions of its own. The Tribune, unlike its great New York namesake, inclines toward free trade. We believe the editors are prepared to recommend that the policy of protection should be carried no farther, and that future changes made in the tariff should lessen restrictions upon trade, not increase them. The young Republican, on the contrary, is a thorough-going protectionist. At least, it believes that the policy of protection should be maintained until Chicago has her manufacturing system well developed. Both these papers and the Evening Journal are radical Republican. Indeed, we may say that, in the Western country, the vast majority of Republicans are of the most radical description. "The Chicago Times" is the leading Democratic paper of the Northwest, but it advocates "impartial suffrage," as well as universal amnesty. It was the first paper of its party that had the ability to see that the one chance of the Democratic party's regaining power was to give the suffrage to the great mass of the negroes immediately. Ignorance is ignorance. Ignorance, always gravitating the wrong way, can be cajoled and bought. It is the demagogue's natural prey; honest men cannot get near enough to it for a shot. What a reproach to Tammany, that a politician in far-off Chicago should have been the first to see the mode of New-Yorkizing the politics of the South!

The community that possesses a large surplus of beef, pork, grain, wool, and timber, can have whatever other

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purchasable commodity it desires. To Chicago, accordingly, painters come and paint pictures for its parlors, or send them from afar. There is a surprising taste there for every kind of artistic decoration. It is more common to see good engravings and tolerable paintings in the residences of Chicago than in those of New York. In a window of one of the stores, we noticed a very pretty statue of the boy Washington, executed by a resident sculptor. And we agree with the possessor of the Crosby Opera House, that he has just drawn in the lottery the most elegant interior in the country. We abhor superlatives, but we must claim the privilege of asserting, that, in the construction of buildings designed for the assembling together of many people, Chicago surpasses the rest of the world. There are, positively, no churches anywhere else in which elegance and convenience are so perfectly combined as in the newer churches of Chicago. That beautiful Opera House wants nothing but an opera. We heard within it, however, one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at which the violin playing of Camilla Urso was listened to with rapture, while an abstruse symphony, performed by a German orchestra, was borne with the patient faith which we Northern barbarians generally exhibit on such occasions. We firmly believe the music is sublime; we are ashamed that we cannot enjoy it; and now and then, when the orchestra plays a little louder than usual, we wake from a revery, and almost persuade ourselves that we are receiving pleasure. As in New York, so in Chicago. Only, the politer Chicago gentlemen do not talk, nor the ladies giggle.

But Chicago does more than listen patiently to foreign artists. It has music of its own. Those war-songs, which cheered ten thousand camp-fires, and solaced many a weary march, — "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Kingdom Coming," "Wake, Nicodemus," and twenty others, familiar to the army and country, — were composed, printed, and published in Chicago. That worthy gentleman, Mr. George F. Root, of the firm of Root and Cady, composed several of the best of them. Mr. H. C. Work, connected with the same house, is the author of others, some of which had a wonderful run. Now, reader, mark how time brings its revenges! Many years ago, Alonzo Work, father of this composer, was walking along a road in Missouri, when he was overtaken by a party of fugitive slaves, who asked the way to a free State. He directed them on their course, and gave them some slight aid in money. For doing this, he was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and served several years of the term before he was pardoned. In 1861, his son, a poor invalid journeyman printer, climbed up to Mr. Root's study, and laid upon his desk the music and words of a war song. Astonished that so forlorn an apparition should have ever had a thought of music in his soul, Mr. Root was still more astonished to discover that he had a genius for producing such music as the people love. Before he left the room he had engaged to compose for Messrs. Root and Cady for five years. His songs have been sung by millions of men, and he now has a pleasant cottage, paid for, and an income from copyrights of three thousand dollars a year.

Such books, too, as the people of Chicago and the Northwest are buying! Already three large book-houses are competing to supply the demand of this great market. The most attractive, as well as the most promising, indication of the healthful progress of Chicago is given in the quantities and character of the books offered for sale.

The book-houses, the shelves of which are crowded with the best literature, are not exotic. They come in obedience to the law of demand and supply. All our leading publishing houses have their lists of publications completely represented, and Chicago itself is rapidly becoming second only

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to New York as a distributing point. The demand for foreign books, for costly books, for valuable books, is very great. You see in these large establishments an assortment almost as large and valuable as is to be found in any of our Atlantic cities. Here have been sold over fifteen hundred sets of Appleton's Encyclopædia, in sixteen volumes; and into this market several hundred sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in twenty-two volumes, worth two hundred dollars a set, have found their way. We were surprised to find here such works, for example, as Robertson's Holy Land, the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Hogarth, Gilray, Doré, Jameson, Myrick, and many others, at prices varying from one hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars each. We were surprised, too, to read in a Chicago newspaper the programme of a course of twenty-four lectures to be delivered in the French language. Allied to the book business is the news business, which is not the least among the noteworthy things of this city. The business itself is an outgrowth of the express business, which, by its ramifications and punctuality, has, notwithstanding its extortionate charges, been a great public servant. The express has opened in almost every town, certainly in almost every respectable village, a news stand; and the influence of these cheap establishments in the diffusion of intelligence, as well as this other function, the provision of a peculiar class of *cheap* literature, it will be the duty of some future historian to determine.

The railroads running out from Chicago have given every facility to the development of the news business, and accordingly there has grown up in the city a very large and most admirably conducted establishment, — the Western News Company, under the management of its founder, Mr. John R. Walsh. It is, we believe, less than ten years since this establishment was started, in a small way, by Mr. Walsh, then a young man with a very limited capital. It is now one of the institutions of Chicago, and transacts a business of nearly three quarters of a million of dollars a year. Hardly one of those trains that leave the city every fifteen minutes but takes out to other places some of its parcels. Hardly a cabin in the Northwest that is beyond the reach of its influence. Hardly a family that is not indebted to it for a cheerful visit during the week or month.

The truth is, that much of the best young brain, taste, and civilization of the country has gone to the Northwest; and Chicago, besides supplying it with an annual fifty millions of dollars' worth of dry goods, and no end of boards, has to minister to its nobler needs, and distribute over the country five millions of dollars' worth of books. At Chicago the other day, fifty graduates of Yale, all residents of the city, were gathered about one table.

The traveller who stays over a Sunday in Chicago witnesses as complete a suspension of labor as in Boston or Philadelphia. A great majority of the eager and busy population on that day resigns itself to the influence of its instructors; and the hundred and fifty churches are well filled with attentive people. There are nine Baptist, six Congregational, eleven Episcopal, ten Lutheran, eighteen Methodist, sixteen Presbyterian, two Dutch Reformed, fifteen Catholic, two Swedenborgian, two Unitarian, and two Universalist churches, besides various mission churches and a few others that decline classification, and four Synagogues. The social life of the people centres in their churches. Those superb church edifices in Wabash Avenue are not merely for the assembling of a congregation on Sunday; they are rather religious club-houses, and some of them are provided with a complete kitchen and restaurant apparatus, and contain extensive suites of apartments, in which, twice a month, the ladies give an entertainment to the congregation. The Sunday-school rooms are made inviting by pictures, elegant furniture, and in some instances by fountains and

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natural flowers. The Rev. Mr. Hatfield, the eloquent Methodist clergyman, a recent acquisition to Chicago, who has preached in many cities, assured us that in no city of the United States are the local benevolent operations of the churches carried on with such sustained vigor, and on such a thorough, far-reaching system, as in Chicago. There is one mission Sunday school there which gathers every Sunday afternoon a thousand poor, neglected children into apartments replete with all the best modern apparatus of instruction, and full of pleasing objects. At Chicago it is evident that the good people are rapidly learning and fulfilling the final purpose of a Christian church; which is *not* the promulgation of a barren and dividing opinion, but the diffusion among the whole community of the civilization hitherto enjoyed only by a few favored families.

Nowhere in the world are there such striking proofs of the inexhaustible vigor and power of Christianity as in this new prairie town. Here, far inland, on the shores of this blue lake, amid these grain mountains, these miles of timber, this entanglement of railroads, this mighty host of new-comers, even here it is still the voice from Palestine, coming across so many centuries, that delivers the needed message: "Rest not, Chicago, in planks, nor grain, nor railroads, nor in infinite pork. These are but means to an end. Never mind about cutting out St. Louis: try only which shall do most for the civilization of the prairie world." Chicago is not inattentive to this message, and is learning to interpret it aright. Those beautiful temples, those excellent schools, those local benevolences, that innocent social life, those ceaseless battlings with vice, that instinct of decoration, that conscientiously conducted press, those libraries and bookstores, all attest that Chicago does not mean to laboriously champ up the shells of the nut of life and throw the kernel away. It is our impression, that human nature there is subject to influences as favorable to its health and progress as in any city of the world, and that a family going to reside in Chicago from one of our older cities will be likely to find itself in a better place than that from which it came.

LABOR.

WHOSE work is then divinest? His who moulds
With pallid finger the dark, ignorant clay,
Making new radiance, as dawn goldens day, —
Or his, for whom the hollow pipe enfolds
Magic to melt the moon in tenderness, —
Or his, whose orient memory in sad hours
Shows color on north seas grown lustreless,
While he but dreams on Persia's purple towers, —
Or his, who pours out life upon a song?
Ah! weak is toil as foam upon blown beaches,
Unless the might of love shall make us strong,
And weak our statues and sweet reedy reaches,
Unless our love keep tideless overflow
Round even the lowliest blossom earth can show.

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MY FRIEND BINGHAM.

CONSCIOUS as I am of a deep aversion to stories of a painful nature, I have often asked myself whether, in the events here set forth, the element of pain is stronger than that of joy. An affirmative answer to this question would have stood as a veto upon the publication of my story, for it is my opinion that the literature of horrors needs no extension. Such an answer, however, I am unwilling to pronounce; while, on the other hand, I hesitate to assume the responsibility of a decided negative. I have therefore determined to leave the solution to the reader. I may add, that I am very sensible of the superficial manner in which I have handled my facts. I bore no other part in the accomplishment of these facts than that of a cordial observer; and it was impossible that, even with the best will in the world, I should fathom the emotions of the actors. Yet, as the very faintest reflection of human passions, under the pressure of fate, possesses an immortal interest, I am content to appeal to the reader's sympathy, and to assure him of my own fidelity.

Towards the close of summer, in my twenty-eighth year, I went down to the seaside to rest from a long term of work, and to enjoy, after several years of separation, a *tête-à-tête* with an intimate friend. My friend had just arrived from Europe, and we had agreed to spend my vacation together by the side of the sounding sea, and within easy reach of the city. On taking possession of our lodgings, we found that we should have no fellow-idlers, and we hailed joyously the prospect of the great marine solitudes which each of us declared that he found so abundantly peopled by the other. I hasten to impart to the reader the following facts in regard to the man whom I found so good a companion.

George Bingham had been born and bred among people for whom, as he grew to manhood, he learned to entertain a most generous contempt, — people in whom the hereditary possession of a large property — for he assured me that the facts stood in the relation of cause and effect — had extinguished all intelligent purpose and principle. I trust that I do not speak rhetorically when I describe in these terms the combined ignorance and vanity of my friend's progenitors. It was their fortune to make a splendid figure while they lived, and I feel little compunction in hinting at their poverty in certain human essentials. Bingham was no declaimer, and indeed no great talker; and it was only now and then, in an allusion to the past as the field of a wasted youth, that he expressed his profound resentment. I read this for the most part in the severe humility with which he regarded the future, and under cover of which he seemed to salute it as void at least (whatever other ills it might contain) of those domestic embarrassments which had been the bane of his first manhood. I have no doubt that much may be said, within limits, for the graces of that society against which my friend embodied so violent a reaction, and especially for its good-humor, — that home-keeping benevolence which accompanies a sense of material repletion. It is equally probable that to persons of a simple constitution these graces may wear a look of delightful and enduring mystery; but poor Bingham was no simpleton. He was a man of opinions numerous, delicate, and profound. When, with the lapse of his youth, he awoke to a presentiment of these opinions, and cast his first interrogative glance upon the world, he found that in his own little section of it he and his opinions were a piece of melancholy impertinence. Left, at twenty-three years of age, by his father's death, in possession of a handsome property, and absolute master of his actions, he had thrown himself blindly into the world. But, as

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he afterwards assured me, so superficial was his knowledge of the real world, — the world of labor and inquiry, — that he had found himself quite incapable of intelligent action. In this manner he had wasted a great deal of time. He had travelled much, however; and, being a keen observer of men and women, he had acquired a certain practical knowledge of human nature. Nevertheless, it was not till he was nearly thirty years old that he had begun to live for himself. "By myself," he explained, "I mean something else than this monstrous hereditary faculty for doing nothing and thinking of nothing." And he led me to believe, or I should rather say he allowed me to believe, that at this moment he had made a serious attempt to study. But upon this point he was not very explicit; for if he blushed for the manner in which he had slighted his opportunities, he blushed equally for the manner in which he had used them. It is my belief that he had but a limited capacity for study, and I am certain that to the end of his days there subsisted in his mind a very friendly relation between fancies and facts.

Bingham was *par excellence* a moralist, a man of sentiment. I know — he knew himself — that, in this busy Western world, this character represents no recognized avocation; but in the absence of such avocation, its exercise was nevertheless very dear to him. I protest that it was very dear to me, and that, at the end of a long morning devoted to my office-desk, I have often felt as if I had contributed less to the common cause than I have felt after moralizing — or, if you please, sentimentalizing — half an hour with my friend. He was an idler, assuredly; but his candor, his sagacity, his good taste, and, above all, a certain diffident enthusiasm which followed its objects with the exquisite trepidation of an unconfessed and despairing lover, — these things, and a hundred more, redeemed him from vulgarity. For three years before we came together, as I have intimated, my impressions of my friend had rested on his letters; and yet, from the first hour which we spent together, I felt that they had done him no wrong. We were genuine friends. I don't know that I can offer better proof of this than by saying that, as our old personal relations resumed their force, and the time-shrunken outlines of character filled themselves out, I greeted the reappearance of each familiar foible on Bingham's part quite as warmly as I did that of the less punctual virtue. Compared, indeed, with the comrade of earlier years, my actual companion was a well-seasoned man of the world; but with all his acquired humility and his disciplined *bonhomie*, he had failed to divest himself of a certain fastidiousness of mind, a certain formalism of manner, which are the token and the prerogative of one who has not been obliged to address himself to practical questions. The charm bestowed by these facts upon Bingham's conversation — a charm often vainly invoked in their absence — is explained by his honest indifference to their action, and his indisposition to turn them to account in the interest of the picturesque, — an advantage but too easy of conquest for a young man, rich, accomplished, and endowed with good looks and a good name. I may say, perhaps, that to a critical mind my friend's prime distinction would have been his very positive refusal to drape himself, after the current taste, with those brilliant stuffs which fortune had strewn at his feet.

Of course, a great deal of our talk bore upon Bingham's recent travels, adventures, and sensations. One of these last he handled very frankly, and treated me to a bit of genuine romance. He had been in love, and had been cruelly jilted, but had now grown able to view the matter with much of the impartial spirit of those French critics whose works were his favorite reading. His account of the young lady's character and motives would indeed have done credit to many a clever *feuilleton*. I was the less surprised, however, at his severely dispassionate tone, when, in retracing the process of his opinions, I discerned the traces — the ravages, I

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may almost say — of a solemn act of renunciation. Bingham had forsworn marriage. I made haste to assure him that I considered him quite too young for so austere a resolve.

"I can't help it," said he; "I feel a foreboding that I shall live and die alone."

"A foreboding?" said I. "What 's a foreboding worth?"

"Well, then, rationally considered, my marriage is improbable."

"But it 's not to be rationally considered," I objected. "It belongs to the province of sentiment."

"But you deny me sentiment. I fall back upon my foreboding."

"That 's not sentiment, — it 's superstition," I answered. "Your marrying will depend upon your falling in love; and your falling in love will certainly not depend upon yourself."

"Upon whom, then?"

"Upon some unknown fair one, — Miss A, B, or C."

"Well," said Bingham, submissively, "I wish she would make haste and reveal herself."

These remarks had been exchanged in the hollow of a cliff which sloped seaward, and where we had lazily stretched ourselves at length on the grass. The grass had grown very long and brown; and as we lay with our heads quite on a level with it, the view of the immediate beach and the gentle breakers was so completely obstructed by the rank, coarse herbage, that our prospect was reduced to a long, narrow band of deep blue ocean traversing its black fibres, and to the great vault of the sky. We had strolled out a couple of hours before, bearing each a borrowed shot-gun and accompanied by a friendly water-dog, somewhat languidly disposed towards the slaughter of wild ducks. We were neither of us genuine sportsmen, and it is certain that, on the whole, we meant very kindly to the ducks. It was at all events fated that on that day they should suffer but lightly at our hands. For the half-hour previous to the exchange of the remarks just cited, we had quite forgotten our real business; and, with our pieces lost in the grass beside us, and our dog, weary of inaction, wandering far beyond call, we looked like any straw-picking truants. At last Bingham rose to his feet, with the asseveration that it would never do for us to return empty-handed. "But, behold," he exclaimed, as he looked down across the breadth of the beach, "there is our friend of the cottage, with the sick little boy."

I brought myself into a sitting posture, and glanced over the cliff. Down near the edge of the water sat a young woman, tossing stones into it for the amusement of a child, who stood lustily crowing and clapping his hands. Her title to be called our friend lay in the fact, that on our way to the beach we had observed her issuing from a cottage hard by the hotel, leading by the hand a pale-faced little boy, muffled like an invalid. The hotel, as I have said, was all but deserted, and this young woman had been the first person to engage our idle observation. We had seen that, although plainly dressed, she was young, pretty, and modest; and, in the absence of heavier cares, these facts had sufficed to make her interesting. The question had arisen between us, whether she was a native of the shore, or a visitor like ourselves. Bingham inclined to the former view of the case, and I to the latter. There was, indeed, a certain lowliness in her aspect; but I had contended that it was by no means a rustic lowliness. Her dress was simple, but it was well made and well worn; and I noticed that, as she strolled along, leading her little boy, she cast upon sky and sea the lingering glance of one to whom, in their integrity, these were unfamiliar objects. She was the wife of some small tradesman, I argued, who had brought her child to the seaside by the physician's decree. But Bingham declared that it was utterly illogical to suppose her to be a mother of five years' motherhood; and that, for his part, he saw nothing in her appearance inconsistent with rural influences. The child was her nephew, the son of a married sister, and she

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a sentimental maiden aunt. Obviously the volume she had in her hand was Tennyson. In the absence on both sides of authentic data, of course the debate was not prolonged; and the subject of it had passed from our memories some time before we again met her on the beach. She soon became aware of our presence, however; and, with a natural sense of intrusion, we immediately resumed our walk. The last that I saw of her, as we rounded a turn in the cliff which concealed the backward prospect, was a sudden grasp of the child's arm, as if to withdraw him from the reach of a hastily advancing wave.

Half an hour's further walk led us to a point which we were not tempted to exceed. We shot between us some half a dozen birds; but as our dog, whose talents had been sadly misrepresented, proved very shy of the deep water, and succeeded in bringing no more than a couple of our victims to shore, we resolved to abstain from further destruction, and to return home quietly along the beach, upon which we had now descended.

"If we meet our young lady," said Bingham, "we can gallantly offer her our booty."

Some five minutes after he had uttered these words, a couple of great sea-gulls came flying landward over our heads, and, after a long gyration in mid-air, boldly settled themselves on the slope of the cliff at some three hundred yards in front of us, a point at which it projected almost into the waves. After a momentary halt, one of them rose again on his long pinions and soared away seaward; the other remained. He sat perched on a jutting boulder some fifteen feet high, sunning his fishy breast.

"I wonder if I could put a shot into him," said Bingham.

"Try," I answered; and, as he rapidly charged and levelled his piece, I remember idly repeating, while I looked at the great bird,

> "God save thee, ancient mariner,
> From the fiends that plague thee thus!
> Why look'st thou so? 'With my cross-bow
> I shot the albatross.'"

"He 's going to rise," I added.

But Bingham had fired. The creature rose, indeed, half sluggishly, and yet with too hideous celerity. His movement drew from us a cry which was almost simultaneous with the report of Bingham's gun. I cannot express our relation to what followed it better than by saying that it exposed to our sight, beyond the space suddenly left vacant, the happy figure of the child from whom we had parted but an hour before. He stood with his little hands extended, and his face raised toward the retreating bird. Of the sickening sensation which assailed our common vision as we saw him throw back his hands to his head, and reel downwards out of sight, I can give no verbal account, nor of the rapidity with which we crossed the smooth interval of sand, and rounded the bluff.

The child's companion had scrambled up the rocky bank towards the low ledge from which he had fallen, and to which access was of course all too easy. She had sunk down upon the stones, and was wildly clasping the boy's body. I turned from this spectacle to my friend, as to an image of equal woe. Bingham, pale as death, bounded over the stones, and fell on his knees. The woman let him take the child out of her arms, and bent over, with her forehead on a rock, moaning. I have never seen helplessness so vividly embodied as in this momentary group.

"Did it strike his head?" cried Bingham. "What the devil was he doing up there?"

"I told him he 'd get hurt," said the young woman, with harrowing simplicity. "To shoot straight at him! — He 's killed!"

"Great heavens! Do you mean to say that I saw him?" roared Bingham. "How did I know he was there? Did you see us?"

The young woman shook her head. "Of course I did n't see you. I saw you with your guns before. Oh, he 's killed!"

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"He 's not killed. It was mere duck shot. Don't talk such stuff. — My own poor little man!" cried George. "Charles, where *were* our eyes?"

"He wanted to catch the bird," moaned our companion. "Baby, my boy! open your eyes. Speak to your mother. For God's sake, get some help!"

She had put out her hands to take the child from Bingham, who had half angrily lifted him out of her reach. The senseless movement with which, as she disengaged him from Bingham's grasp, he sank into her arms, was clearly the senselessness of death. She burst into sobs. I went and examined the child.

"He *may* not be killed," I said, turning to Bingham; "keep your senses. It 's not your fault. We *could n't* see each other."

Bingham rose stupidly to his feet.

"She must be got home," I said.

"We must get a carriage. Will you go or stay?"

I saw that he had seen the truth. He looked about him with an expression of miserable impotence. "Poor little devil!" he said, hoarsely.

"Will you go for a carriage?" I repeated, taking his hand, "or will you stay?"

Our companion's sobs redoubled their violence.

"I 'll stay," said he. "Bring some woman."

I started at a hard run. I left the beach behind me, passed the white cottage at whose garden gate two women were gossiping, and reached the hotel stable, where I had the good fortune to find a vehicle at my disposal. I drove straight back to the white cottage. One of the women had disappeared, and the other was lingering among her flowers, — a middle-aged, keen-eyed person. As I descended and hastily addressed her, I read in her rapid glance an anticipation of evil tidings.

"The young woman who stays with you —" I began.

"Yes," she said, "my second-cousin. Well?"

"She 's in trouble. She wants you to come to her. Her little boy has hurt himself." I had time to see that I need fear no hysterics.

"Where did you leave her?" asked my companion.

"On the beach."

"What 's the matter with the child?"

"He fell from a rock. There 's no time to be lost." There was a certain antique rigidity about the woman which was at once irritating and reassuring. I was impelled both to quicken her apprehensions and to confide in her self-control. "For all I know, ma'am," said I, "the child is killed."

She gave me an angry stare. "For all you know!" she exclaimed. "Where were your wits? Were you afraid to look at him?"

"Yes, half afraid."

She glanced over the paling at my vehicle. "Am I to get into that?" she asked.

"If you will be so good."

She turned short about, and re-entered the house, where, as I stood out among the dahlias and the pinks, I heard a rapid opening and shutting of drawers. She shortly reappeared, equipped for driving; and, having locked the house door, and pocketed the key, came and faced me, where I stood ready to help her into the wagon.

"We 'll stop for the doctor," she began.

"The doctor," said I, "is of no use."

A few moments of hard driving brought us to my starting-point. The tide had fallen perceptibly in my absence; and I remember receiving a strange impression of the irretrievable nature of the recent event from the sight of poor Bingham, standing down at the low-water-mark, and looking seaward with his hands in his pockets. The mother of his little victim still sat on the heap of stones where she had fallen, pressing her child to her breast. I helped my companion to descend, which she did with great deliberation. It is my belief that, as we drove along the beach, she derived from the expression of Bingham's figure, and from

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the patient aversion of his face, a suspicion of his relation to the opposite group. It was not till the elder woman had come within a few steps of her, that the younger became aware of her approach. I merely had time to catch the agonized appeal of her upward glance, and the broad compassion of the other's stooping movement, before I turned my back upon their encounter, and walked down towards my friend. The monotonous murmur of the waves had covered the sound of our wagon-wheels, and Bingham stood all unconscious of the coming of relief, — distilling I know not what divine relief from the simple beauty of sea and sky. I had laid my hand on his shoulder before he turned about. He looked towards the base of the cliff. I knew that a great effusion of feeling would occur in its natural order; but how should I help him across the interval?

"That 's her cousin," I said at random. "She seems a very capable woman."

"The child is quite dead," said Bingham, for all answer. I was struck by the plainness of his statement. In the comparative freedom of my own thoughts I had failed to make allowance for the embarrassed movement of my friend's. It was not, therefore, until afterwards that I acknowledged he had thought to better purpose than I; inasmuch as the very simplicity of his tone implied a positive acceptance (for the moment) of the dreadful fact which he uttered.

"The sooner they get home, the better," I said. It was evident that the elder of our companions had already embraced this conviction. She had lifted the child and placed him in the carriage, and she was now turning towards his mother and inviting her to ascend. Even at the distance at which I stood, the mingled firmness and tenderness of her gestures were clearly apparent. They seemed, moreover, to express a certain indifference to our movements, an independence of our further interference, which — fanciful as the assertion may look — was not untinged with irony. It was plain that, by whatever rapid process she had obtained it, she was already in possession of our story. "Thank God for strong-minded women!" I exclaimed; — and yet I could not repress a feeling that it behooved me, on behalf of my friend, to treat as an equal with the vulgar movement of antipathy which he was destined to encounter, and of which, in the irresistible sequence of events, the attitude of this good woman was an index.

We walked towards the carriage together. "I shall not come home directly," said Bingham; "but don't be alarmed about me."

I looked at my watch. "I give you two hours," I said, with all the authority of my affection.

The new-comer had placed herself on the back seat of the vehicle beside the sufferer, who on entering had again possessed herself of her child. As I went about to mount in front, Bingham came and stood by the wheel. I read his purpose in his face, — the desire to obtain from the woman he had wronged some recognition of his *human* character, some confession that she dimly distinguished him from a wild beast or a thunderbolt. One of her hands lay exposed, pressing together on her knee the lifeless little hands of her boy. Bingham removed his hat, and placed his right hand on that of the young woman. I saw that she started at his touch, and that he vehemently tightened his grasp.

"It 's too soon to talk of forgiveness," said he, "for it 's too soon for me to think intelligently of the wrong I have done you. God has brought us together in a very strange fashion."

The young woman raised her bowed head, and gave my friend, if not just the look he coveted, at least the most liberal glance at her command, — a look which, I fancy, helped him to face the immediate future. But these are matters too delicate to be put into words.

I spent the hours that elapsed before Bingham's return to the inn in gathering information about the occupants of the cottage. Impelled by that lively intuition of calamity which is

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natural to women, the housekeeper of the hotel, a person of evident kindliness and discretion, lost no time in winning my confidence. I was not unwilling that the tragic incident which had thus arrested our idleness should derive its earliest publicity from my own lips; and I was forcibly struck with the exquisite impartiality with which this homely creature bestowed her pity. Miss Horner, I learned, the mistress of the cottage, was the last representative of a most respectable family, native to the neighboring town. It had been for some years her practice to let lodgings during the summer. At the close of the present season she had invited her kinswoman, Mrs. Hicks, to spend the autumn with her. That this lady was the widow of a Baptist minister; that her husband had died some three years before; that she was very poor; that her child had been sickly, and that the care of his health had so impeded her exertions for a livelihood, that she had been intending to leave him with Miss Horner for the winter, and obtain a "situation" in town; — these facts were the salient points of the housekeeper's somewhat prolix recital.

The early autumn dusk had fallen when Bingham returned. He looked very tired. He had been walking for several hours, and, as I fancied, had grown in some degree familiar with his new responsibilities. He was very hungry, and made a vigorous attack upon his supper. I had been indisposed to eat, but the sight of his healthy appetite restored my own. I had grown weary of my thoughts, and I found something salutary in the apparent simplicity and rectitude of Bingham's state of mind.

"I find myself taking it very quietly," he said, in the course of his repast. "There is something so absolute in the nature of the calamity, that one is compelled to accept it. I don't see how I could endure to have mutilated the poor little mortal. To kill a human being is, after all, the least injury you can do him." He spoke these words deliberately, with his eyes on mine, and with an expression of perfect candor. But as he paused, and in spite of my perfect assent to their meaning, I could not help mentally reverting to the really tragic phase of the affair; and I suppose my features revealed to Bingham's scrutiny the process of my thoughts. His pale face flushed a burning crimson, his lips trembled. "Yes, my boy!" he cried; "that 's where it 's damnable." He buried his head in his hands, and burst into tears.

We had a long talk. At the end of it, we lit our cigars, and came out upon the deserted piazza. There was a lovely starlight, and, after a few turns in silence, Bingham left my side and strolled off towards a bend in the road, in the direction of the sea. I saw him stand motionless for a long time, and then I heard him call me. When I reached his side, I saw that he had been watching a light in the window of the white cottage. We heard the village bell in the distance striking nine.

"Charles," said Bingham, "suppose you go down there and make some offer of your services. God knows whom the poor creatures have to look to. She has had a couple of men thrust into her life. She must take the good with the bad."

I lingered a moment. "It 's a difficult task," I said. "What shall I say?"

Bingham silently puffed his cigar. He stood with his arms folded, and his head thrown back, slowly measuring the starry sky. "I wish she could come out here and look at that sky," he said at last. "It 's a sight for bereaved mothers. Somehow, my dear boy," he pursued, "I never felt less depressed in my life. It 's none of my doing."

"It would hardly do for me to tell her that," said I.

"I don't know," said Bingham. "This is n't an occasion for the exchange of compliments. I 'll tell you what you may tell her. I suppose they will have some funeral services within a day or two. Tell her that I should like very much to be present."

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I set off for the cottage. Its mistress in person introduced me into the little parlor.

"Well, sir?" she said, in hard, dry accents.

"I 've come," I answered, "to ask whether I can be of any assistance to Mrs. Hicks."

Miss Horner shook her head in a manner which deprived her negation of half its dignity. "What assistance is possible?" she asked.

"A man," said I, "may relieve a woman of certain cares —"

"O, men are a blessed set! You had better leave Mrs. Hicks to me."

"But will you at least tell me how she is, — if she has in any degree recovered herself?"

At this moment the door of the adjoining room was opened, and Mrs. Hicks stood on the threshold, bearing a lamp, — a graceful and pathetic figure. I now had occasion to observe that she was a woman of decided beauty. Her fair hair was drawn back into a single knot behind her head, and the lamplight deepened the pallor of her face and the darkness of her eyes. She wore a calico dressing-gown and a shawl.

"What do you wish?" she asked, in a voice clarified, if I may so express it, by long weeping.

"He wants to know whether he can be of any assistance," said the elder lady.

Mrs. Hicks glanced over her shoulder into the room she had left. "Would you like to look at the child?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Lucy!" cried Miss Horner.

I walked straight over to Mrs. Hicks, who turned and led the way to a little bed. My conductress raised her lamp aloft, and let the light fall gently on the little white-draped figure. Even the bandage about the child's head had not dispelled his short-lived prettiness. Heaven knows that to remain silent was easy enough; but Heaven knows, too, that to break the silence — and to break it as I broke it — was equally easy. "He must have been a very pretty child," I said.

"Yes, he was very pretty. He had black eyes. I don't know whether you noticed."

"No, I did n't notice," said I. "When is he to be buried?"

"The day after to-morrow. I am told that I shall be able to avoid an inquest."

"Mr. Bingham has attended to that," I said. And then I paused, revolving his petition.

But Mrs. Hicks anticipated it. "If you would like to be present at the funeral," she said, "you are welcome to come. — And so is your friend."

"Mr. Bingham bade me ask leave. There is a great deal that I should like to say to you for him," I added, "but I won't spoil it by trying. It 's his own business."

The young woman looked at me with her deep, dark eyes. "I pity him from my heart," she said, pressing her hands to her breast. "I had rather have my sorrow than his."

"They are pretty much one sorrow," I answered. "I don't see that you can divide it. You are two to bear it. Bingham is a wise, good fellow," I went on. "I have shared a great many joys with him. In Heaven's name," I cried, "don't bear hard on him!"

"How can I bear hard?" she asked, opening her arms and letting them drop. The movement was so deeply expressive of weakness and loneliness, that, feeling all power to reply stifled in a rush of compassion, I silently made my exit.

On the following day, Bingham and I went up to town, and on the third day returned in time for the funeral. Besides the two ladies, there was no one present but ourselves and the village minister, who of course spoke as briefly as decency allowed. He had accompanied the ladies in a carriage to the graveyard, while Bingham and I had come on foot. As we turned away from the grave, I saw my friend approach Mrs. Hicks. They stood talking beside the freshly-turned earth, while the minister and I attended Miss

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Horner to the carriage. After she had seated herself, I lingered at the door, exchanging sober commonplaces with the reverend gentleman. At last Mrs. Hicks followed us, leaning on Bingham's arm.

"Margaret," she said, "Mr. Bingham and I are going to stay here awhile. Mr. Bingham will walk home with me. I 'm *very* much obliged to you, Mr. Bland," she added, turning to the minister and extending her hand.

I bestowed upon my friend a glance which I felt to be half interrogative and half sympathetic. He gave me his hand, and answered the benediction by its pressure, while he answered the inquiry by his words. "If you are still disposed to go back to town this afternoon," he said, "you had better not wait for me. I may not have time to catch the boat."

I of course made no scruple of returning immediately to the city. Some ten days elapsed before I again saw Bingham; but I found my attention so deeply engrossed with work, that I scarcely measured the interval. At last, one morning, he came into my office.

"I take for granted," I said, "that you have not been all this time at B——."

"No; I 've been on my travels. I came to town the day after you came. I found at my rooms a letter from a lawyer in Baltimore, proposing the sale of some of my property there, and I seized upon it as an excuse for making a journey to that city. I felt the need of movement, of action of some kind. But when I reached Baltimore, I did n't even go to see my correspondent. I pushed on to Washington, walked about for thirty-six hours, and came home."

He had placed his arm on my desk, and stood supporting his head on his hand, with a look of great physical exhaustion.

"You look very tired," said I.

"I have n't slept," said he. "I had such a talk with that woman!"

"I 'm sorry that you should have felt the worse for it."

"I feel both the worse and the better. She talked about the child."

"It 's well for her," said I, "that she was able to do it."

"She was n't able, strictly speaking. She began calmly enough, but she very soon broke down."

"Did you see her again?"

"I called upon her the next day, to tell her that I was going to town, and to ask if I could be useful to her. But she seems to stand in perfect isolation. She assured me that she was in want of nothing."

"What sort of a woman does she seem to be, taking her in herself?"

"Bless your soul! I can't take her in herself!" cried Bingham, with some vehemence. "And yet, stay," he added; "she 's a very pleasing woman."

"She 's very pretty."

"Yes; she 's very pretty. In years, she 's little more than a young girl. In her ideas, she 's one of 'the people.'"

"It seems to me," said I, "that the frankness of her conduct toward you is very much to her credit.

"It does n't offend you, then?"

"Offend me? It gratifies me beyond measure."

"I think that, if you had seen her as I have seen her, it would interest you deeply. I 'm at a loss to determine whether it 's the result of great simplicity or great sagacity. Of course, it 's absurd to suppose that, ten days ago, it could have been the result of anything but a beautiful impulse. I think that to-morrow I shall again go down to B——."

I allowed Bingham time to have made his visit and to have brought me an account of his further impressions; but as three days went by without his reappearance, I called at his lodgings. He was still out of town. The fifth day, however, brought him again to my office.

"I 've been at B—— constantly," he said, "and I 've had several interviews with our friend."

"Well; how fares it?"

"It fares well. I 'm forcibly struck with her good sense. In matters of mind — in matters of soul, I may say — she has the touch of an angel, or

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rather the touch of a woman. That 's quite sufficient."

"Does she keep her composure?"

"Perfectly. You can imagine nothing simpler and less sentimental than her manner. She makes me forget myself most divinely. The child's death colors our talk; but it does n't confine or obstruct it. You see she has her religion: she can afford to be natural."

Weary as my friend looked, and shaken by his sudden subjection to care, it yet seemed to me, as he pronounced these words, that his eye had borrowed a purer light and his voice a fresher tone. In short, where I discerned it, how I detected it, I know not; but I felt that he carried a secret. He sat poking with his walking-stick at a nail in the carpet, with his eyes dropped. I saw about his mouth the faint promise of a distant smile, — a smile which six months would bring to maturity.

"George," said I, "I have a fancy."

He looked up. "What is it?"

"You 've lost your heart."

He stared a moment, with a sudden frown. "To whom?" he asked.

"To Mrs. Hicks."

With a frown, I say, but a frown that was as a smile to the effect of my rejoinder. He rose to his feet; all his color deserted his face and rushed to his eyes.

"I beg your pardon if I 'm wrong," I said.

Bingham had turned again from pale to crimson. "Don't beg *my* pardon," he cried. "You may say what you please. Beg *hers!*" he added, bitterly.

I resented the charge of injustice. "I 've done *her* no wrong!" I answered. "I have n't said," I went on with a certain gleeful sense that I was dealing with massive truths, — "I have n't said that she had lost her heart to you!"

"Good God, Charles!" cried Bingham, "what a horrid imagination you have!"

"I am not responsible for my imagination."

"Upon my soul, I hope *I* 'm not!" cried Bingham, passionately. "I have enough without that."

"George," I said, after a moment's reflection, "if I thought I had insulted you, I would make amends. But I have said nothing to be ashamed of. I believe that I have hit the truth. Your emotion proves it. I spoke hastily; but you must admit that, having caught a glimpse of the truth, I could n't stand indifferent to it."

"The truth! the truth! What truth?"

"Are n't you in love with Mrs. Hicks? Admit it like a man."

"Like a man! Like a brute. Have n't I done the woman wrong enough?"

"Quite enough, I hope."

"Have n't I turned her simple joys to bitterness?"

"I grant it."

"And now you want me to insult her by telling her that I love her?"

"I want you to tell her nothing. What you tell her is your own affair. Remember that, George. It 's as little mine as it is the rest of the world's."

Bingham stood listening, with a contracted brow and his hand grasping his stick. He walked to the dusty office-window and halted a moment, watching the great human throng in the street. Then he turned and came towards me. Suddenly he stopped short. "God forgive me!" he cried; "I believe I do love her."

The fountains of my soul were stirred. "Combining my own hasty impressions of Mrs. Hicks with yours, George," I said, "the consummation seems to me exquisitely natural."

It was in these simple words that we celebrated the sacred fact. It seemed as if, by tacit agreement, the evolution of this fact was result enough for a single interview.

A few days after this interview, in the evening, I called at Bingham's lodgings. His servant informed me that my friend was out of town, although he was unable to indicate his whereabouts. But as I turned away from the door a hack drew up, and the object of my quest descended, equipped with a trav-

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elling-bag. I went down and greeted him under the gas-lamp.

"Shall I go in with you?" I asked; "or shall I go my way?"

"You had better come in," said Bingham. "I have something to say. — I have been down to B——," he resumed, when the servant had left us alone in his sitting-room. His tone bore the least possible tinge of a confession; but of course it was not as a confessor that I listened.

"Well," said I, "how is our friend?"

"Our friend —" answered Bingham. "Will you have a cigar?"

"No, I thank you."

"Our friend — Ah, Charles, it 's a long story."

"I sha' n't mind that, if it 's an interesting one."

"To a certain extent it 's a painful one. It 's painful to come into collision with incurable vulgarity of feeling."

I was puzzled. "Has that been your fortune?" I asked.

"It has been my fortune to bring Mrs. Hicks into a great deal of trouble. The case, in three words, is this. Miss Horner has seen fit to resent, in no moderate terms, what she calls the 'extraordinary intimacy' existing between Mrs. Hicks and myself. Mrs. Hicks, as was perfectly natural, has resented her cousin's pretension to regulate her conduct. Her expression of this feeling has led to her expulsion from Miss Horner's house."

"Has she any other friend to turn to?"

"No one, except some relatives of her husband, who are very poor people, and of whom she wishes to ask no favors."

"Where has she placed herself?"

"She is in town. We came up together this afternoon. I went with her to some lodgings which she had formerly occupied, and which were fortunately vacant."

"I suppose it 's not to be regretted that she has left B——. She breaks with sad associations."

"Yes; but she renews them too, on coming to town."

"How so?"

"Why, damn it," said Bingham, with a tremor in his voice, "the woman is utterly poor."

"Has she no resources whatever?"

"A hundred dollars a year, I believe, — worse than nothing."

"Has she any marketable talents or accomplishments?"

"I believe she is up to some pitiful needle-work or other. Such a woman! O horrible world!"

"Does *she* say so?" I asked.

"She? No indeed. She thinks it 's all for the best. I suppose it is. But it seems but a bad best."

"I wonder," said I, after a pause, "whether I might see Mrs. Hicks. Do you think she would receive me?"

Bingham looked at me an instant keenly. "I suppose so," said he. "You can try."

"I shall go, not out of curiosity," I resumed, "but out of —"

"Out of what?"

"Well, in fine, I should like to see her again."

Bingham gave me Mrs. Hicks's address, and in the course of a few evenings I called upon her. I had abstained from bestowing a fine name upon the impulse which dictated this act; but I am nevertheless free to declare that kindliness and courtesy had a large part in it. Mrs. Hicks had taken up her residence in a plain, small house, in a decent by-street, where, upon presenting myself, I was ushered into a homely sitting-room (apparently her own), and left to await her coming. Her greeting was simple and cordial, and not untinged with a certain implication of gratitude. She had taken for granted, on my part, all possible sympathy and good-will; but as she had regarded me besides as a man of many cares, she had thought it improbable that we should meet again. It was no long time before I became conscious of that generous charm which Bingham had rigorously denominated her good-sense. Good-sense assuredly was there, but good-sense mated and prolific. Never had I seen,

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it seemed to me, as the moments elapsed, so exquisitely modest a use of such charming faculties, — an intelligence so sensible of its obligations and so indifferent to its privileges. It was obvious that she had been a woman of plain associations: her allusions were to homely facts, and her manner direct and unstudied; and yet, in spite of these limitations, it was equally obvious that she was a person to be neither patronized, dazzled, nor deluded. O the satisfaction which, in the course of that quiet dialogue, I took in this sweet infallibility! How it effaced her loneliness and poverty, and added dignity to her youth and beauty! It made her, potentially at least, a woman of the world. It was an anticipation of the self-possession, the wisdom, and perhaps even in some degree of the wit, which comes through the experience of society, — the result, on Mrs. Hicks's part, of I know not what hours of suffering, despondency, and self-dependence. With whatever intentions, therefore, I might have come before her, I should have found it impossible to address her as any other than an equal, and to regard her affliction as anything less than an absolute mystery. In fact, we hardly touched upon it; and it was only covertly that we alluded to Bingham's melancholy position. I will not deny that in a certain sense I regretted Mrs. Hicks's reserve. It is true that I had a very informal claim upon her confidence; but I had gone to her with a half-defined hope that this claim would be liberally interpreted. It was not even recognized; my vague intentions of counsel and assistance had lain undivined; and I departed with the impression that my social horizon had been considerably enlarged, but that my charity had by no means secured a pensioner.

Mrs. Hicks had given me permission to repeat my visit, and after the lapse of a fortnight I determined to do so. I had seen Bingham several times in the interval. He was of course much interested in my impressions of our friend; and I fancied that my admiration gave him even more pleasure than he allowed himself to express. On entering Mrs. Hicks's parlor a second time, I found him in person standing before the fireplace, and talking apparently with some vehemence to Mrs. Hicks, who sat listening on the sofa. Bingham turned impatiently to the door as I crossed the threshold, and Mrs. Hicks rose to welcome me with all due composure. I was nevertheless sensible that my entrance was ill-timed; yet a retreat was impossible. Bingham kept his place on the hearth-rug, and mechanically gave me his hand, — standing irresolute, as I thought, between annoyance and elation. The fact that I had interrupted a somewhat passionate interview was somehow so obvious, that, at the prompting of a very delicate feeling, Mrs. Hicks hastened to anticipate my apologies.

"Mr. Bingham was giving me a lecture," she said; and there was perhaps in her accent a faint suspicion of bitterness. "He will doubtless be glad of another auditor."

"No," said Bingham, "Charles is a better talker than listener. You shall have two lectures instead of one." He uttered this sally without even an attempt to smile.

"What is your subject?" said I. "Until I know that, I shall promise neither to talk nor to listen."

Bingham laid his hand on my arm. "He represents the world," he said, addressing our hostess. "You 're afraid of the world. There, make your appeal."

Mrs. Hicks stood silent a moment, with a contracted brow and a look of pain on her face. Then she turned to me with a half-smile. "I don't believe you represent the world," she said; "you are too good."

"She flatters you," said Bingham. "You wish to corrupt him, Mrs. Hicks."

Mrs. Hicks glanced for an instant from my friend to myself. There burned in her eyes a far-searching light, which consecrated the faint irony of the smile which played about her lips. "O you men!" she said, — "you are so wise, so deep!" It was on Bingham

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that her eyes rested last; but after a pause, extending her hand, she transferred them to me. "Mr. Bingham," she pursued, "seems to wish you to be admitted to our counsels. There is every reason why his friends should be my friends. You will be interested to know that he has asked me to be his wife."

"Have you given him an answer?" I asked.

"He was pressing me for an answer when you came in. He conceives me to have a great fear of the judgments of men, and he was saying very hard things about them. But they have very little, after all, to do with the matter. The world may heed it, that Mr. Bingham should marry Mrs. Hicks, but it will care very little whether or no Mrs. Hicks marries Mr. Bingham. You are the world, for me," she cried with beautiful inconsequence, turning to her suitor; "I know no other." She put out her hands, and he took them.

I am at a loss to express the condensed force of these rapid words, — the amount of passion, of reflection, of experience, which they seemed to embody. They were the simple utterance of a solemn and intelligent choice; and, as such, the whole phalanx of the Best Society assembled in judgment could not have done less than salute them. What honest George Bingham said, what I said, is of little account. The proper conclusion of my story lies in the highly dramatic fact that out of the depths of her bereavement — out of her loneliness and her pity — this richly gifted woman had emerged, responsive to the passion of him who had wronged her all but as deeply as he loved her. The reader will decide, I think, that this catastrophe offers as little occasion for smiles as for tears. My narrative is a piece of genuine prose.

It was not until six months had elapsed that Bingham's marriage took place. It has been a truly happy one. Mrs. Bingham is now, in the fulness of her bloom, with a single exception, the most charming woman I know. I have often assured her — once too often, possibly — that, thanks to that invaluable good-sense of hers, she is also the happiest. She has made a devoted wife; but — and in occasional moments of insight it has seemed to me that this portion of her fate is a delicate tribute to a fantastic principle of equity — she has never again become a mother. In saying that she has made a devoted wife, it may seem that I have written Bingham's own later history. Yet as the friend of his younger days, the comrade of his *belle jeunesse*, the partaker of his dreams, I would fain give him a sentence apart. What shall it be? He is a truly incorruptible soul; he is a confirmed philosopher; he has grown quite stout.

ON A MARBLE BY DUBOIS.

FOR ages in a trance she lay,
Hid in Carrara's hills from sight,
Till Genius tore the veil away,
And brought her to the eternal light.

As pure, the unsullied marble gives
Her sweet short life in spotless stone;
So truly, that again she lives,
And Love regenerate clasps its own.

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A GLIMPSE OF GENOA.

I TOOK my note-book with me on the journey which brought me to Genoa, and pledged myself to make notes in it. And, indeed, I did really do something of the kind, though the result of my labors is by no means so voluminous as I would like it to be, now when the work of wishing there were more notes is so easy. We spent but one day in Genoa, and I find such a marvellous succinct record of this in my book that I am tempted to give it here, after the fashion of that Historical Heavyweight who writes the Life of Frederick the Great.

"*Genoa, November* 13. — Breakfast *à la fourchette* excellently and cheaply. I buy a hat. We go to seek the Consul, and, after finding everything else for two hours, find him. Genoa is the most magnificent city I ever saw; and the new monument to Columbus about the weakest possible monument. Walk through the city with Consul; Doge's palace; cathedral; girl turning somersaults in the street; blind madman on the cathedral steps. We leave for Naples at twelve midnight."

As for the breakfast, it was eaten at one of the many good *cafés* in Genoa, and perhaps some statistician will like to know that for a beef-steak and potatoes, with a half-bottle of Ligurian wine, we paid a franc. For this money we had also the society of an unoccupied waiter, who leaned against a marble column and looked on, with that gentle, half-compassionate interest in our appetites which seems native to the tribe of waiters. A slight dash of surprise is in this professional manner; and there is a faint smile on the solemn professional countenance, which is perhaps prompted by too intimate knowledge of the mysteries of the kitchen and the habits of the cook. The man who passes his life among beef-steaks cannot be expected to love them, or to regard without wonder the avidity with which others devour them. I imagine that service in restaurants must beget simple and natural tastes in eating, and that the jaded men who minister there to our pampered appetites demand only for themselves

> "A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
> And water from the spring."

Turning from this thought to the purchase of my hat, I do not believe that literary art can interest the reader in that purely personal transaction, though I have no doubt that a great deal might be said about buying hats as a principle. I prefer, therefore, to pass to our search for the Consul.

A former Consul at ———, whom I know, has told me a good many stories about the pieces of popular mind which he received at different times from the travelling public, in reproof of his difficulty of discovery; and I think it must be one of the most jealously guarded rights of American citizens in foreign lands to declare the national representative hard to find, if there is no other complaint to lodge against him. It seems to be, in peculiar degree, a quality of consulship at ——— to be found remote and inaccessible. My friend says that even at New York, before setting out for his post, when inquiring into the history of his predecessors, he heard that they were one and all hard to find; and he relates that on the steamer, going over, there was a low fellow who set the table in a roar by a vulgar anecdote of this effect: —

"There was once a Consul at ——— who indicated his office-hours by the legend on his door, 'In from ten to one.' An old ship-captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding the Consul, at last furiously wrote, in the terms of wager, under this legend, 'Ten to one, you 're out!'"

My friend also states, that one day a visitor of his remarked: "I 'm rather surprised to find you in. As a general rule, I never do find consuls in." Ha-

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bitually, his fellow-countrymen entertained him with accounts of their misadventures in reaching him. It was useless to represent to them that his house was in the most convenient locality in ———, where, indeed, no stranger can walk twenty rods from his hotel without losing himself; that their guide was an ass, or their courier a rogue. They listened to him politely, but they never pardoned him in the least; and neither will I forgive the Consul at Genoa. I had no earthly consular business with him, but a private favor to ask. It was Sunday, and I could not reasonably expect to find him at his office, or anybody to tell me where he lived; but I have seldom had so keen a sense of personal wrong and national neglect as in my search for that Consul's house.

In Italy there is no species of fact with which any human being you meet will not pretend to have perfect acquaintance, and of course the driver whose fiacre we took professed himself a complete guide to the Consul's whereabouts, and took us successively to the residences of the consuls of all the South American republics. It occurred to me that it might be well to inquire of these officials where their colleague was to be found; but it is true that not one consul of them was at home! Their doors were opened by vacant old women, in whom a vague intelligence feebly guttered, like the wick of an expiring candle, and who, after feigning to throw floods of light on the object of my search, successively flickered out, and left me in total darkness.

Till that day, I never knew of what lofty flights stairs were capable. As out of doors, in Genoa, it is either all up or down hill, so in doors it is either all up or down stairs. Ascending and descending, in one palace after another, those infinite marble steps, it became a question not solved to this hour, whether it was worse to ascend or descend, — each ordeal in its turn seemed so much more terrible than the other.

At last I resolved to come to an understanding with the driver, and I spent what little breath I had left — it was dry and hot as the simoom — in blowing up that infamous man. "You are a great driver," I said, "not to know your own city. What are you good for, if you can't take a foreigner to his Consul's?" "Signore," answered the driver patiently, "you would have to get a book in two volumes by heart, in order to be able to find everybody in Genoa. This city is a labyrinth."

Truly, it had so proved, and I could scarcely believe in my good luck when I actually found my friend, and set out with him on a ramble through its toils.

A very great number of the streets in Genoa are footways merely, and these are as narrow, as dark, as full of jutting chimney-places, balconies, and opened window-shutters, and as picturesque, as the little alleys in Venice. They wander at will around the bases of the gloomy old stone palaces, and seem to have a vagabond fondness for creeping down to the port, and losing themselves there in a certain cavernous arcade which curves round the water with the flection of the shore, and makes itself a twilight at noonday. Under it are clangorous shops of iron-smiths, and sizzling shops of marine cooks, and, looking down its dim perspective, one beholds chiefly sea-legs coming and going, more or less affected by strong waters; and as the faces to which these sea-legs belong draw near, one discerns sailors from all parts of the world, — tawny men from Sicily and Norway, as diverse in their tawniness as olive and train oil; sharp faces from Nantucket and from the Piræus, likewise mightily different in their sharpness; blond Germans and blond Englishmen; and now and then a colored brother also in the seafaring line, with sea-legs, also, more or less affected by strong waters like the rest.

What curious people are these seafarers! They coast the whole world, and know nothing of it, being more ignorant and helpless than children, on shore. I spoke with the Yankee mate of a ship one day, at Venice and asked him how he liked the city.

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Well, he had not been ashore yet.

He was told he had better go ashore; that the Piazza San Marco was worth seeing.

Well, he knew it; he had seen pictures of it; but he guessed he would n't go ashore.

Why not, now he was here?

Well, he laid out to go ashore the next time he came to Venice.

And so, bless his honest soul, he lay three weeks at Venice with his ship, after a voyage of two months, and he sailed away without ever setting his foot on that enchanted ground.

I should have liked to stop some of those seafarers and ask them what they thought of Genoa.

It must have been in the little streets, impassable for horses, that the people sat and talked, as Heine fabled, in their doorways, and touched knees with the people sitting and talking on the thresholds of the opposite side. But we saw no gossipers there on our Sunday in Genoa; and I think the domestic race of Heine's day no longer lives in Genoa, for everybody we saw on the streets was gayly dressed in the idea of the last fashions, and was to be met chiefly in the public promenades. The fashions were French; but here still lingers the lovely phantom of the old national costume of Genoa, and, snow-white veils fluttered from many a dark head, and caressed many an olive cheek. It is the kindest and charitablest of attirements, this white veil, and, while decking beauty to the most perilous effect, befriends and modifies age and ugliness.

The pleasure with which I look at the splendor of an Italian crowd in winter is always touched with melancholy. I know that, at the time of its noonday promenade, it has nothing but a cup of coffee in its stomach; that it has emerged from a house as cold and dim as a cellar; and that it will presently go home to dine on rice and boiled beef. I know that chilblains secretly gnaw the hands inside of its kid gloves, and I see in the rawness of its faces the anguish of winter-long suffering from cold. But I also look at many in this crowd with the eye of the economist, and wonder how people practising even so great self-denial as they can contrive to make so much display on their little means, — how those clerks of public offices, who have rarely an income of five hundred dollars a year, can dress with such peerless gorgeousness. I suppose the national instinct teaches them ways and means unknown to us. The passion for dress is universal: the men are as fond of it as the women; and, happily, clothes are comparatively cheap. It is no great harm in itself, this display: it is only a pity that there is often nothing, or worse than nothing, under the shining surface.

We walked with the brilliant Genoese crowd upon the hill where the public promenade overlooks a landscape of city and country, houses and gardens, vines and olives, which it makes the heart ache to behold, it is so faultlessly beautiful. Behind us the fountain was

"Shaking its loosened silver in the sun";

the birds were singing; and there were innumerable fair girls going by, about whom one might have made romances if one had not known better. Our friend pointed out to us the "pink jail" in which Dickens lived while at Genoa, and showed us on the brow of a distant upland the villa, called *Il Paradiso*, which Byron had occupied. I dare say this Genoese joke is already in print: That the Devil re-entered Paradise when Byron took this villa. Though, in loveliest Italy, one is half persuaded that the Devil had never left Paradise.

After lingering a little longer on that delicious height, we turned and went down for a stroll through the city.

My note-book says that Genoa is the most magnificent city I ever saw, and I hold by my note-book, though I hardly know how to prove it. Venice is, and remains, the most beautiful city in the world; but her ancient rival impresses you with greater splendor. I suppose that the exclusively Renaissance architecture, which Ruskin declares the

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architecture of pride, lends itself powerfully to this effect in Genoa. It is here in its best mood, and there is little grotesque Renaissance to be seen, though the palaces are, as usual, loaded with ornament. The Via Nuova is the chief thoroughfare of the city, and the crowd pours through this avenue between long lines of palaces. Height on height rise the stately, sculptured façades, colonnaded, statued, pierced by mighty doorways and lofty windows; and the palaces seem to gain a kind of aristocratic *hauteur* from the fact that there are for the most part no sidewalks, and that the carriages, rolling insolently through the crowd, threaten constantly to grind the pedestrian up against their carven marbles, and immolate him to their stony pride. There is something gracious and gentle in the grandeur of Venice, and much that the heart loves to cling to; but in Genoa no sense of kindliness is touched by the magnificence of the city.

It was an unspeakable relief, after such a street, to come, on a sudden, upon the Duomo, one of the few Gothic buildings in Genoa, and rest our jaded eyes on that architecture which Heaven seems truly to have put into the thoughts of man together with the Christian faith. O beloved beauty of aspiring arches, of slender and clustered columns, of flowering capitals and window-traceries, of many-carven breadths and heights, wherein all nature breathes and blossoms again! There is neither Greek perfection, nor winning Byzantine languor, nor insolent Renaissance opulence, which may compare with this loveliness of yours! Alas that the interior of this Gothic temple of Genoa should abound in the abomination of rococo restoration! They say that the dust of St. John the Baptist lies there within a costly shrine; and I wonder that it can sleep in peace amid all that heathenish show of bad taste. But the poor saints have to suffer a great deal in Italy.

Outside, in the piazza before the church, there was an idle, cruel crowd, amusing itself with the efforts of a blind old man to find the entrance. He had a number of books which he desperately laid down while he ran his helpless hands over the clustered columns, and which he then desperately caught up again, in fear of losing them. At other times he paused, and wildly clasped his hands upon his eyes, or wildly threw up his arms; and then began to run to and fro again uneasily, while the crowd laughed and jeered. Doubtless a taint of madness afflicted him; but not the less he seemed the type of a blind soul that gropes darkly about through life, to find the doorway of some divine truth or beauty, — touched by the heavenly harmonies from within, and miserably failing, amid the scornful cries and bitter glee of those who have no will but to mock aspiration.

The girl turning somersaults in another place had far more popular sympathy than the blind madman at the temple door, but she was hardly a more cheerful spectacle. For all her festive spangles and fairy-like brevity of skirts, she had quite a work-a-day look upon her honest, blood-red face, as if this were business though it looked like sport, and her part of the diversion were as practical as that of the famous captain of the waiters, who gave the act of peeling a sack of potatoes a playful effect by standing on his head. The poor damsel was going over and over, to the sound of most dismal drumming and braying, in front of the immense old palace of the Genoese Doges, — a classic building, stilted on a rustic base, and quite worthy of Palladio, if anybody thinks that is praise.

There was little left of our day when we had dined; but having seen the outside of Genoa, and not hoping to see the inside, we found even this little heavy on our hands, and were glad as the hour drew near when we were to take the steamer for Naples.

It had been one of the noisiest days spent during several years in clamorous Italy, whose voiceful uproar strikes to the summits of her guardian Alps, and greets the coming stranger, and whose loud Addio would stun him at parting,

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if he had not meanwhile become habituated to the operatic pitch of her every-day tones. In Genoa, the hotels, taking counsel of the vagabond streets, stand about the cavernous arcade already mentioned, and all the noise of the shipping reaches their guests. We rose early that Sunday morning to the sound of a fleet unloading cargoes of wrought-iron, and of the hard swearing of all nations of seafaring men. The whole day long the tumult followed us, and seemed to culminate at last in the screams of a parrot, who thought it fine to cry, "*Piove! piove! piove!*" — "It rains! it rains! it rains!" — and had, no doubt, a secret interest in some umbrella-shop. This unprincipled bird dwelt somewhere in the neighborhood of the street where you see the awful tablet in the wall devoting to infamy the citizens of the old republic that were false to their country. The sight of that pitiless stone recalls with a thrill the picturesque, unhappy past, with all the wandering, half-benighted efforts of the people to rend their liberty from now a foreign and now a native lord. At best, they only knew how to avenge their wrongs; but now, let us hope, they have learnt, with all Italy, to prevent them. The will was never wanting of old to the Ligurian race, and in this time they have done their full share to establish Italian freedom.

I do not know why it should have been so surprising to hear the boatman who rowed us to the steamer's anchorage speak English; but, after his harsh Genoese profanity in getting his boat into open water, it was the last thing we expected from him. It had somehow the effect of a furious beast addressing you in your native tongue, and telling you it was "Wary poordy wedder"; and it made us cling to his good-nature with the trembling solicitude of Little Red-Riding-Hood, when she begins to have the first faint suspicions of her grandmother. However, our boatman was no wild beast, but took our six cents of *buonamano* with the base servility of a Christian man, when he had put our luggage in the cabin of the steamer. I wonder how he should have known us for Americans? He did so know us, and said he had been at New York in better days, when he voyaged upon higher seas than those he now navigated.

On board, we watched with compassion an old gentleman in the cabin making a hearty meal of sardines and fruit-pie, and I asked him if he had ever been at sea. No, he said. I could have wept over that innocent old gentleman's childlike confidence of appetite, and guileless trust of the deep.

We went on deck, where one of the gentle beings of our party declared that she would remain as long as Genoa was in sight; and to tell the truth, the scene was worthy of the promised devotion. There, in a half-circle before us, blazed the lights of the quay; above these twinkled the lamps of the steep streets and climbing palaces; over and behind all hung the darkness on the heights, — a sable cloud dotted with ruddy points of flame burning in the windows of invisible houses.

"Merrily did we drop"

down the bay, and presently caught the heavy swell of the open sea. The other gentle being of our party then clutched my shoulder with a dreadful shudder, and, after gasping, "O Mr. Scribbler, why *will* the ship roll so?" was meekly hurried below by her sister, who did not return for a last glimpse of Genoa the Proud.

In a moment heaven's sweet pity flapped away as with the sea-gull's wings, and I too felt that there was no help for it, and that I must go and lie down in the cabin. With anguished eyes I beheld upon the shelf opposite to mine the innocent old gentleman who had lately supped so confidently on sardines and fruit-pie. He lay upon his back, groaning softly to himself.

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RAGS.

EVERY guild has its principles, and the point of honor among the stationers of Boston was, never by any chance to be found in possession of the particular size of paper upon which alone it is possible for Miselle to write.

The struggle arising from this difference of opinion had been, like all wars of principle, bitter and protracted, but it terminated with a startling abruptness in the moment when a despairing stationer, driven to bay, turned upon his oppressor with the inquiry, "Had n't you better have your paper made to order?"

"Can one do that?" asked Miselle, incredulously.

"Certainly. There are paper-mills all over the State, and nothing would be easier than to send for some of just the right size," suggested the stationer, abating somewhat his look of terrified perplexity.

"My cousins in Dalton have paper-mills," whispered Miselle's companion, who, like the fairy Paribanou, possesses the admirable habit of always having in her pocket the article indispensable at that moment to the comfort of her friends, let that article be a threaded needle, a paper-mill, or a scrap of shrewd and kindly counsel.

"And how long will it take us to go to Dalton?"

"To go? Why, it is in the heart of the Berkshire Hills, a hundred and fifty miles from here," replied Paribanou, somewhat aghast.

"Charming! It is nice weather for the mountains, and just the time of the year for it to continue. When shall we start?"

"The next train for Albany leaves at half past two. It is now half past one," said Paribanou, examining her watch with quiet irony.

"I am ready," answered Miselle, settling her casaque and testing the security of her bonnet-strings.

"So shall I be — in a week," rejoined Paribanou, heroically; and upon the Monday following, Paribanou, with Miselle and the escort, took refuge from the east wind of a Bostonian May in the recesses of the Worcester Depot, whence at half past two of the clock they were whirled westward upon an Albany express train. Scenery, chat, the Railway Guide, and the luncheon-basket helped on the afternoon, until at sunset the little party grew suddenly quiet, travelled each on his own cloud into his own especial dream-land, nor returned until, at nine o'clock, the conductor slammed open the door to roar, "Dawltown!" with the nasal twang so dear to New England ears and tongues.

Breakfast over, next morning, the party set forth under conduct of the fair Territory, who led them by a winding path along the river-bank, and through the shadow of Semanthy Day's Mountain, and beside a copse wonderful with morning melody, to the bold curve of the Housatonic, where stand, beside their picturesque dam and foot-bridge, the Waconnah Paper-Works.

Superintending some workmen between the mill and the dwelling-house they found the proprietor, a fine-looking young man, who advanced to meet his guests with the soldierly step and bearing whose introduction among our people may be ranked as a blessing *per contra* to the penalties of war.

"Your cousin has served in the army, has he not?" inquired Miselle of Territory.

"O yes. He was a captain in the —th, and saw a good deal of service at Port Hudson and otherwheres," hastily replied the young lady; and then followed introductions, and an intimation that the visitors had come to the Waconnah Mills to be instructed in the whole art and mystery of paper-making.

The Captain, professing himself delighted at the interruption, gave a few hurried directions to his workmen, and

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led the way down a flight of undecided steps to a rambling pile of buildings, which he apologetically remarked were soon to be replaced by a larger and more substantial structure.

"You won't care to see the rags, I suppose?" suggested the Captain, pausing just within the door; but being assured that the neophytes desired to prove every point of the mystery by ocular and digital demonstration, he led the way at once to a loft extending over the entire building, and nearly filled with large bales, some compact, square, and firmly hooped with iron, others less exact in shape, and bound merely with ropes.

"These," said the Captain, bestowing a complimentary kick upon one of the iron-bound bales, "are Italian rags, mostly from Florence, and of prime quality, being pure linen and perfectly clean. A great many rags are imported from the Levant and the East; but we never use them, considering them inferior to these, which, indeed, are the best in the market."

While speaking, the Captain had cut a great gash in the outer covering of the bale, and, drawing out a tattered garment, held it up for inspection. It was the white jacket of a peasant, and Miselle, taking it in her hands, was rapt of a sudden in a vision of the Val d' Arno, with the Apennines behind, the Boboli Gardens, the Pitti Palace, the Duomo and Campanile, the Ponte Vecchio with its amphibious dwellings, the galleries, churches, palaces, piazzas, the blue Italian sky, the dreamy Italian air, — when the Captain's cheery voice broke upon her dream.

"These," indicating other bales, "are domestic cotton rags. Some are from Philadelphia and the South, some from our own State. This bale is from a shirt-factory, and is all new bits of bleached cloth, — very nice stock, too. Then here are old sails, bleached as white as snow, you see, by wind and rain, although they started on their voyage flax-colored. They would never have done for us then, if we could have got them, and, in fact, no new linen is serviceable; we prefer it worn considerably. It makes a smoother and finer paper after the fibre has been broken by use and the many scrubbings an old garment must have undergone. And now we will see the first process of turning rags into paper."

With these words, the Captain led the way to the other end of the loft, where, in a room partitioned off but not finished, stood several square frames, not unlike kitchen sinks, with a floor of coarse wire netting. Around the sides of these frames were set a number of scythe blades, with their edges turned inward; and behind each blade stood a young woman, her head swathed in a handkerchief, busily shredding handfuls of rags by drawing them down the keen edge of the scythe, the dust and finer particles falling through the wire floor, and the handful of shreds being thrown upon a heap behind the workwoman.

The air was heavy with dust; the women's clothes, faces, eyelashes, and even the backs of their hands were white with it; and Miselle, coughing and choking, asked a merry-looking damsel, "Is not this very unhealthy work?"

"Well, I don't know. It pays pretty well," was the philosophic reply.

"I thought rag-cutting was done by machinery in these days," pursued Miselle.

"So it is, in some mills; but our boss is very particular, he is," said the girl complacently. "Every seam and hem and patch has got to be ripped up, so that the dirt underneath may soak out in the bleach; and every button and string must be cut off, and any piece that 's badly stained thrown out. You won't find machines to do all that till they have eyes and fingers as well as knives."

The proposition was suggestive, and while pondering it, Miselle, groping among the rags, came upon a baby's frock, tattered, but still rich with lavish embroideries.

"Do you often find such pretty things as this?" asked she, holding it up.

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"O yes! We get baby-clothes, and dead folks' clothes, and all that comes between. I tell the girls, sometimes, that working in a rag-room is most as bad as working in a graveyard," said the cheery young woman, shredding up a bit of lace which might once have been a bridal veil.

"There 's a silk handkerchief," said the Captain. "Now I dare say you fancy, like most ladies, that the thin paper so much in fashion now is made of silk, don't you?"

"I confess that I have been so informed."

"Well, it is not true. Silk won't make paper. No more will woollen, although a small portion of either may be dusted in, without doing any particular harm. They used, for instance, to mix a small proportion of colored silk, bandanna handkerchiefs mostly, with the stuff for bank-note paper. It gave a peculiar complexion, and was a preventive against counterfeits; but, bless my soul! I should like to see any man make paper of all silk, or half or three quarters silk! It 's no more than pepper in a soup, — flavor, but not stock."

"The nicest paper is made wholly of linen, then?" asked Miselle, as the party left the dusty loft and descended the stairs.

"There, again," replied the Captain, with his cheery smile, "is another almost universal mistake. Paper is, to be sure, made wholly of linen, but is used for hardly anything except bank-notes and bonds. It is very thin and strong, and wears a great while, but is so stiff and crackly as to be quite unfit for ordinary purposes. Our 'stuff' is composed of one third linen to two thirds of the best cotton rags, all pure white, and all perfectly clean when they come to us, so that they do not need the dusting after shredding which is given to poorer stock. From the rag-room up stairs, the shreds are dropped through a trap into the lime-bleach vats, which we shall find in here."

He laid his hand upon the latch of a blackened door, but Miselle detained him. "I thought, at least I have been told, that any rags, colored or dirty or woollen, — anything which had been woven, — could be made into paper."

"And so they can," replied the Captain patiently. "And very good paper for certain purposes, but not such paper as we make, — not first-class writing-paper. There are papers in the market, made, not of colored and dirty rags only, but of straw, wood, corn-husks, life-everlasting, and other weeds, — of hemp, tow, and flax. Almost anything possessing vegetable fibre, in short, can be, and has been, made into paper of one sort or another."

So saying, the Captain raised the latch, and ushered his guests into a steam-bath redolent of chlorine. Through the reek loomed sundry vast tubs, closed at the top, but oozing at every pore and crevice with a scalding vapor, highly suggestive as to odor of the disinfectants scattered about a hospital. Through this steam-fog rose the figure of the Captain, serene and spectral, his hand upon the side of one of the oozy caldrons.

"These are the lime-bleach vats," said he, "and here the rags are boiled, or rather steamed, at a temperature considerably above the boiling-point, in a solution of lime, for about ten hours. By that time they are 'done' very tender, and all stains or yellowness discharged. From these vats they are wheeled in barrows to the engine-room, in here."

He opened a door, and the visitors, hastening to escape, passed into a cooler atmosphere, wiped their eyes, and saw before them a large room occupied by half a dozen circular tanks or baths, filled with a mixture which in one looked like rice and milk, in another like an incipient bread-pudding, and in another like a family wash after an unusual course of rubbing-board, pounding-stick, and Hibernian muscle. Yet another was empty, and beside it a workman had just set down a barrow filled apparently with drowned white kittens. Toward this barrow the Captain led his pupils, saying: "In these engines are the rags at various stages

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of their progress toward pulp, or 'stuff,' as it is technically called. These in the barrow are just from the lime bleach, and we will see the beginning of their journey through the engines. Pitch away, Bill!"

Bill obeyed the command with zeal; and in a few moments the contents of the barrow were transferred to the engine, the water let on, and the machinery set in motion.

From a post in the middle of the engine extended to its opposite sides, on the one hand, a roller armed with razor-like blades; on the other, a drum cylinder covered with wire gauze. At the upper end a pipe admitted a stream of pure water; and, as the armed roller rapidly revolved, it drew beneath it the mass of moistened rags which escaped at the other side, mere shreds and fragments of what they had been. Passing round to the other side of the engine, the shredded rags encountered the cylinder, which, dipping a few inches below the surface at each revolution, sucked away the foul water, and swept the solid matter on to be again mixed with the pure stream, and again pass beneath the knives of the roller.

"We are very proud of our spring water," said the Captain, catching a little in his hand and shaking it off, sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine. "And nothing is more important in the manufacture of paper than a supply of perfectly pure water. My neighbors have an Artesian well, but I do not like it. The water is more or less impregnated with mineral matter, and it must affect the color of the paper. This now is as colorless, as tasteless, and as vitalizing as the air of our Berkshire hills. Yes," he continued, "pure water is to paper what strength is to a man or modesty to a woman, and there is no fairer water in the world than the spring which feeds the Waconnah Mills."

Smiling at the touch of fancy, the realistic Miselle drew him back to the point of fact. "How long must the rags remain in the engine?"

"Six hours, as you see them now, ground all the time beneath these knives, and washed in a constant stream of water. After that, the water will be turned off, the exhausting cylinder raised, and a certain amount of chemicals mixed with the pulp. In this mixture it will lie for three hours, when the water will be let on, the exhauster thrown into gear, and the chemicals thoroughly washed out. This will take another hour. The water will be again shut off, and the pulp ground and beat and slashed by the roller for six hours longer. So, you see, we get altogether sixteen hours in the engine, by which time the 'stuff' is in this condition."

The Captain pointed, as he spoke, to the vat containing the rice-and-milk compound, which a workman had been for some moments inspecting. As the party approached, he was bringing from the filtering aqueduct at the side of the room a basin half filled with water, into which he deftly scooped a portion of the stuff in the vat. This, mingling with the water, turned it of a milky hue, but left no substance visible except a few short and broken fibres.

"He is trying the stuff to see if it is ready to draw off," explained the Captain. "How is it, Smith?"

"All right, sir," — and Smith, stopping the machinery, proceeded to open a valve trap in the bottom of the engine, through which the stuff escaped in a mimic maelstrom.

"We will follow it down, although not by the same road," suggested the Captain; and down a flight of feeble-minded steps the visitors were brought to the abode of The Machine, the wonderful Fourdrinier Machine, which at one end receives the "stuff" fresh from the engine, and in a few moments delivers it at the other in sheets of wire-wove, laid, or fancy letter-paper.

The Captain led the way to the head of the whirling, steaming, clattering monster, and pointed to a square metal box, very like that usually suspended over a bathing-tub.

"You remember," said he, "that from the engine the pulp is let off into a great vat called the stuff-chest, just under-

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neath the engine-room. From this vat it is pumped up into this box, diluted with a considerable addition of water, and is then fed to the machine, as you see."

Pointing as he spoke, the Captain showed how a stream of pulp, thinned to the color and consistency of city milk, flowed from a pipe at the bottom of the iron box, and spread itself first over a frame set with horizontal slats perhaps an inch in depth, and then fell upon, and disappeared through, a fine brass sieve of peculiar construction.

"Both these are preparatory operations," resumed the Captain. "The grooves between the slats are intended to catch any particles of sand, or metals from the chemicals, possibly lingering in the stuff, and the brass sieve, as you call it, is to strain out any clots or threads, or substance of that sort, which may have escaped the engine. Its principal use, however, is to keep back the knots made by sempstresses at the ends of their thread. These, often made of waxed thread, are insoluble by the agents used for the rest of the material, and, if allowed to remain in the stuff, occasion the little lumps upon which it is so provoking to catch your pen when writing rapidly. From the box beneath the sieve, the stuff, as you see, falls upon this endless belt of wire gauze, which is in fact about thirty feet long, the 'endlessness' only referring to its circular shape. This belt, as you will notice, has a constant motion, not only onward, but from side to side, thus giving the pulp which covers it, and is prevented from running off by these strips of woollen at the sides, two distinct impulses, the one lateral and the other longitudinal, and weaving the fibre afresh into a sort of cloth, or rather felt, while at the same time it drains it of a portion of the water with which it has just been diluted. Stoop down, and you will see what a rain-storm is going on underneath."

The pupils obediently stooped, and saw, between the belt of wire cloth and a trough some inches below, a pattering fall of drops round and heavy as those which presage a thunder-shower.

"You will perceive," continued the Captain, "that, as the pulp travels down the belt, it becomes gradually more opaque and firmer in its consistency; but here you will see a more sudden alteration."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a stripe across the sheet of pulp, about six inches in width, where the material suddenly underwent a striking change from watery indecision to consistent self-assertion. A few inches farther on was another stripe of the same sort; and the Captain explained that these were suction-boxes, exhausted of air by means of a steam-pump, and therefore greedily dragging down the water still remaining in the pulp, to supply the abhorred vacuum. Between these boxes slowly revolved a hollow cylinder covered with a wire gauze divided by parallel bars into stripes of about an inch in width.

"This," said the Captain, "is the dandy-roll, but why so called, please don't ask, for I don't know. Its use, however, is to print in the semi-fluid pulp, or paper, as you may now call it, those lines distinguishing it as 'laid,' or 'wire-wove,' or 'fancy.' In fact, any sort of water-mark desired may be put in at this stage, and we have as many dandy-rolls as we make different patterns of paper. Some customers fancy having their own names and places of business put on their paper in this way, and in that case they provide their own dandy-rolls. And now you see our rags from pulp have been converted, since passing that last suction-box, into undeniable paper, very moist and unsubstantial, to be sure, but possessing texture and fibre, and ready to slide from off the wire gauze upon this second endless belt of thick felt, which carries it tenderly along until it is suddenly caught between these two great cylinders, called press-rolls, which squeeze and dry and consolidate it, until, after passing through all four sets, it is ready to say good-by to the felt which has brought it thus far; and, stretching across this little interval, it goes on all by itself to the hot cylin-

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ders, great iron drums heated within by steam, and through these — eight there are of them — it winds in and out."

"In a regular Greek trimming pattern," murmured Miselle.

"Very likely; all trimmings are Greek to me," assented the Captain. "And now you see the belt of paper has gone through all the cylinders, and, in passing over this iron bar, is cut lengthwise by sharp knives into strips of the right width for a sheet of letter-paper. Of course, the knives can be altered to any desired width; but this is the regular size. From this bar the paper travels down, as you see, into a trough of sizing made of the same material as the gelatine used for calf's-foot jelly, and then through this final set of rollers, which press it nearly dry again, but not quite, for if all the moisture was removed so suddenly, the paper would be warped and uneven. At the end of all, this revolving cylinder, set with a horizontal blade, clips the strips into sheets of the proper size; and this apparatus, called a lay-boy, takes them almost as if with hands and hangs them over this frame, ready to be carried to the drying-room. And so we have fairly made our rags into paper, and now have only to finish it."

With a last affectionate and comprehensive glance at the beloved monster, the Captain led the way, up two flights of stairs, to a large hall called the drying-room, where were erected whole groves of parallel bars, like the drying-room of a laundry.

Upon these bars were hung the sheets of damp paper, two or three together, the edges of each group slightly overlapping the rest, so that, as presently shown, the entire contents of a bar might be swept together and removed at a single motion.

"The paper hangs here for four days, and by that time is thoroughly dry. The same effect could be produced in four minutes by hot cylinders, but the paper would show the difference," said the Captain, leading his guests from the drying to the finishing room, — a large, cheerful hall, with the sun streaming in at its open windows, pots of plants, little pictures, and mirrors over the various work-benches, and just outside the merry river and the blithe summer day.

Here the first process is to press the paper, now quite dry, for some hours in an hydraulic press, from which it emerges smooth, but lustreless. It is next passed up in large masses to a young woman who, sitting ensconced in a sort of bower near the top of the room, strongly reminds one of the Fate Lady at a fair. From this bower to the floor extends a series of rollers, some of iron, some of consolidated paper, incredibly hard and smooth. Between the two uppermost of these rollers the Fate Lady inserts the edge of a sheet of paper, which immediately proves the "Facilis descensus" by darting down between all the various rollers to the bottom, where, hot, shining, and smooth as glass, it is seized by another young woman and laid upon a pile, where it may repose for a while, unless, indeed, it is intended to be a very super-extra style of paper, in which case it is carried up and sent down again.

This process is called "calendering," and the paper is thereafter trimmed in large masses under a powerful guillotine, and then carried to the ruling-machine, where sit two other young women, one at either end, the first feeding the machine with single sheets, — which pass through rollers and beneath a bar set with pens arranged at such width as is required, and fed with ink from a little trough above, — and the other removing them when finished.

From the ruling-machine the paper is taken to a long bench, where the expert fingers and eyes of the assorters whisk it over, sheet by sheet, detecting the slightest imperfection, and dividing it into three qualities, of which the second is nearly as good as the first, and the third by no means bad.

The faultless sheets are next passed on to the "folder," who, laying a pile before her, inserts the fingers of her left hand between the edges, and, grasp-

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ing with a dexterous twist exactly six between each two fingers, lays the twenty-four sheets aside, thus counting them into quires almost as fast as they could be handled without counting.

Having a sufficient number of quires laid ready, the folder places beneath her right palm a block of hard wood, retained in position by a strap going over the back of the hand; and then, with her left hand picking up and doubling each quire, she gives it at the fold a downward and upward rub with the smoother, tossing it aside the next instant as accurately and sharply folded as if an hour had been given to the operation.

"The next process," resumes the Captain, "is stamping; and this is a more important matter than perhaps you would imagine; — that is, in the way of a test, — for it is only on our very best paper that we allow the name of the firm, or even of the mills, to appear. The second quality is decorated with an eagle, or the Capitol, or 'Ne plus ultra,' or some one of a dozen designs kept for the purpose, while the third quality is not stamped at all, but just sold anonymously. Here is the stamping-bench."

He paused, as he spoke, behind a young girl, who, with demure unconsciousness, continued her task of feeding one quire after another to a leisurely but implacable sort of hammer, working steadily up and down, and at every downward stroke smiting with a cruel craunch upon the quire held ready. The girl immediately withdrew this and substituted another, never pausing until the pile at her left hand had been all transferred to her right.

From her, Miselle went to look at another pretty girl folding half-ream packages of paper in gayly printed covers, sealing the ends, and stacking them, when finished, upon a bench beside her, to be presently carried away and boxed for transportation.

"And now, I believe," said the Captain, "you have seen the entire process, and are competent to become passed paperwrights on your own account. Next let me show you my house and my wife."

But although the cheerful house and pretty bride were pleasant things to see, as was also the Captain's dinted sword slung from deer's antlers in the hall, our affair is not with these, but rather with the Collar-paper Factory, owned by another of the fair Territory's relatives, to which she presently brought her guests, and where they learned that Columbia wears about her neck annually nearly as many reams of paper as she uses to write upon, and that this collar-paper may be made of stock much inferior to that employed for letter-paper, the rags being of all colors and qualities, including some woollen and a considerable amount of old paper. After being assorted and shredded in a machine resembling a hay-cutter, these rags are placed in a large wooden cylinder covered with wire gauze, and whirled violently round for some time to remove the dust and lint adhering to them. Afterwards, they are subjected to nearly the same process as the stock for letter-paper, the principal point of difference being, that, after a certain "period" in the engine, the pulp is removed to large stone pits called draining vats, and there lies under the influence of certain strong chemicals for a considerable time, the object being both to destroy the texture and to discharge the colors of the multifarious mass.

In the Collar-paper Manufactory, the visitors were introduced, not only to their old friend, the Fourdrinier, but to his elder brother, the Cylinder Machine. In this, the pulp, when first drawn from the stuff-chest, is carried into a large trough, in which is partially immersed a ribbed cylinder covered with wire cloth. As the cylinder revolves in the mass of pulp, it takes up a thin coat of fibre, the water draining through into the interior of the drum, whence it is conducted away; and this coating of fibre, suddenly as it is formed, is in fact paper, sufficiently strong, by the time the cylinder has completed its revolution, to be transferred to a felt

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belting, on which it is carried through nearly the same system of rollers and hot cylinders as in the Fourdrinier machine, the great difference being that, as the cylinder has no lateral motion, the fibre of the paper made upon it lies entirely in one direction, and the fabric is not nearly so strong as that made upon the Fourdrinier system. It is now seldom used as letter or printing paper.

Finally, the travellers were informed that American paper commands a higher price than any other in the market, and that much of the French and English note-paper so extensively sold is made in American mills, of inferior stock, stamped with a fancy mark, and sold at less price than that bearing the manufacturer's own name. In fact, the foreign manufacturers can only compete with the American in price, through favor of their cheap labor, fuel, and chemicals, their processes and machinery being far inferior to ours.

And so, after several breezy drives, and a little sight-seeing in other directions beside paper-mills, our travellers bade good-by to their kind hostess and the fair Territory, confided a huge package of paper of "just the right size" to Adams's Express, and found themselves again upon the world for entertainment.

THE TRUE PROBLEM.

THE difficulties attending the problem of reconstruction are so great, and the necessity of doing something is apparently so pressing, that many well-meaning people, in their eager anxiety to accomplish immediate results, are but too apt to forget the future which lies behind the next two or three Presidential elections. That our civil war was a great political and social revolution, and that the Republic of the United States has entered upon a new era in her development, are truths for the statement of which no man can at the present time claim any merit of originality. They are denied only by those who desire to strip our victory over the Rebellion of its most valuable results, and to preserve those elements of strife and disintegration which, had not the Northern people been true to their mission, would have ended the history of this Republic at a moment when the fundamental principles of our democratic system of government were on the point of rising from the level of mere abstraction to that of living reality. The changes which the great Revolution has wrought in the organism of the Republic stand in so strong a contrast to the constitutional ideas generally accepted before this period that, as soon as the moment had arrived for drawing up the balance-sheet of the past and tracing a new channel for our future career, a corresponding modification of our fundamental laws was pointed out by the unerring instinct of the popular mind as an absolute necessity. The abolition of slavery was accordingly sanctioned by an amendment to the Constitution. But no thinking man could fail to perceive that this mere negative step was far from completing the transformation of a community consisting of masters and bondmen into a community of citizens equal before the law. Measures of a more thorough-going character were felt to be necessary to prevent American society from relapsing into those antagonisms between the vital principles of democratic government and anomalous social and political institutions, which in our past history had wrought so much danger and disaster. A new constitutional basis had to be found for the develop-

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ment of the Republic, broad enough for whatever increase of population and diversity of interests the future might bring us, and strong enough to stand above the danger of being subverted by local hostility or any combination of perverse aspirations. And this was, and is now, the true problem to be solved by what is commonly called the work of reconstruction.

The Republican majority in Congress applied itself to the task. Had they not found in their way a President who, with the maturest incapacity to understand the great tendencies of the times, unites an almost idiotic ambition to control them by autocratic action, and with the temper of a despot the profligate unscrupulousness of a demagogue, the Republicans would probably have acted upon their true instincts with boldness and consistency. But their situation was full of embarrassments. Their continuance in power was felt to be necessary to save the most important results of the war. They were threatened in front and rear by the Northern allies of the South, and a President whom they themselves had put upon the road to power. The danger appeared, perhaps, greater than it really was, and, in order to save their ascendency, and with it the power of doing better in the future, the Republicans in Congress made a compromise with the traditional prejudices of the people, to which the President and his followers were artfully appealing. Andrew Johnson failed in defeating the Republican party before the people, but in the struggle for power he succeeded in forcing it to content itself for the time with a mere expedient. The result was the Constitutional Amendment now submitted to the State Legislatures for ratification.

The third and fourth sections of that Amendment, excluding certain classes of Rebels from office, and confirming the validity of the national debt, are only of temporary value, and have no bearing upon the great principles which are to govern the future development of the Republic. The first, intended to engraft the main provisions of the Civil Rights Act upon the Constitution, throws the shield of the national authority over those rights of the emancipated slave, the denial of which would virtually reduce him to his former condition, and forms thus a necessary complement of the abolition of slavery. But only the second section of the amendment, restricting the basis of representation in those States which exclude the colored race from the elective franchise, touches the great question of the source of political power in our system of government. It touches it only to leave it unsolved. And just there is the pivot upon which the whole problem of our day turns.

In our political discussions we have fallen into the habit of speaking much of loyalty and disloyalty, as if disloyalty were a primitive and independent condition of a man's mind or heart. But it is only the symptom of a distemper, not the distemper itself. The cause of Southern disloyalty must be obvious to every thinking observer. It consisted in this, that in the South there existed peculiar institutions and interests which were antagonistic to the fundamental principles of our system of democratic government, and that the Southern people cherished those peculiar institutions and interests far above those which they had in common with the rest of the American people. And why was not disloyalty eradicated by the mere abolition of slavery? Simply because the habits of life and modes of thinking connected with slavery have not yet completely yielded to the habits of life and modes of thinking characteristic of free-labor society; because the Southern people, deluded by false hopes, are still struggling to restore as much as possible of the old order of things, instead of devoting their energies to a prompt and vigorous development of the new one; in other words, because the revolution, in its constructive phase, is not yet fully accomplished. As soon as the South, in obedience to recognized necessity, shall thus have fulfilled in her social and political organi-

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zation all those conditions which form the basis of free-labor society, and as soon as the status of all classes of the Southern people shall be unalterably fixed in harmony with the ruling principles of our democratic system of government, we need no longer distress ourselves about their disloyalty. Loyalty will then become as natural to them as it is to us now.

A great social revolution, like the abolition of slavery and the substitution for it of free-labor society, can be carried through only in two ways. Either the power which has originated it must keep entire control of its development until it is completed and firmly established in all its results, or the emancipated class must be endowed with political rights sufficient to enable it to protect itself. There is no third method. The Czar of Russia, when emancipating the serfs, naturally adopted the former. He issued and enforced by his imperial authority all the decrees necessary for arranging and defining the status of the emancipated class, and held the whole development of the great reform in his powerful hand. This was entirely in accordance with the principles of the Russian government, but it would not be in harmony with the genius of our institutions. We may, indeed, by the direct action of our general government, remove the most dangerous obstacles standing in the way of the ends to be attained; but we cannot long continue to control the great transformation in all its details, without seriously changing the character of our governmental system. Whatever the Republicans may attempt to do during this period of transition, which is naturally somewhat revolutionary in its character, they must, while in power, take into consideration the possibility of losing it, and prepare for turning over the matter to the regular operations of self-government. Here the alternative appears, of either abandoning the results of the social revolution to the almost exclusive control of the Southern whites, which would be absurd as well as criminal, or of investing the emancipated class with the political power enabling it to protect itself, and to co-operate in the control of the revolutionary results. In a government founded upon suffrage, this power can consist only in the right of voting; and it is obvious that the addition to the number of freemen and citizens brought about by emancipation must necessarily be accompanied with a corresponding enlargement of the democratic basis of our government.

In this respect the plan laid down by Congress in the second section of the Constitutional Amendment falls lamentably short of the exigencies of the case. It provides, indeed, that when in any State a class of citizens is excluded from the exercise of political rights, those excluding it shall not have the privilege of using it as a source of political power; but it does not provide that no class of citizens shall be excluded from political rights. It provides, indeed, that if the South wrongs the negro, the act shall result in a curtailment of Southern, and an increase of Northern, power in the national government; but it fails to establish the great principle, that in every State all the citizens must have the political means wherewith to make their rights respected. It provides, indeed, that no State may establish a government of classes with impunity, but it fails to provide that no State shall establish a government of classes at all. It indeed stigmatizes the arbitrary disfranchisement of millions of citizens with the disapprobation of Congress; but in recognizing the right of States to disfranchise citizens, it fails to lay down the great rule, the necessity of whose observance was proved by the Rebellion, that no State shall be recognized as truly republican whose organization does not rest upon a truly democratic basis, in harmony with the fundamental principles of our political organism. However serviceable it may have been as a makeshift, it is worth nothing as the basis of reconstruction.

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That the intentions of those who passed it were good, we have no reason to doubt; but that these good intentions will go for nothing in the final result is hardly less doubtful. Many of the Republicans who voted for the Constitutional Amendment may have thought to arrive at universal suffrage by a circuitous route. But they forgot that the route might be so circuitous as to lead around the end, but not to it. Will not the Southern people be loath to suffer so heavy a reduction of their Congressional representation? No doubt they will. And will they not be willing to do something to avert so undesirable a result? Certainly. But whether they will accept the alternative presented by the Constitutional Amendment, and admit the negro to the ballot-box, is another question. It may turn out that the proposed effect of the Constitutional Amendment can be evaded. Already we learn that the public whipping of negroes for paltry offences is carried on in North Carolina on a large scale, for the reason that by the laws of that State every man who has been publicly whipped is excluded from the right of voting; so that, if equal suffrage should be imposed upon that State by the Constitutional Amendment, or other legislation not sufficiently guarded, a large proportion of the colored population would find itself disfranchised by the mere infliction of a barbarous punishment. How much time it would require thus to disfranchise every negro in the State is a mere arithmetical problem for the consciences of slavery-loving and negro-hating juries; and judges would probably not obstruct the operation. If the impartiality of such laws were questioned, they might go so far as to pick out here and there a worthless white vagabond, or perhaps an obnoxious Abolitionist, for the whipping-post.

But it may be said that such an evasion may be frustrated by Congressional legislation. We will admit this for argument's sake. But may not other tricks be invented leading to new perplexities? And even if the most ingenious contrivances could be overcome by the untiring watchfulness of a Republican Congress, is it so certain that the control of the national legislature will never fall into the hands of a party inclined to wink at them, and to favor a reaction against the results of the war? And even if such a danger could be averted for many years to come, do not the Southern States still remain free to submit rather to a curtailment of their representation than to the enfranchisement of the colored race? Is it not just possible, nay, even probable, that they will rather be satisfied with the reduced political power they are sure to wield themselves, than, by endeavoring to enlarge it, to put the whole at the mercy of the colored vote? Will not three votes in Congress controlled by the whites exclusively be far more satisfactory to the aristocracy of South Carolina and their followers, than five or six controlled either wholly or in part by their late slaves? Is it well, then, that the completion of the great reform should be made dependent upon the will of those who once already have carried on the most reckless war against the vital ideas of the age?

From whatever point of view we may look at it, the Constitutional Amendment, as it stands, is rather calculated to complicate the problem than to solve it; and its worst feature is, that, by implication, it recognizes the right of a State to maintain an undemocratic government, instead of making it obligatory on all to harmonize their institutions with the fundamental principles upon which the political system of the Republic rests.

The question whether Congress has, under the Constitution, the right to regulate the franchise in the several States, has been ably argued in favor of the proposition. But, whatever may be said, it is certain that the uniform practice of the government is an almost insuperable argument against the assumption. It is true, there is a clause in the Constitution which, if we could

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disconnect it from all historical precedent, and consider it as an isolated and independent proposition, would seem to affirm the right of the supreme law-giving authority of the Republic to say how far the right of suffrage in the States must be extended, and how far it may be restricted. It is this: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." What is a republican government? In answering this question upon its own merits, we should find it needless to consider what a republican government may have been understood to mean centuries ago; we should govern ourselves by the lights of to-day, and say that modern republicanism is democratic republicanism, — a government which, in all its ramifications, derives its powers from the suffrages of the people. The duty of the United States to guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government might then justly be argued to include the duty of seeing to it that each State, in the regulation of the franchise, complied with all the conditions of true democratic republicanism. But our history is against this interpretation. There is no precedent from which it could derive any strength. That the republican theory was fallacious where slavery existed, was already observed by Madison; but the idea of abolishing slavery by Federal action, on the ground that the constitutional duty of guaranteeing a republican form of government to every State must be fulfilled, was never countenanced by an American Congress. That most unrepublican institution of slavery was suffered to exist, and the words of the Constitution were accepted as meaning only that no State should be permitted to have a non-elective head. Nor is it probable that the judicial branch of the national government, which still delights in incasing itself in walls of musty precedents, impervious to the sunlight of a new era, will, as at present constituted, sanction a construction more in accordance with the requirements of the times.

And yet nothing can be clearer than that the constitutional provision above quoted ought to mean something more. If the United States are to be a republic in the true sense of the word, they must be composed of none but truly republican parts. If the Republic of the United States is to be an harmonious whole, its central organ must have the power, as well as the duty, to guarantee to the people of the different States local governments republican not only in form, but republican in spirit, — in harmony with the principles underlying the whole political structure. And if the Constitution, according to the accepted construction, does not give the general government the power to enforce that guaranty, it is a defect, an incongruity in our constitutional system, which ought to be remedied in a manner so clear that even the Supreme Court cannot explain it away. In one word, the national Constitution must make it binding upon every State to comply with certain requirements without the fulfilment of which no government can have a truly democratic republican character.

There are two things which must be considered the main pillars of democratic republican institutions, — self-government on the broadest basis, exercised by suffrage, and popular instruction. The two serve as complements to one another. Self-government making it the duty as well as the privilege of the citizen to take part in the administration of public affairs, and thus inducing him to give his attention to matters outside of the narrow circle of his domestic concerns, is an incitement to mental activity and the acquisition of knowledge, while popular instruction, in its turn, fits the people for an intelligent exercise of the functions of self-government. Without the latter, the former would lack its most potent stimulus; without the former, the operations of the latter would be clumsy and erratic. To give these progressive forces their full effect, it is essential that their enjoyment should not be restricted beyond what is demanded by the nature of things. Human reason

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can devise no argument to justify the exclusion of any human being from the benefits of education; and as to the right of voting, by which self-government is exercised, no restrictions should be imposed which cannot easily be overcome by means placed within the reach of every man. These are the fundamental conditions of democratic republicanism according to the enlightened philosophy of this age, and they are the life-element of American civilization; and just these are the points upon which the duty of the United States to guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government should be made to bear.

In order to accomplish this, an article should be added to the Constitution embodying the following features: that no State shall impose restrictions upon the right of voting which cannot easily be overcome by every citizen, — except on the ground of idiocy, high crimes, etc., — thus guarding not only against distinctions of color, race, etc., but also against all qualifications which would exclude large numbers of citizens from the franchise; that each State shall be bound to establish and maintain a system of common schools, placing the benefit of primary instruction within the reach of every inhabitant without distinction of race, color, creed, or condition; that Congress shall have power to enforce the foregoing by appropriate legislation, in case of contravention or default by any State; and that the Senators and Representatives of any State which does not fully comply with the foregoing requirements shall not be admitted to Congress, such State not being regarded as republican in the meaning of the Constitution. For these propositions, here crudely expressed, a form might be found, so careful in its wording as to leave neither room for evasion nor arbitrary construction.

It will be objected that the execution of this plan would be an encroachment upon the rights of the States. The objection is absurd. True, it would go directly against that doctrine of State rights which has so long been cherished by the South and the Democratic party. But how does that doctrine appear in the light of history and human reason? It held that original sovereignty had its seat in an artificial organization called a State, forgetting that original sovereignty rests in the individual, and is only conferred upon the State in a limited measure by the collective individual, the people. It insisted that a State must have the right to inflict wrong upon its people. It proclaimed as a good "Democratic" tenet, that a State must have the right to institute and maintain an undemocratic government. It demanded, in the name of self-government, that if a State, by its assumed authority, made local self-government a sham and a mockery, no national authority should have a right to prevent or correct the mischief. This doctrine was forever consigned to ridicule, when Abraham Lincoln annihilated Senator Douglas's "great principle of non-intervention" by the pungent definition: If A attempts to make B a slave, C shall have no right to interfere. And there we leave it.

No man who understands the distinguishing features of our political system will deny that there are legitimate State rights which ought not to be infringed. No State ought to be restricted in the right to protect the liberties of its citizens. We might even go so far as to say, that if the general government should attempt to violate the natural rights of man, the machinery of local self-government in the State organization should furnish means of redress and a safe measure of protection. As an individual has the undoubted right to do right in accordance with the general laws of society, but has no right to do wrong, so a State must not only have the right, but it must be considered its duty, to do right in accordance with the fundamental principles ruling the society of States, but not to do wrong in violation of those principles. In the very nature of things, it is ridiculously absurd, it is utterly impossible, that, as a member of a

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democratic republic, a State should have the right to establish and maintain its government upon an undemocratic basis.

Nor can it be truthfully said that a constitutional amendment like the one here proposed would put the government upon the course of a centralization of power. It leaves the States to arrange their home concerns, subject to certain injunctions and restrictions. Such restrictions are by no means without precedent. The Constitution says, that no State shall grant any title of nobility, or coin money, or maintain a military force in time of peace, or enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, etc. Why all these restrictions? Because the things prohibited would violate the ruling principles and impair the stability of our system of government. Why then not prohibit other things which would violate the principles of the government in no less flagrant a manner? Would the granting of titles of nobility, distinguishing a few persons, be more dangerous to the Republic than a restriction of the franchise, degrading and rendering politically helpless millions of citizens?

Nor can it be said that a constitutional provision demanding the establishment and maintenance of a system of common schools in all the States would put the government upon the course of consolidation. It demands only what most of the States have already done, and what all of them ought to have done. That it is the interest as well as the duty of a democratic State to promote the education of the people, no thinking man will deny. Will it render a State weaker, if it does something to make its citizens more intelligent? On the contrary, it will render the State stronger in culture, in justice, and in all that constitutes true moral power. Far from desiring a centralization repulsive to the genius of this country, it is in the distinct interest of local self-government and legitimate State rights that we urge these propositions; and nothing can be more certain than that this is the only way in which a dangerous centralization of power in the hands of our general government can be prevented.

Observe the doings of Congress. In the absence of laws enabling the emancipated class in the South to protect itself by the appliances of local self-government, Congress has undertaken to provide for its protection by the machinery of the general government. Nor could, under the circumstances, Congress do otherwise. The Republic having emancipated the slaves, and promised them true freedom forever, the protection and enforcement of their rights is for Congress not a matter of choice, but a matter of duty. As long as the present condition of things continues, this duty will present itself again and again, in an endless variety of aspects, and lead to legislation directly interfering with the local doings of the Southern States. This will be the result as long as that duty is appreciated by the national legislature, — that is, as long as the ascendency of Northern sentiment continues. That ascendency may be temporarily interrupted by the accident of defeat; but it will soon be restored, for the simple reason that the natural centre of gravity in this Union is and will remain in that part of the Republic which most truly represents its democratic principles. Such acts derive a sufficient degree of constitutional authority from the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. But is it not certain that the continued necessity of interference with the doings of the late Rebel States for the protection of the emancipated class, the wards of the nation, will gradually create a habit of overriding State rights in many respects? And yet this necessity cannot be obviated as long as the duty of the Republic toward the emancipated class remains the same. But as soon as the wards of the nation are declared of age, as soon as, by the extension of the franchise and by provisions for their education, they are enabled to protect themselves, this duty will cease. The matter is then

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turned into the broad channel of self-government, where every wrong finds its remedy, and the States, at last organized upon a truly democratic basis, can and will be left to administer the affairs properly belonging to the sphere of local action without interference from above. The danger of centralization, greatly to be apprehended while the present condition of things lasts, and growing as it continues, will then have passed away; and, by strictly acknowledging and faithfully performing their constitutional duties, the States will save their rights.

How the passage and ratification of such a constitutional amendment by a sufficient number of States can be accomplished, it is not our purpose to discuss here at length. The perplexities of our situation, which arise not only from the obstinate prejudices of the Southern people, but from the factious temper of the President, which baffles the sagacity of the psychologist, and the stagnant dulness of a Supreme Court whose reasonings might be considered a fit subject for the investigations of the antiquarian, may prolong themselves in a struggle of years, unless cut short by the most determined and vigorous action on the part of the representatives of the people. The objects to be immediately accomplished are many. Crime must be repressed, and security must be given to loyal men wherever they are in danger. A prompt removal of the Southern State governments instituted by the autocratic action of Andrew Johnson, and the substitution for them of new organizations upon a loyal basis, will go far towards accomplishing these ends. The same measure would undoubtedly also secure the ratification of any constitutional amendment judiciously proposed by the Congress of the United States. But whatever may be the vicissitudes of the political struggle, let those who have the work of reconstruction in hand never forget that they have not only to provide ingenious expedients to overcome the embarrassments of the moment, but that they have to build for coming centuries. The rejection of the Constitutional Amendment of the last session by the Southern States is one of the happiest incidents of this great crisis. Congress is again free to act. Since the formation of the Constitution, there never was so great an opportunity for American statesmanship. If it be thrown away, it may not again occur for generations.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Works of GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, *from the German of* ADOLF STAHR. By E. P. EVANS, P. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: William V. Spencer.

THOMAS CARLYLE, writing of German literature in the Edinburgh Review some forty years ago, exemplified the prevailing ignorance of that literature among the English in the early part of this century by the fact that in Pinkerton's Geography, published 1811, the sole representative of literary Germany named by the geographer is Gottsched (misspelt Gottshed), who "first introduced," it is said, "a more refined style." The fact is even more significant than the Scotch reviewer has figured it. Not only was Gottsched at that time as obsolete in Germany as Blackmore or Dennis in England, and his name consigned to the dunciads, but Lessing, the true founder of modern German literature, had been dead thirty years, and long since acknowledged by his fellow-countrymen as their intellectual leader in every department of literature illustrated by his genius.

England and America have learned something about Lessing since then, — enough

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at least to receive with a cordial welcome the faithful portraiture of the man and his labors by his latest biographer, Adolf Stahr. In doing this work into English, Professor Evans has done a good thing, for which all lovers of German literature who may want access to the original, and not only they, but all who love to read of great men, will give him thanks. The translation is a happy thought most happily executed. No man in this country possesses greater qualifications for such an undertaking than Professor Evans. His easy, idiomatic, and yet faithful version gives ample proof of the author's many-sided fitness for the work, and the loving care bestowed upon it.

We have called Lessing the founder of modern German literature. There is scarcely another instance in literary history in which an individual represents with such prophetic originality, and marks with so sharp a separation, the commencement of a new epoch. Of the writers who preceded him in the province of what is called "polite literature," few only have survived the great revolution initiated by him, — survived as names, not as powers. Gellert alone, whom Frederick the Great pronounced "le plus raisonnable de tous les savans Allemands," has even in this century retained a wide popularity. Lessing's reform was an appeal from the arbitrary rules and artificial models of the French school which then dominated the German mind, to everlasting principles founded in the nature of man. In applying these principles to the drama, he was the first to liberate his countrymen from the thraldom of Gallicism, proving that the French tragedians in the matter of the "Unities," their standard and boast, had misinterpreted and misapplied the canons of Aristotle on which they relied. And what is more important, he was the first to assert, and on critical grounds to maintain, the transcendent greatness of Shakespeare, — the first not only in Germany, but the first in the world. He marks as distinctly a new era of Shakespeare criticism as of German literature. Apart from all other merits, his early championship of Shakespeare is a service for which England owes him everlasting thanks. Let it never be forgotten, that before his own nation had learned to fully appreciate the immortal dramatist, — at the time, and even before the time,* when Dr. Johnson, with very imperfect vision, was apologetically defending him, conceding very serious qualifications, such as, e. g., that in tragedy he comes short of the ability he displays in comedy, that "in his tragic scenes there is always something wanting," and that "neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy," — at a time when Hume pronounced him incapable of "furnishing proper entertainment to a refined and intelligent audience," — this foreigner, this German, was instructing his compatriots to regard him as not only immeasurably superior to Corneille and Racine, but as occupying in dramatic poetry the same place of supreme elevation which the world accords to Homer in the epopee. Speaking of Weisse's protestation that in his (Weisse's) Richard III. he had not plagiarized Shakespeare, whose Richard indeed he had never read, Lessing says in the *Dramaturgie:* "That is supposing that a plagiarism from Shakespeare is possible. But what was said of Homer, — that one shall sooner wrest from Hercules his club than steal one of Homer's verses, — is perfectly applicable to Shakespeare. On the most insignificant of his beauties he has set a stamp which proclaims to the world, 'This is Shakespeare's,' and woe to the foreign beauty that has the hardihood to seek a place by its side!"

The large acquaintance not only with Shakespeare, but with his predecessors and successors on the English stage, the thorough knowledge of the English, French, Italian, Spanish, as well as the ancient drama displayed in these dramaturgical essays, is something marvellous even in a German, and yet is but a part of that immense erudition which belonged to the man, and which, being duly assimilated, quickened without encumbering the action of his mind.

His special vocation was criticism. In that province he has no superior in any land or age. Indeed, that higher kind of criticism of which the present century has produced so many illustrious examples, the criticism which deals not so much with the form and execution as with the interior organism and motive-springs of the works to which it is applied, may be said to have originated with him. In the Laocoön, which many regard as his best performance, the topic of criticism is art; and here he shows himself as much at home as in literature. This celebrated essay is allowed on all sides to be a model of art-criticism and of critical art, remarkable alike for depth of

* Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* was mostly written in 1767; Dr. Johnson's Preface, in 1768.

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insight and sharp discrimination. Taking for its text the well-known group which furnishes the title, it discusses the relative limits of poetry and painting. Lessing here controverts a position of Winkelmann, whose transcendent merit he reverently acknowledges. Winkelmann had stated the fundamental principle of the Greek masterpieces in painting and sculpture to be simplicity and repose; Lessing declares it to be beauty. From this fundamental law he deduces all the characteristics and rules of Greek art. It answers for him the much-vexed question why Laocoön is not represented as crying. He does not cry, says Lessing, because crying is a disfigurement of the countenance inadmissible in Grecian art. This law explains the difference between ancient and modern historical painting. With the modern artist, the primary object is the illustration of a passage in history; with the ancient, the passage in history is only an occasion for the exhibition of a more varied beauty.

Among his other accomplishments, Lessing was the best theologian of his day, and in theology, as everywhere else, was a path-breaker! His "Education of the Human Race," and his publication of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," exhibit the germs of all that is best in the German neology of recent time.

The leader of his day in every direction, he inaugurated the reign of Teutonic ideas which replaced the Gallic dynasty in the literature of Europe. Together with his great contemporary and compatriot, Kant, he heads the intellectual movement, which, originating in Germany, and spreading thence to the borders of Christendom, constitutes the age in which we live.

It was not modesty, as some aver, but conscientious criticism applied to himself, that led him to disclaim for himself the title of poet. He was not a poet in his own high sense of the term; but his "Emilia Galotti," which for four generations has had possession of the German stage, if not a masterpiece of poetic genius, is unquestionably a gem of dramatic art.

It is a proof of Lessing's greatness, that, after the lapse of nearly a century, he is still modern, still exercises an undiminished, nay, an increasing influence in the world of letters, justifying the saying of Kühne, which Mr. Evans has prefixed to his volumes, — "To return to Lessing is now to advance." The significance of this testimony is enhanced if we consider that Lessing was contemporary with Dr. Johnson, who outlived him by two or three years, and whose influence, all powerful in his day, has been in this century a constantly diminishing quantity, and is now altogether effete. What English writer at present would take Dr. Johnson as model or guide? As a character he still interests us, as an intellectual power he was and is not.

The contrast is striking in another respect. Dr. Johnson's last years were crowned with temporal success. He had a government pension, which secured him a comfortable living; he enjoyed the reflection of himself in the admiring homage of his associates; he rioted in conscious importance, was flattered by obsequious deference, was a king in his sphere; and when torn from that sphere by death, he was laid away with distinguished honors in Westminster Abbey, among the honored of the land. Lessing bore to the last "the whips and scorns of time," and when his life's tragedy was over, "died so poor that the Duke of Brunswick was obliged to bury him at the expense of the state." And when, not many years since, a grateful posterity undertook the monument which now attests his undisputed claims, "every trace of the recollection of his grave had vanished, and only after a long and weary search did Dr. Charles Schiller succeed in finding hidden among weeds and briers a little headstone, which, cleared of moss and earth, revealed the name, — LESSING."

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Fifth Year. New York: Harper and Brothers.

AN eminent dental surgeon one day left his forceps and gold-foil and chloroform, and, turning away from the agonized faces of his patients, — they all insanely rejoiced for an instant that the teeth which ought to be drawn would not be drawn, — went to Europe. Arrived in Paris, he unfolded from the American flag, which many of our citizens carry abroad for the complication of the police authorities and customs officers on the Continent, a copy of Mr. Fetridge's guide-book. "Now, my dear," said this dentist to his Lady, who sat by, with a filigree spread-eagle of gold extending a protecting wing over the sparse parting of her hair, and a pin at her throat neatly imitated in enamel from a 7-30 $500 bond, —

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"now, my dear, we want to go to Munich; and our best plan will be to take one of the routes Mr. Fetridge has laid down, and follow it out faithfully, doing everything in it. We will take Route 60."

After a month's travel, the tourists found themselves at Frankfort and their wit's end. They had discovered, in doing everything in Route 60, that Munich was not there. Where could it be? It was a mystery about which the head-waiter — polite, but a little impervious — could not be consulted with success, and they hardly liked to ask the Consul-General. It appeared to them that they should die in Frankfort; and the doctor fell into a very low state, in which he was sustained only by enthusiasm for his art. He spent days in polishing his instruments, which he always took with him, and he plugged or pulled nearly all the teeth in the head of the *portier*.

One day just after these consolations had failed him, and as he sat mournfully gazing at Route 60 in the book, where it lay open on his case of instruments, there came a knock at the door, and who should enter but Parleyou, — that half-French American, who was educated in Paris, and who spends two thirds of his time abroad, who knows Europe better than Broadway, and speaks all foreign languages like an angel, — Parleyou, bound to the doctor by a sincere regard, and by gratitude for a double-tooth saved from the forceps after every other dentist had given it up.

The doctor all but caught him round the neck. He did not allow him a word of greeting. "Good heavens, Parleyou," he said, huskily, "where is Munich? Here is Harper's Hand-Book, which I bought in New York; and here is Route 60, which we took at Paris, — and Munich is n't in it!"

The reader, versed in polite fiction, foresees the *dénouement:* in twenty-four hours, Parleyou has persuaded the doctor to wrap up his Hand-Book in the national symbol again, has instructed him in the use of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and has started him by the Schnellzug to Munich, and the doctor has the nightmare between the feather-beds of the Black Hen Hotel in the Bavarian capital.

But the doctor is too fair a man to give up a friend for a single fault, which he more than half suspects, after all, to be his own. Indeed, Mr. Fetridge's work has afforded him a vast deal of satisfaction in his journey through Great Britain, and he has found frequent occasion to agree with the author's sentiments and opinions. When, standing before Milton's bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, he read, "With what admiration we look upon the author of Paradise Lost, and find ourselves lost [spirited and appropriate play upon words?] in the beauties of his work," — he felt that this was what he would himself have said; and he envied the author his use of language, where he remarks, in view of Shakespeare's statue, "How much sadness it awakens in the mind to think of such talent having passed forever to 'that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.'" He agreed with Mr. Fetridge, also, that Paris is "*the* city of the world," and he did it almost to the letter of his directions.

Finishing Munich with like fidelity, he carries his Hand-Book with him over the Tyrolese Alps into Italy, and pauses at Verona, where his Lady wishes to see Juliet's tomb, and finds it, as Mr. Fetridge describes, doing "but little justice to her memory." They are both moved, at reading further: "Poor Romeo realized an unhappy termination to his anticipated union with his lovely Juliet. His admiration for her beauty is expressed in the following lines: —

'But soft! what light,'" etc.

At Venice they are struck with the excellence of the criticism on the palaces, which are, "with the exception of those built by Palladio, Sansovino, Scamozzi, and a few other eminent architects, devoid of good taste, and are more remarkable for their gorgeous style and great display." While at Florence, they admire the just and bold applause of the galleries in the Villa Demidoff, "where the pictures are nearly all modern, but splendid productions, and how refreshing, after weeks' straining of the eyes, to see old masters' productions in dim and dingy churches! The gallery of sculpture *contains nothing but gems, but how dazzling and white!*"

It would be hard to say when or how the Hand-Book, so much prized, falls into disfavor; but it is certain that in Central Italy there is a dawn of dissatisfaction in the mind of the doctor's Lady, at least. She finds that friends who have been a year longer abroad are using Murray or some French guide, or the English Bædeker, and that they look askance at the handsome morocco covers of the work which the doctor is always reading and quoting. By this

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time the filigree spread-eagle has taken flight from the sparse parting, and the miniature bond in enamel has yielded to a Florentine mosaic pin. It is not, however, till after purchase of a complete set of jewelry at Castellani's in Rome, that the doctor's Lady expresses all her disrespect for the Hand-Book, and overwhelms the doctor with surprise at a revulsion of the progress of which he was wholly ignorant. But he is told that he might have seen it long ago. Everybody laughs at the book, and at him for reading it. For the doctor's Lady's part, she never could endure it.

"Why, my dear," says the doctor, "I am sure that at the Specola in Florence, you praised Mr. Fetridge's forethought and delicacy in the warning he gave you: 'To ladies we would say, woman cannot sacrifice her womanliness for science at all times, and we must say it requires a considerable degree of resolution to overcome the feelings of repugnance and shame that any modest woman must feel at entering this room with a promiscuous party, although a sight more interesting or instructive is difficult to meet.' I got the passage by heart, for I never was able to make out whether the interesting and instructive sight meant the feelings of repugnance and shame, or the modest woman, or the physiological specimens, or the promiscuous party, — and I always intended to ask somebody."

For answer to this, the doctor's Lady merely says "Stuff!" and that she will have Murray for Rome, and the doctor shall not carry Harper unless he covers it, so that it shall not be known. And in a few weeks the doctor gives up the contest, and uses the Hand-Book of our hereditary enemies, while our own native guide lies wrapt in the flag at the bottom of his trunk, together with the enamelled bond, and the filigree spread-eagle.

There is a certain injustice in this fate of Mr. Fetridge's work; but it must be confessed that most of us are obliged, after a brief sojourn in Europe, to relinquish its companionship for one reason or other. It is a good enough guide, we believe, and if the hero of our little romance had taken another than "Route 60 from Paris," he could probably have got to Munich by it. But such a book is better adapted to the closet than to the gallery, the palace, or the ruin; it is written with a personal flavor and feeling so unusually strong, that a sort of sympathy is implied in its use, and the tourist is inevitably identified with it. The truth is, we do get a little ashamed of it. Yet in what volume can you find more delightful reading than in this product of the native American Muse? It is not so much a guide-book as a New York Odyssey describing with Homeric freshness and simplicity the travels of a metropolitan Ulysses. It brightens throughout with timely jest, or apt philosophy, or pertinent indignation, or fine sentiment. The author is not a man to write apathetically of the historic and beautiful in the Old World, but is everywhere chatty and sociable, not only pointing out famous objects of interest, but suggesting those sprightly comments which many travellers love to make upon them. For example, in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples: "This hall," says he, "is exclusively devoted to the Venuses, — poor creatures! why not have a few Adonises?" — which is precisely what a lively observer would wish to ask. Nearly all the nude female figures in the museum have been collected in this hall. "We do not think, however, it would injure the morality of our friends much, especially as they have been greatly patched by restoration," says our author, with the sarcastic pleasantry of Charles Yellowplush, and the constructive felicity of Mrs. Malaprop, united to a vigilance for the delicacy of his reader which is peculiarly Mr. Fetridge's. He constantly warns ladies of what they are not to see; and if he lugs in an equivocal story in order to fix a place in the tourist's memory, he does not fail to turn it to the advantage of his soul by some such remark as, "Morals at that time were not at a high premium."

From nearly every page of this unique work you may cull some flower of fancy or of rhetoric. "In many respects the Bretons of the present day are what they were in Cæsar's time. Primitive, too, and world-old is now, as was then, the appearance of the country"; and in this unimproved district, on fair-days, the people are seen "bringing all imaginary articles to exchange for money!" Of Correggio we read that "he was remarkable for the coloring of his pictures, and the females which adorned them have always been considered models of perfection"; and of the apartments of the Queen of Holland, that they "are teeming with exquisite little gems of painting, statuettes, bronzes, etc." After describing the tomb of the Cid at Burgos, Mr. Fetridge adds: "His bones have made numerous changes

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since they first were seated on a throne, when he knocked a Jew down with his brand who had dared to pluck the dead lion by the beard, up to their late removal to the Hôtel de Ville." And with like nobility of language and ingeniously blended shades of meaning, he says of Da Vinci's "Last Supper": "Many a tear has been shed by travellers while viewing this lovely, yet sad composition; lost in admiration of its magnificence, we sit before it and gaze upon the attractive features of John and Peter, expressing so much love and impulse, and turning from them to the miserable, wretched traitor, until we are moved by every touch of skill bestowed by so truthful and glorious a master."

It is in such passages as this last, in which Mr. Fetridge portrays the workings of a quick and impressible nature in the presence of the grand and the beautiful, that we are taught to regulate our own emotions, and, as it were, to set our sentiments to the proper tune. Whenever he makes us a personal confidence — for it is little less — of this kind, our author is unfailingly delicious; and when we say that his book abounds in like passages, we give some notion, we hope, of its amusing character. "Disgusting egotism!" he exclaims over an ultra-Anglican opinion in Mr. Ford's Guide-Book to Spain. At Seville, "the air is much like Cairo, of such a voluptuous softness that it reanimates one with youthful feelings. Morals, however, are at a very low ebb." The guide, Bensaken, at Granada, he thinks to have stolen his guide-book: "We would have given fifty dollars sooner than have been compelled to suspect him." Alluding to himself as "the author," he says that on entering the Holy Land, which he had long desired to see, "although his feelings were those of unbounded joy, they were soon changed to holy sorrow, as on every side the evidence was conclusive that he [Christ] indeed '*had risen*,' when throughout the country there is hardly a symptom of either commerce, comfort, or happiness." "Be careful," at Killarney, he says, "you are not torn to pieces by beggars, guides, and other nuisances which infest this spot. The author, at the time of his last visit here, had his leg nearly broken by a kicking horse, which his owner stood in the pathway, because he could not hire him to us for two shillings, when we were already mounted upon one for which we had paid five. Unfortunately our stick broke at the first blow over the scoundrel's head." From this complicated fact of plebeian selfishness and brutality, it is gratifying to turn to an instance of royal courtesy: "Although the Queen [of Holland] was occupying her apartments at the time the author's party called, she very kindly went out to walk, that we might have an opportunity to examine them." Only, it is a little shocking to find the person qualified to impart an all but state secret of this kind referring us to the "social circles of the Hague" for scandal about the same amiable sovereign!

As we said, the very virtues of Mr. Fetridge's book, as the receptacle of so much eloquent remark and personal reminiscence, go far to disqualify it for the ignoble office of *valet de place* with those who would have a guide chary of comment, reticent of everything but information, and rather grammatical than otherwise. Yet we should be sorry to be without it in literature; and we think the eminent dental surgeon referred to in the early part of this review has at last made a brave and proper use of it. In the awful parlor adjoining his operating-room, it lies upon the cold marble table, under the mirror that reflects the visages of his patients waiting their turn in chairs which no one has the courage to draw from the walls. It is full of the doctor's marginal notes, and its companions are the Directory, a copy of "The Course of Time," and a large volume of Dick's Works.

The Life and Times of Sagoyewatha, or Red Jacket. By the late WILLIAM L. STONE. With a Memoir of the Author, by his Son. Albany: J. Munsell.

THE current idea of the famous Indian orator, Red Jacket, is drawn from two sources, — his portrait by Wier, and Halleck's poem suggested by it. On the evidence of this picture Red Jacket has been called the most intellectual of the Indian race; and, in fact, if the portrait speaks the truth, the title might seem fairly enough applied; but on reading his life and his speeches, one cannot but suspect that the imagination of the artist has done something more than justice to his subject. Catlin, who is a painter and no artist, has portrayed the same features, but by no means animated them with the same expression of intellect and fire. Nevertheless, Red Jacket was no common man. If he was a coward, so have other orators been before

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him; and if at times he played the part of a demagogue, here too, if he had studied history, he might have pointed to distinguished precedents. He had not all the virtues of an Indian, but he had a great many of the distinctive traits of the race. His intellect was not broad or expansive, but it was shrewd and subtle to a remarkable degree. He had a remarkable power of sarcasm, and some of his caustic sallies are the best parts of his oratory on record. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to judge fairly of an Indian orator from the wretched translations of rude, illiterate, and careless interpreters. We are told of the commanding effects of Red Jacket's eloquence on those who heard and understood him; and if the speech as reported was but a poor affair, we are by no means to conclude that it was so as he delivered it. There can be no doubt, however, that his fine presence, his powerful and melodious voice, and his expressive gestures contributed vastly to the effect of his words.

Red Jacket could never be made to understand that either Christianity or civilization had any advantages whatever, at least for Indians. Neither could the old Indian idea be dislodged from his mind, that there was one Divine government for his race, and another for white men. The missionaries, it is true, were rarely the men to enlighten him on these points, for the greater number of them were far more anxious to enforce some incomprehensible dogma on the minds of their perplexed listeners than to instruct them in the broad principles of Christianity. As for the examples from which Red Jacket might draw his impressions of civilization, they were, for the most part, land speculators, traders, and brutal borderers. Nevertheless, had he been what he is assumed to have been, — the most intellectual of his race, — he was in a position to see very well that his favorite plan of preserving his people from destruction by a stiff adherence to their old savage way of life was mere political suicide.

Colonel Stone's book is the concluding volume of an uncompleted series, in which he proposed to portray the career and character of the famous confederacy of the Iroquois, or Six Nations. It contains a great deal for which we should look in vain elsewhere. The author was very zealous, and no less successful, in collecting materials. We sometimes suspect that he is betrayed into error by trusting too much to the strength of an excellent memory; and, on the other hand, we could often wish that, instead of giving us his material in its crude state, he had digested it and given us the results in a more compact form. Reports of Indian treaties are always hard reading, and are usually better placed in the appendix than in the body of the work. The book, however, is truly a book, and will probably always be the standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

In the present edition it is preceded by a biographical notice of the author, written by his son. It is wonderful that, with cares on his hands that would have engrossed the whole time of most men, Colonel Stone should have been able to do so great an amount of historical work, and do it so well. One of the most interesting and characteristic portions of this biographical sketch is the account of the part borne by Colonel Stone in procuring from Europe the invaluable documents, relating to the history of New York, which have been collected and published under the patronage of the State. In this matter the service rendered by Colonel Stone to the history, not only of his State, but of the whole country, can hardly be overrated.

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